Feb. 1, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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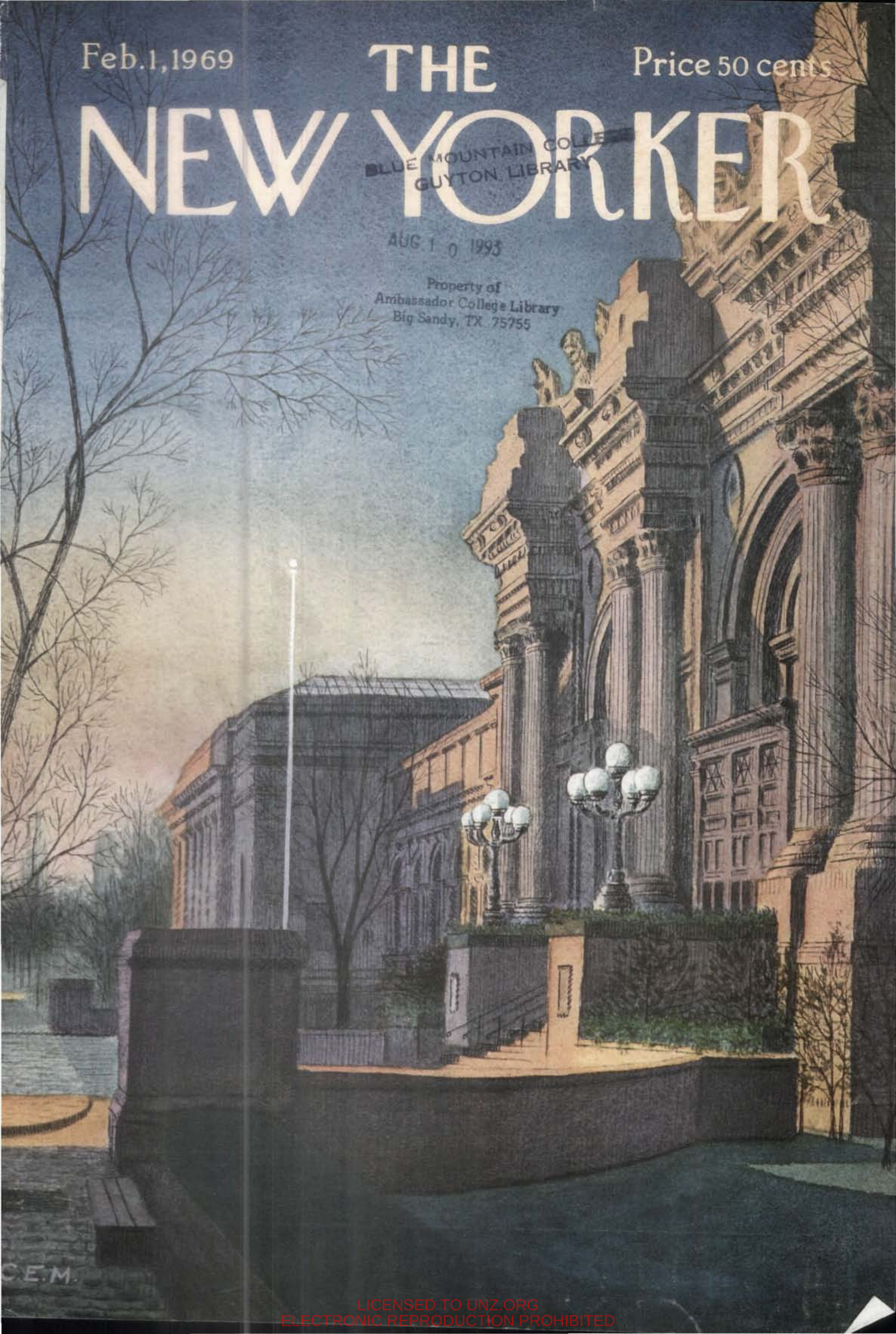

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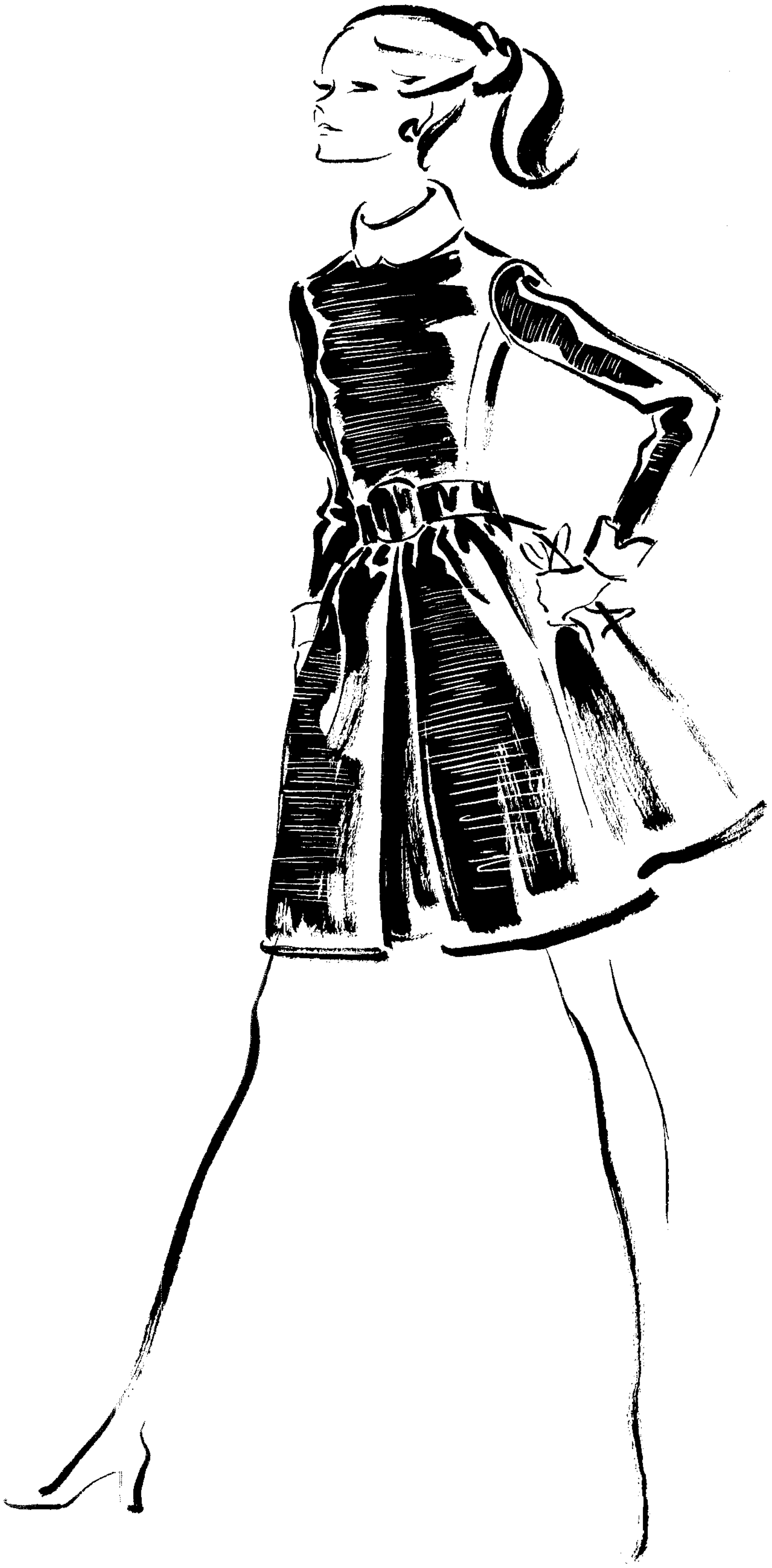

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.*)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Sean O'Casey's COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 30-31, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8:30; and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's THE MISANTHROPE (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cities in Bezique—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Fire!—A play by John Roc, with Peter MacLean, Carolyn Coates, and Roy K. Stevens in a cast directed by Charles Werner Moore. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Forty Carats—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jimmy Shine—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Murders—A revival of the Jules Feiffer play. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Mother Lover—Eileen Heckart, Larry Blyden, and Valerie French are the entire cast of Jerome Weidman's comedy. Directed by Mr. Blyden. Opens Thursday, Jan. 30. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2. . . . William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John White's BANANAS: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2. . . . Charles Dizenzo's AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH: Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8.

Shoot Anything with Hair That Moves—Bert Convy and Judi West in a comedy by Donald Ross. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30; Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tango—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and The Basement—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

A Way of Life—A comedy by Murray Schisgal, with Lou Jacobi, Estelle Parsons, Bob Dishy, John McGiver, and Melinda Dillon. The director is Harold Stone. Previews through Monday, Feb. 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 4. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . PLAZA SUITE: Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE PRICE: Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. The playwright is Arthur Miller. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.) . . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply moving evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Canterbury Tales—George Rose, Hermione Baddeley, and Martyn Green in a London musical taken from Chaucer. Nevill Coghill did the book (with Martin Starkie) and the lyrics. The score is by Richard Hill and John Hawkins. Mr. Starkie directed. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 1. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 3. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, with four pleasing performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles,

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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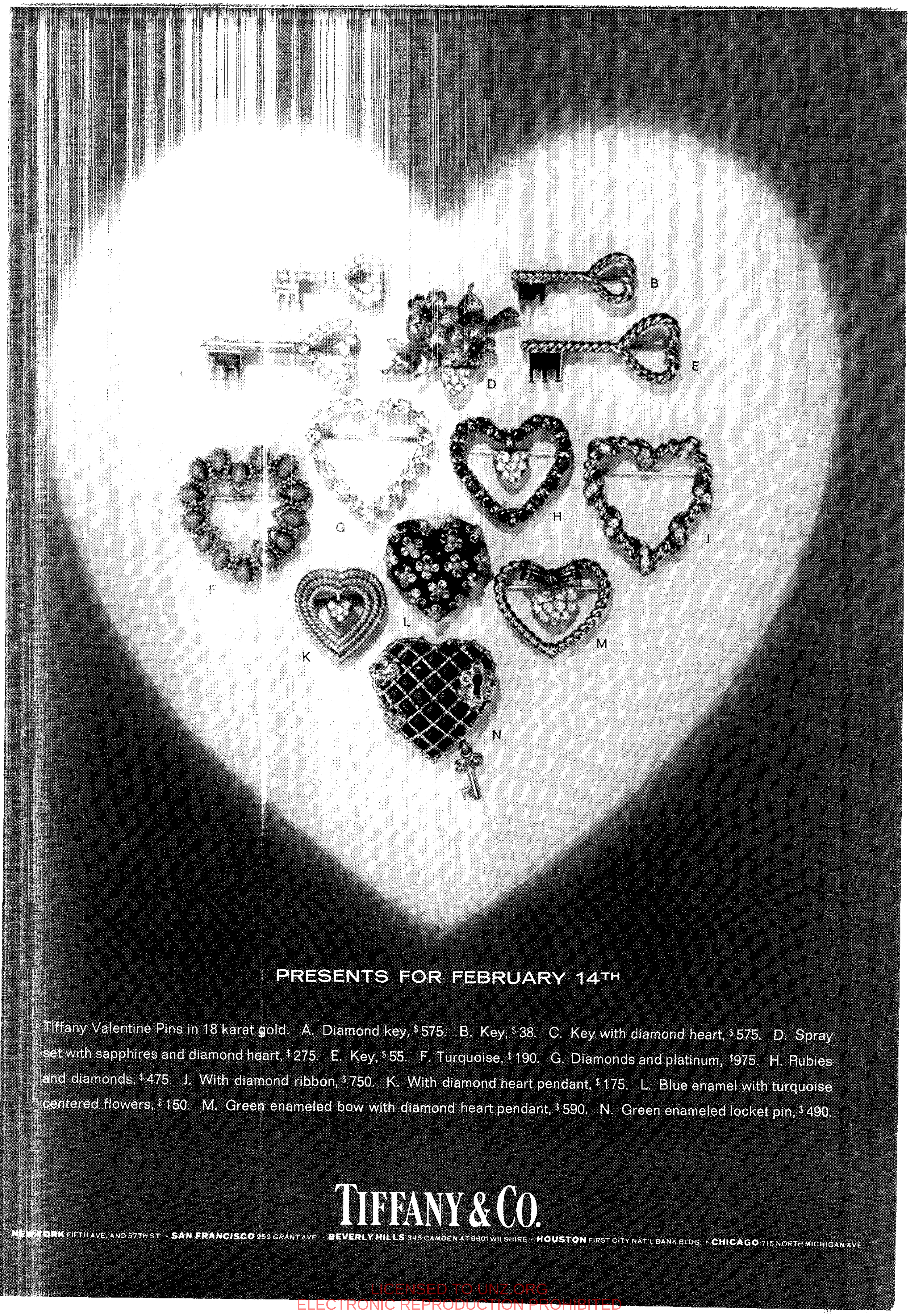

PRESENTS FOR FEBRUARY 14TH

Tiffany Valentine Pins in 18 karat gold. A. Diamond key, $575. B. Key, $38. C. Key with diamond heart, $575. D. Spray set with sapphires and diamond heart, $275. E. Key, $55. F. Turquoise, $190. G. Diamonds and platinum, $975. H. Rubies and diamonds, $475. J. With diamond ribbon, $750. K. With diamond heart pendant, $175. L. Blue enamel with turquoise centered flowers, $150. M. Green enameled bow with diamond heart pendant, $590. N. Green enameled locket pin, $490.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Michael Glenn-Smith—and several very singable songs. The time is out of time and the place is no place. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—Angela Lansbury in a musical version of Jean Giraudoux's "The Madwoman of Chaillot." The music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by Joe Layton. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 6. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Get Thee to Canterbury—A musical adaptation of a handful of the Tales (big week for Chaucer). This show is slapdash and foolish, but it has a few amusing scenes all the same. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Horseman, Pass By—An annoying show in which seven quite good actors recite, sing, and generally monkey around with the poetry of William Butler Yeats, unfortunately to its detriment. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

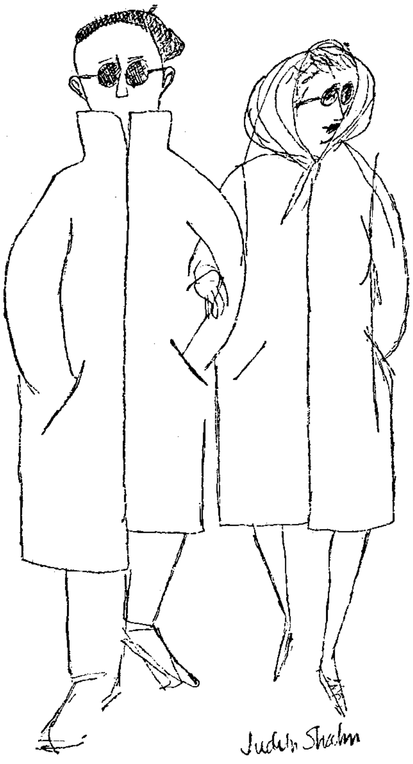
Peace—A musical based on Aristophanes' play, with a book by Tim Reynolds and music by Al Carmines. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this jaunty adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Red, White, and Maddox—Jay Garner in a musical written and staged by Don Tucker and Jay Broad. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Then, catching sight of Stephen Dedalus, he bent towards him and made rapid crosses in the air, gurgling in his throat and shaking his head. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Illuminations," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," "Fantasies," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 1:15: "Dim Lustre," "Fantasies," "Variations," and "Irish Fantasy.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:15: "Harlequinade" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Apollo," "Fantasies," and "Pas de Deux and Divertissement.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Jeux," "The Cage," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Fantasies," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Glinkaiana," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Harkness Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Stages and Reflections," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "A Season in Hell." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30: "Variations for Four Plus Four," "Moments," "Canto Indio," and "Monument for a Dead Boy.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Stages and Reflections," "Moments," and "Sebastian.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "After Eden," and "Monument for a Dead Boy.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3: "Madrigalesco," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "A Season in Hell," and "Souvenirs." (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636.)

Theatre 1969 Dance Repertory—End of a series of appearances at the Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. (947-5510): **ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE.** Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2:30: "Tocato," "Reflections in D," "Blues Suite," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8:30: "Congo Tango Palace," "Icarus," "Quintet," "Black Belt," and "Revelations.". . .**TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS.** Monday, Feb. 3, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2:30: "Disperse," "Excess, Idle, Surplus," and "After'suite'.". . . **MEREDITH MONK AND COMPANY.** Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5, at 8:30: A single new avant-garde work, "Title.". . . **YVONNE RAINER AND GROUP.** Thursday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: A single new avant-garde work, "Rose Fractions.". . . **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY.** Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30: "Slouching Towards Bethlehem," "Untitled Rhythmic Trio," "Tabloid," "Reacher," "Couplet," "Cahoots," "Air Antique," "Dance for One Figure," and "Four Objects and Film Sequences."

MISCELLANY

Walk Down Mah Street!—The first of two performances of last summer's Off Broadway revue by Norman and Patricia Taylor Curtis. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.)

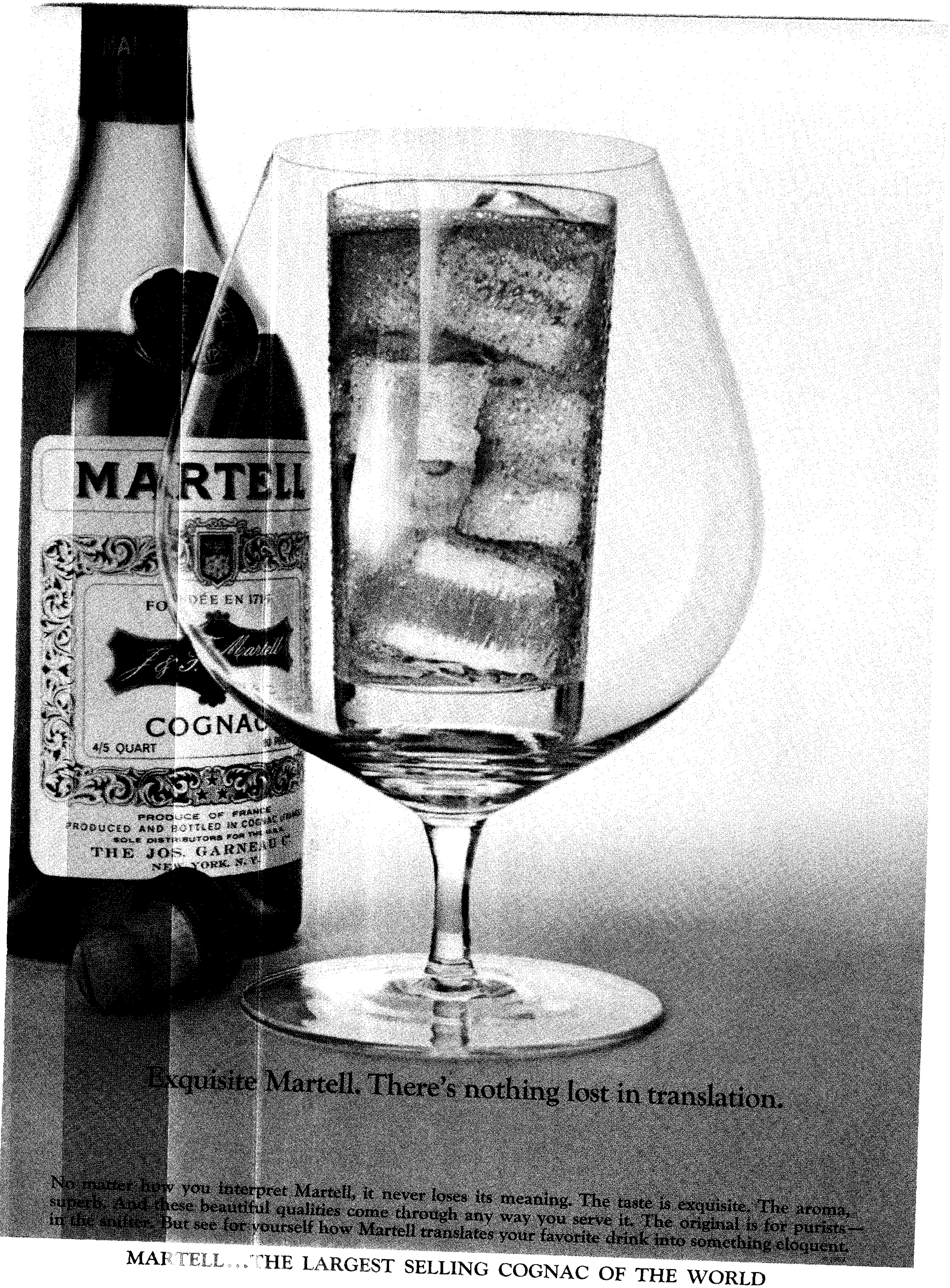
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. The Everly Brothers take turns with comic David Steinberg. From Sunday, Feb. 2, singer and guitarist David Blue will



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be on the bill. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt.* The Colwell-Winfield Blues Band alternates with folk singer Vince Martin. The Savoy Brown Blues Band will be around Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 3-5. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8025)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet is on *the bandstand (which is in the middle of the* bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-95[illegible]5)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, half Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Stanley Turrentine quartet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Feb. 4, the Freddie Hubbard quintet replaces Mr. T.'s group. On Saturday, Feb. 1, from five to nine, the Tyron Washington quartet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Feb. 2, a nine-piece ensemble led by Warren Smith will do the same. Mondays, from nine, are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-512[illegible])—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Bill Evans trio. On Tuesday, Feb. 4, the Junior Mance trio will arrive. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Weekends are being turned over to a couple of blues-oriented shows called the Memphis Sound. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, the bands will be those of Albert King, Buddy Guy, and King Curtis. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, the show will consist of B. B. King's band, singer Judy Clay, and the Bar-Kays. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are conglomerate evenings devoted to a variety of soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, Thelonious Monk's quartet plays and Novella Nelson sings. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, the Herbie Hancock sextet will be on the stand, along with Miss Nelson. Starting time is about nine-thirty. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, Feb. 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 4-5.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

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Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another one of those* places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the Epitomé. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. The Smubbs alternate with records over a potent system. Alcohol is out. After Sunday, Feb. 2, the Circus will close for renovations; it is expected to reopen in a new guise on Friday, Feb. 14.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, a Brazilian outfit called Tamba Four performs. On Monday, Feb. 3, a four-man group led by King Curtis will supplant the Tamba people. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. Los Banditos alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Beneath the current frippery, beneath the zebra-striped sea, one may discern the outlines of earlier civilizations—Nineveh, Tyre, Little Old New York. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in mid-week, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Bobby Hackett's horn (high-calorie sweet and high-calorie lowdown) leads his troops into action at eight-thirty, and Maxine Sullivan (*after so many years of silence*) is adding her cool-of-the-evening voice; Urbie Green's band checks in at six-thirty. Dining of sorts, and plenty of dance floor. No music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The surroundings, ample enough, are in general Spartan, but the social life is Early American—made up wholly of historical society, whose interest is preservation of such art forms as foxtrot and two-step. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The Angry Young Woman is represented by Joan Rivers, and so is the Angry Young Housewife. Her, and their, work seems never done, but then it doesn't begin until ten or so at night. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—The seacoast of the eastern Mediterranean is turned into the seacoast of Bohemia when the cast starts barking and bantering. That cast: Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and a girl *dancer with an undulant midriff.* One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the small boy-and-girl revue that goes its way twice a night, except on Sunday. Some of it does nicely; sometimes the involved Jacks and Jills just come tumbling down the hill.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—There is 20/20 vision (no matter how off-center) in the scenarios of Shelley

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Berman, the one-man sock and one-man buskin of the dinner and supper hours in the Royal Box. They should be remembered long after he departs, on Saturday, Feb. 1, taking with him the Three Degrees, a pride of girls as cute as buttons, no matter what they sing. On Tuesday, Feb. 4, Caterina Valente, a stately yet accomplished soprano, reopens the enterprise. Lee Evans' commendable dance band will be staying on.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Sweet are the uses (the Portuguese ones, anyway) of adversity when the fado songs of Amalia Rodrigues ponder them, and New York is a Nova Lisbõa while she sings. Madrileños abound, and bound, too; *they* are all flamencans. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is in its best frame of mind and frame of reference—John Davidson, who has a touch of Oxbridge, singing songs of sensibility and sensitivity during dinner and supper; the bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte lowing o'er the lea the whole evening. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Hazel Scott is creating small wonders when her piano collaborates with Milt Hinton's bass and Grady Tate's drums; upon occasion, she also sings at her work. Mousie Alexander's threesome does the dance tunes. The Scotts, by the way, finish up on Sunday, Feb. 2. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary, Mondays are dark. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Palm Court, a spaceship of unabashed grandeur, begins with the Marcu teatime duets from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then, at eight, becomes a Viennese patisserie of likewise unabashed g. every night but Sunday, to the tune of (almost always) Gunnar Hansen, whose violin speaks with authority (and affection) of Continental lush life.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand après-ski lodge at the top of the Manhattan Range. Joe Cabot's quartet begins its dance tunes at seven; during dinner and supper, there's a small floor show with a Nevada postmark. It is run by Frank Sinatra, Jr., who holds his mirror up to a certain forebear. Closed Sundays.

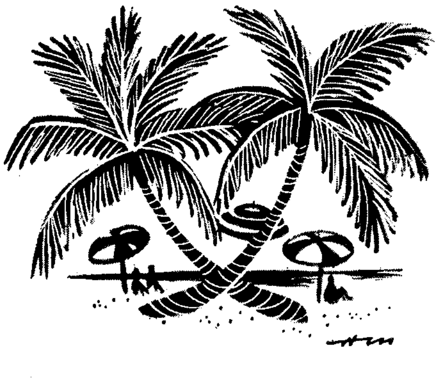
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that fine old academy of music, has been making itself into a forum for the new generation—specifically, at the moment, for Arlene Fontanna, who is singing during dinner and supper. On Monday, Feb. 3, she gives way, however, to Gino Tonetti, an Italianate ah, youth! sort of tenor, who has been around here before. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos declaim all evening from the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Show time, show time in the Empire Room, and all the *feu d'artifice* that goes with it. This involves Carol Lawrence (singing at ten most of the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays), plus two dance bands (little, or no, waiting). Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The two-piano recitals, which have the vigor of the two-platoon system, begin at eight, and, though they lapse to two-hand recitals for a while, resume full force after the theatre. The hands belong to Goldie Hawkins, the millionaire clubman, and Wayne Sanders. This gallant show of hands does not abate before early morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The best of all possible worlds for the likes (and dislikes) of Mabel Mercer, dowager empress of the songs that deal sorrowfully or sternly with the ways of the *worldly* world. Buddy Barnes is her excelling accompanist. On Monday, Feb. 3, they will be succeeded by Blossom Dearie, home at last from Ronnie Scott's London boite, and also at home in the art of turning lyrics to her, and our, advantage. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Dan Ruskin's eminently suitable piano is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and boulevardier. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback has become a villa in the Alban Hills. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): If you get a table on the piazza, you will see Herman Honigsberg and his rout of musicians out for an evening's stroll, and they may stop by for a custom-made serenade. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Queen Victoria would have approved. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment. Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): After the captains and the kings of commerce have departed, the temple becomes an at-ease conservatory in which Joel Shulman, piano and electronic harpsichord at his fingers' tips, turns out a pleasing modernist nocturne that runs from ten to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Eugenie Baizerman *(1899-1949)—Paintings by* the wife of the prominent American sculptor, who died in 1957; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Binder—Pure abstractions by a Viennese designer; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Moshe Elazar Castel—Relief paintings representing, by means of lettering and depictions of stone walls, an Israeli artist's impressions of the Middle East; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Toni Costa—Glass-covered, diamond-shaped combinations of color and plastic producing

The blazered suit

whirls into spring on a flip
of pleats. By Towncliffe—
grey wool flannel with navy and
white polka dots or navy
with red and white. 115.00
Second Floor Suit Shop
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Phil Mazzurco

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optical effects; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Oils and crayon drawings with a tapestry-like texture; through Feb. 15. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier—Landscapes, mostly of Maine; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Fangor—"Color" paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through Feb. 28. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Fiore—Quiet landscapes; through Feb. 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James FitzGerald—The first one-man exhibition here of assemblages cast in bronze by this West Coast artist; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gee—Silk-screened paintings by a Briton who experiments in color; through Feb. 14. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Gill—A West Coast artist's figure paintings; through Feb. 20. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 15. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Cape Cod and Rockland County; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rockwell Kent—The artist, now in his middle eighties, presents recent oils and stage and costume designs; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

William Kienbusch—Abstracted Maine landscapes done in the past three years; through Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Interiors with figures, and landscapes; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Franz Kline—Caricatures of Minetta Tavern habitués drawn during the artist's pre-Abstract period; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done in the past three years; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Berto Lardera—Three architectural sculptures of cutout horizontal and vertical sheets of steel, plus smaller items, by a Spanish artist; through Feb. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Josef Levi—Optical constructions and silk-screened prints; through Feb. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Les Levine—A variety of optical novelties by this maker of gadgets and environments; through Feb. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Clemente Orozco—Vigorous drawings of the human figure; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Landscapes with figures, and some constructions with similar themes; through Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Perlman—Works incorporating Plexiglas, motion, Day-Glo paint, and black light; through Feb. 13. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Landscapes and portraits by this leading intimate painter; through Feb. 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Henry Potthast—Landscapes, figures, and beach scenes by an American Impressionist; through Feb. 28. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Larry Rivers—Collages to accompany poems by Kenneth Koch; through March 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Jane Sargeant and Evelyn Taylor—Still-lifes by the former, and photo-realistic landscapes by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 1. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Ernest Trova—New versions of the "Falling Man" sculptures; through Tuesday, Feb. 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Weber—Abstract Expressionist paintings on the theme of the bull; through Feb. 15. (De Mena, 453 E. 88th St. Weekdays, 1 to 7.)

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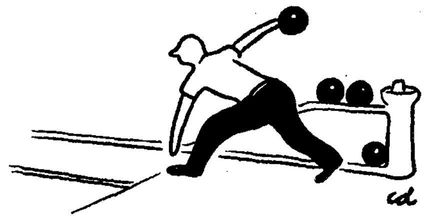
Group Shows—At **ARTISTS EQUITY**, 1780 Broadway, at 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by sixteen members of the Association; through Feb. 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON GALLERY**, 22 W. 56th St.: A selection of Op art done in 1965 by artists of the gallery; through Friday, Jan. 31. . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works in a large scale by gallery artists, including Hans Breder, Enrique Castro-Cid, Charles Hinman, and Richard Smith; through Feb. 9. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A ten-foot-long painted and chrome-plated steel sculpture by Robert Hudson; a large painting on the theme of the Negro in American life by Peter Saul; and a suite of lithographs, together with the box for the suite, by H. C. Westermann. Through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty paintings on a variety of subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Outstanding twentieth-century European artists, from Brancusi, Matisse, and Bonnard to Dubuffet, Mondrian, and Vasarely; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings of American scenes and personages done in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by such figures as Copley, Charles Willson Peale, Cole, and Homer; through Saturday, Feb. 1. . . . **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve black Americans; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by three artists on the subject of animals in the zoo; through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, and Klimt; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Large sculptures by Chadwick, Konzal, Padovano, Cronbach, and others; through Thursday, Feb. 6. . . . **SCULPTORS GUILD**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by five new members of the Guild; through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Rickey, Bertoia, Chryssa, Donati, Etrog, and others; through Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Pieces by five California artists; through Friday, Feb. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that is causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibit is supplemented by the showing in the auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, an important patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, presents a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30, there will be a music program with Aaron Copland and Walter Piston conducting their own works, and Virgil Thomson and Ned Rorem accompanying Bette Allen, mezzo-soprano, in their songs. A limited number of tickets are available; for information call 249-4100.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Landscape and still-life paintings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962); through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An auspicious loan of a hundred and thirty-eight drawings (Italian, Flemish and Dutch, French, and Swedish) from the Nationalmuseum of Sweden; through March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers—for instance, whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An environmental show that is not only to be seen but that affects the spectators'

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The most...coast to coast.

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Games Giants play

According to a popular theory of psychology, almost everything we do is a game.

Packing vegetables, for instance. A case in point is "Besting the Broccoli."

The Green Giant (GG) likes to pick and pack only choice Young Broccoli Spears (YBS). Hence, an attitude of hostility towards Other Broccoli (OB).

But maintaining one's role as the Jolly Giant requires disguising negative feelings. Hence the Giant's little dance through the broccoli patch as he reaches down to pick YBS, then whirls and leaps away from OB without appearing to have noticed it at all.

"Besting the Broccoli" concludes with the Giant adding his new butter sauce that clings, and freezing both sauce and broccoli in a flavor-tight cooking pouch.

When you analyze it this way, you can easily understand why Green Giant Brand Young Broccoli Spears are just about the best you can buy.

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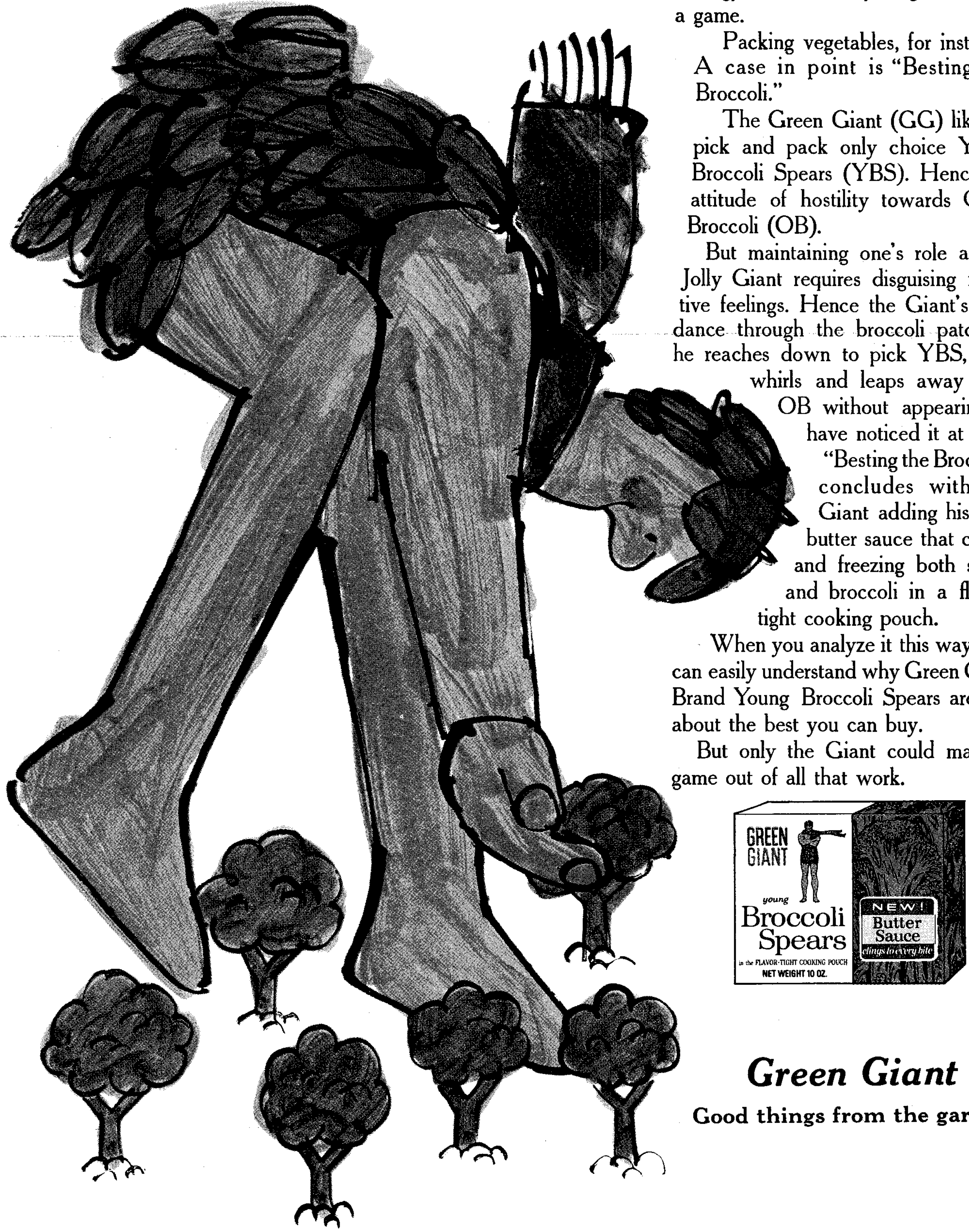
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Broccoli Spears
in the FLAVOR-TIGHT COOKING POUCH
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Butter Sauce
clings to every bite

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

senses of hearing, touch, and smell; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Friday, Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "Black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Sunday, *Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9;* Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and Ernst Wiemann . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Rudolf Knoll. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Montserrat Caballé, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Carmen," with Grace Bumbry, Jeannette Pilou, James King, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Renato Bruson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Nicolai Gedda, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Theo Adam, Ernst Wiemann, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Christa Ludwig, Rosalind Elias, Walter Berry, Nicolai Gedda, and Rudolf Knoll. . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Renato Bruson, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard *Bernstein conducting—Performances* of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" on Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 31, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 (all with Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Norman Treigle, bass; and the Westminster Choir); and a Mendelssohn-Bruckner program on Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30 (with Pinchas Zuckerman, violin).

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, George Szell conducting—Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Clifford Curzon, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30: A Prokofieff-Brahms program, with James Oliver Buswell IV, violin. . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30: An all-Tchaikovsky program, with Gary Graffman, piano.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 1-2, at 8:30.)

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2	3	4	5	6	7	8

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Sanford Allen, violin, and Gerald Warburg, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a program entitled "Royal Vienna Festival," with John Swallow, trombone, and Brooks Tillotson, horn. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music programs by soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Pina Carmirelli, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Thomas Paul, bass; and John Barrows, horn. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Music of the Royal Court—"The Sun King: Louis XIV and Versailles," the first in a series of five programs, this one performed by the New York Chamber Soloists, with Charles Bressler, tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

American String Trio—With Nadia Reisenberg, piano, in a benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

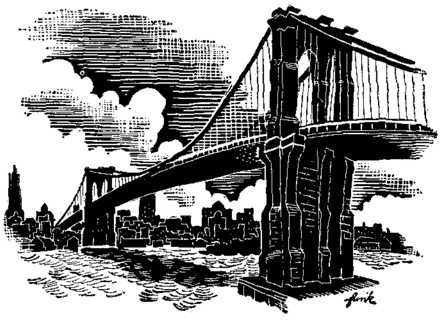
Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 10. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Grete Sultan—Piano, in the last (postponed from Jan. 20) in a series of recitals. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Boris Goldovsky and the Curtis String Quartet—The first in a series of five concerts of chamber music for piano and strings, with comment by Mr. Goldovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)



Helen Watts—Contralto, in a recital postponed from Jan. 16. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:40.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Festival Winds—The last in a series of concerts of chamber music for wood winds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:40.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Note—The Guarneri String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 3, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, and the Move—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Joni Mitchell—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.

Red Onion Jazz Band—Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.

Zoot Sims and Carol Sloane—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Feb. 2, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Nina Simone—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.

Canned Heat, the Pentangle, and Rhinoceros—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 1: Knicks vs. Boston. . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 4: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Games begin at 8:35.)

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Doyle Baird, middleweights, 10 rounds; and George Chuvalo vs. Buster Mathis, heavyweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Monday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Feb. 2, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:35: Rangers vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Thursday, March 6.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden Center—Friday, Jan. 31, at 7: Millrose Athletic Association. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 7:45: Madison Square Garden Invitational.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in an all-Bach program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 8, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays at 3:30; Fridays at 3:30 and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Salvatore Guida**: "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **Pixie Judy Troupe**: "Alice Through

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Looking Glass." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Jean Garrigue reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Boat Show—Cruisers, sailboats, and runabouts, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. The biggest vessel is a forty-eight-foot yawl; the smallest is a four-foot Tahitian kayak. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 30-31, from noon to 6; Saturday, Feb. 1, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Feb. 2, from 1 to 7.)

Empire International Championship Cat Show—The most posh of pussies. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 1, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb. 2, from noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 30, at 10:15 and 1:45: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gold and jewelled watches and boxes, and Russian works of art; from many sources.... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 1, at 1:45: English furniture, Oriental and other rugs, and decorations; from several collections.... ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 10:15 and 1:45: Japanese art, including prints, netsuke, and swords; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 1.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Mexican Bus Ride" (1951), directed by Luis Buñuel.... ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: "Iconostasis" (1968), a Bulgarian film.... ¶ Jan. 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Scorpio Rising" (1963), directed by Kenneth Anger; and "The Wild One" (1954), with Marlon Brando and Mary Murphy.... ¶ Feb. 1 at 11:30: Three documentary films.... ¶ Feb. 1 at 3 and 5:30: "Gog" (1954), with Richard Egan.... ¶ Feb. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Fighting Lady" (1945), a U. S. Navy documentary film.... ¶ Feb. 3 at 2 and 5:30 and Feb. 4 at 2: "Things to Come" (1936), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.... ¶ Feb. 4 at 5:30: A program of experimental films.... ¶ Feb. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "Is Life Worth Living?" (1921), with Eugene O'Brien. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center: Feb. 12, 15, 18, 22, and 25, and March 1, 4, 11, and 15.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden Center. Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden Center on Feb. 9, 16, 19, 23, and 26, and March 2, 9, and 12.

Racing—At Aqueduct: March 10-May 31.

Track Meets—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER:** Knights of Columbus, Feb. 14.... ¶ United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 21.... ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, March 8.... **102ND ENGINEERS ARMORY,** Broadway at 168th St.: Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events, Feb. 25.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: March 5-May 24.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA,** Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 19.... **NEW YORK CITY OPERA,** New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 20, with Massenet's "Manon," and will run through April 20.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 14.... ¶ Washington National Symphony, Feb. 16.... ¶ Andres Segovia, classic guitarist, Feb. 16.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 18 and March 4.... ¶ Geza Anda, piano, Feb. 19.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 25.... ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, and Jacqueline du Pré, cello, March 2.... ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, March 7.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Viktor Tretyakov, violin, Feb. 9.... ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 10 and 17.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 11.... ¶ Moscow State Symphony, Feb. 12, 14-16, 21-23, 25-26, and 28, and March 1-2.... ¶ Pierre Fournier, cello, Feb. 13.... ¶ Régine Crespin, soprano, Feb. 16.... ¶ Concordia Choir, Feb. 18.... ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 19.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 23-24 and March 9-10.... ¶ Minnesota Symphony Orchestra, March 3 and 6.... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, March 5.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Robert Sylvester, cello, Feb. 12.... ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 18.... ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 19.... ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitarist, March 7.... **HUNTER COLLEGE** (535-5350): Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Feb. 15.... ¶ Hermann Prey, baritone, March 6.... ¶ Pierre Boulez, conductor-composer-pianist, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Charles Rosen, piano, March 7.... ¶ Israel Chamber Orchestra, March 8.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 2.

Ballet—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Feb. 18-March 23.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Play It Again, Sam," a comedy by Woody Allen, starring the author.... ¶ Shirley Knight, Robert F. Simon, Tresa Hughes, and William Devane make up the entire cast of "The Watering Place," a play by Lyle Kessler.... ¶ Hal Holbrook and David Opatoshu in a play by Don Petersen entitled "Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?"... ¶ A comedy by Julius J. Epstein, "But Seriously...," with a cast headed by Tom Poston and Bethel Leslie.... ¶ The APA Repertory Company's fourth production of the season will be "Hamlet."... ¶ "The Wrong Way Light Bulb," Leonard Spigelgass's autobiographical comedy-drama, with James Patterson and Claudia McNeil.... ¶ A comedy, "Zelda," by Sylvia Regan, in which Ed Begley and Lilia Skala will appear.... ¶ The third production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Heinar Kipphardt's "In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer," translated by Ruth Speirs and with Joseph Wiseman in the title role.... ¶ Ray Bolger in a musical, "Come Summer," based on Esther Forbes' novel "Rainbow on the Road," with book and lyrics by Will Holt and music by David Baker.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Wednesday, Feb. 12.... ¶ Winter Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Feb. 19.... ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Center, Feb. 21-March 2.... ¶ Washington's Birthday is Saturday, Feb. 22.... ¶ International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 8-16.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, March 10-15.

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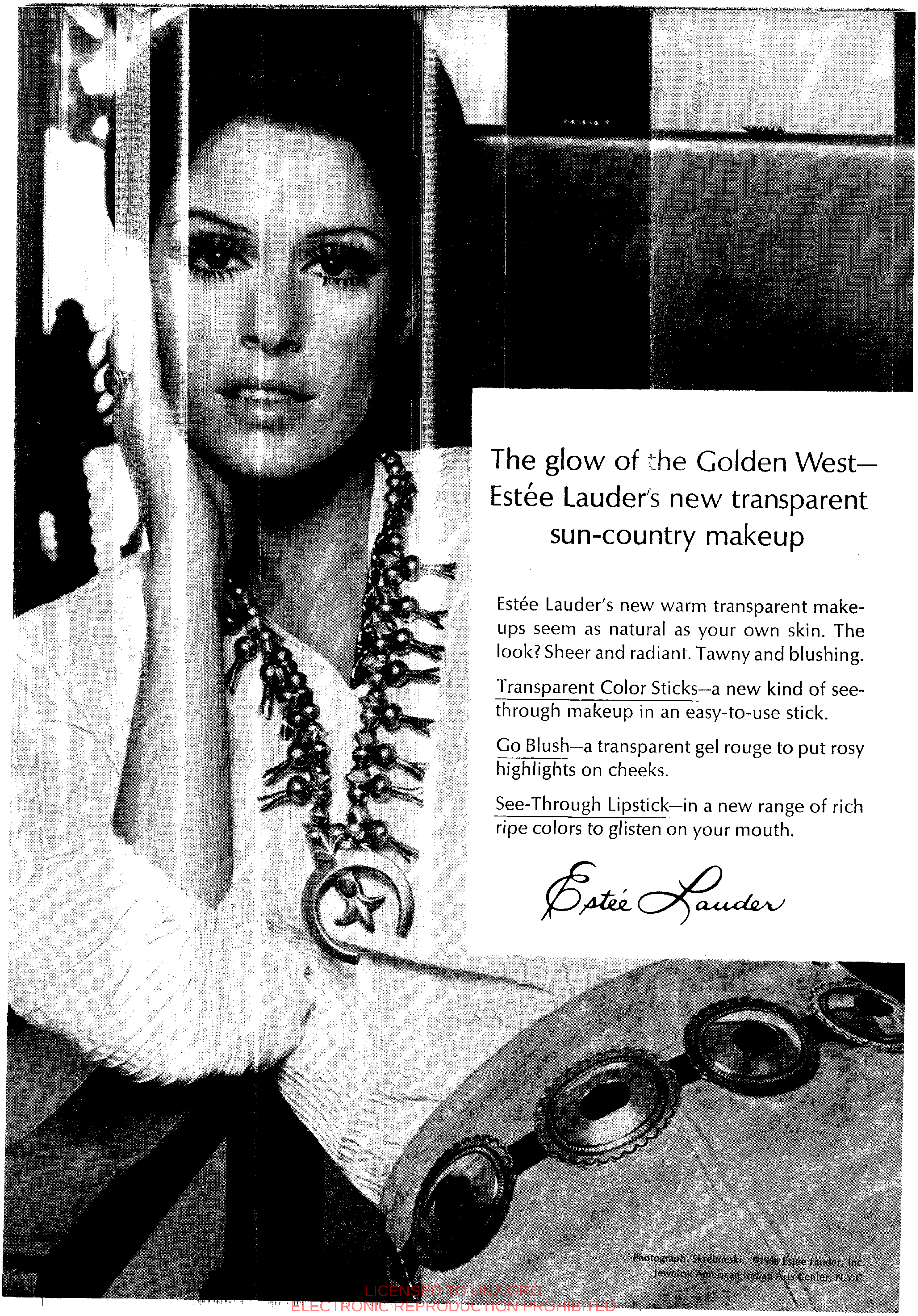

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Estée Lauder's new transparent
sun-country makeup

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Transparent Color Sticks—a new kind of see-through makeup in an easy-to-use stick.

Go Blush—a transparent gel rouge to put rosy highlights on cheeks.

See-Through Lipstick—in a new range of rich ripe colors to glisten on your mouth.

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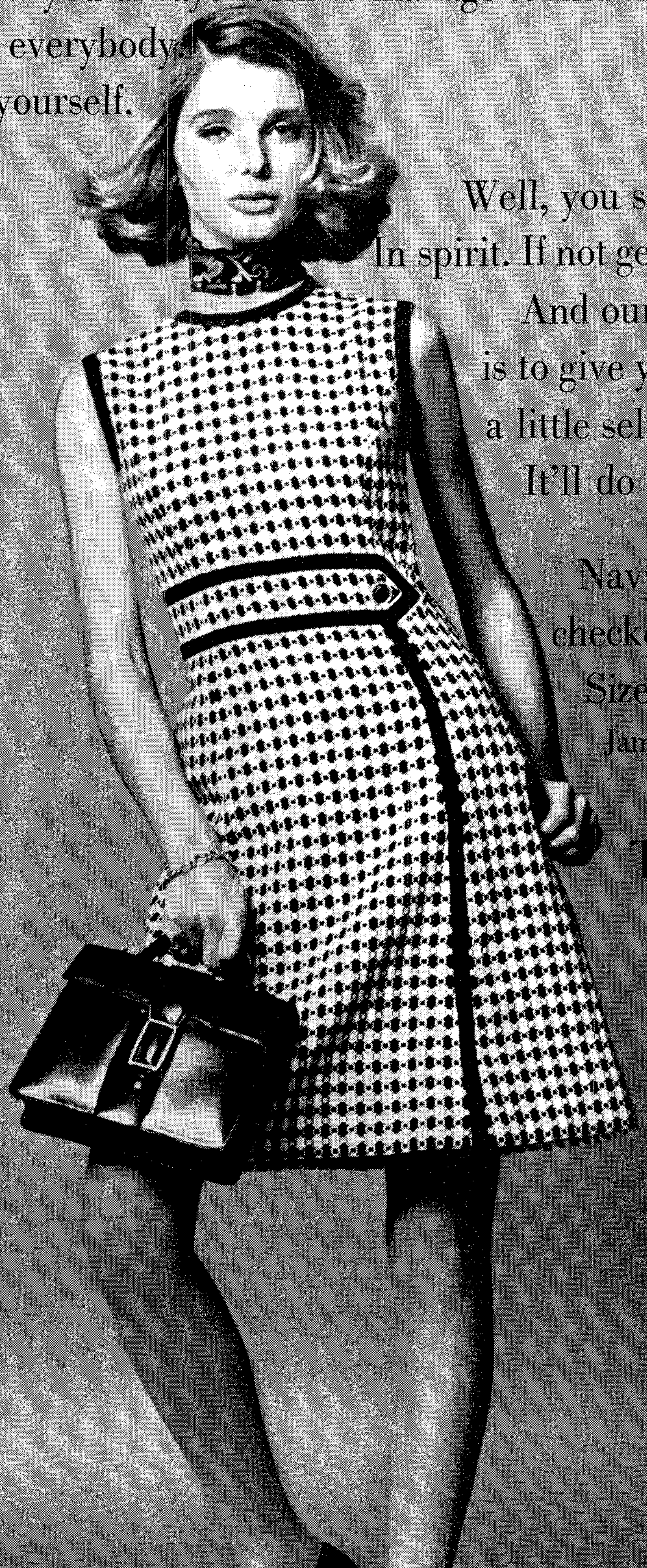
Somehow you always seem to manage to find time for everything and everybody.

Except yourself.



Well, you should get away. In spirit. If not geographically.

And our way of encouraging you is to give you clothes that help you feel a little self-indulgent. A little irresponsible. It'll do everyone a lot of good.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Feb. 2.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 4.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Feb. 5.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 4.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 5.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 4.)

Faces—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a victory. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Greetings—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by *Alain Resnais. In French.* (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 4.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Feb. 2.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but agreeable. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 5.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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2	3	4	5			

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 4.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 4.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. The stars are a collection of aging, slightly overweight, bump-and-grind dancers whose numbers have been choreographed and photographed with fine satiric skill. This isn't so much a backstage musical as an on-stage musical. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman (memorably, elegantly comic), and Britt Ekland, with her warm, big smile that is a happy substitute for acting. Directed by William Friedkin. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 4.)

Oliver!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 31-Feb. 3.)

Pierrot le Fou—Jean-Luc Godard's violent, chaotic attempt to show people trying to live like characters out of fiction. Jean-Paul Belmondo (called Ferdinand for Céline) and Anna Karina get involved in crime and politics, but the picture seems to be about romance and misogyny. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and splendidly played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Excelling performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 4.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—Chekhov's play comes to the screen in a misguided version that is inadvertently funny instead of delicately comic. But Vanessa Redgrave is magnificent, and there are good pieces in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, and Harry Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—About the October Revolution (Russian). Eisenstein (also Russian) directed it. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 5.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a pleasant catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 4: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and "Brothers in Law" (1957), Richard Attenborough, Ian Carmichael.
From Feb. 5: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and "The Ladykillers" (1956), Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 4: "The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.
From Feb. 5: "They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Grazie Zia" (in Italian), Lisa Gastoni.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 4: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From Feb. 5: **BULLITT.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 4: **NINOTCHKA**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**
From Feb. 5: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 4: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Three Sisters" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Feb. 4: "The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.
From Feb. 5: "The Wrecking Crew," Dean Martin, Elke Sommer.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 2: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and **ACCIDENT.**
From Feb. 3: "Martyrs of Love," a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Decline and Fall of a Bird Watcher," Felix Aylmer.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein," a documentary film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

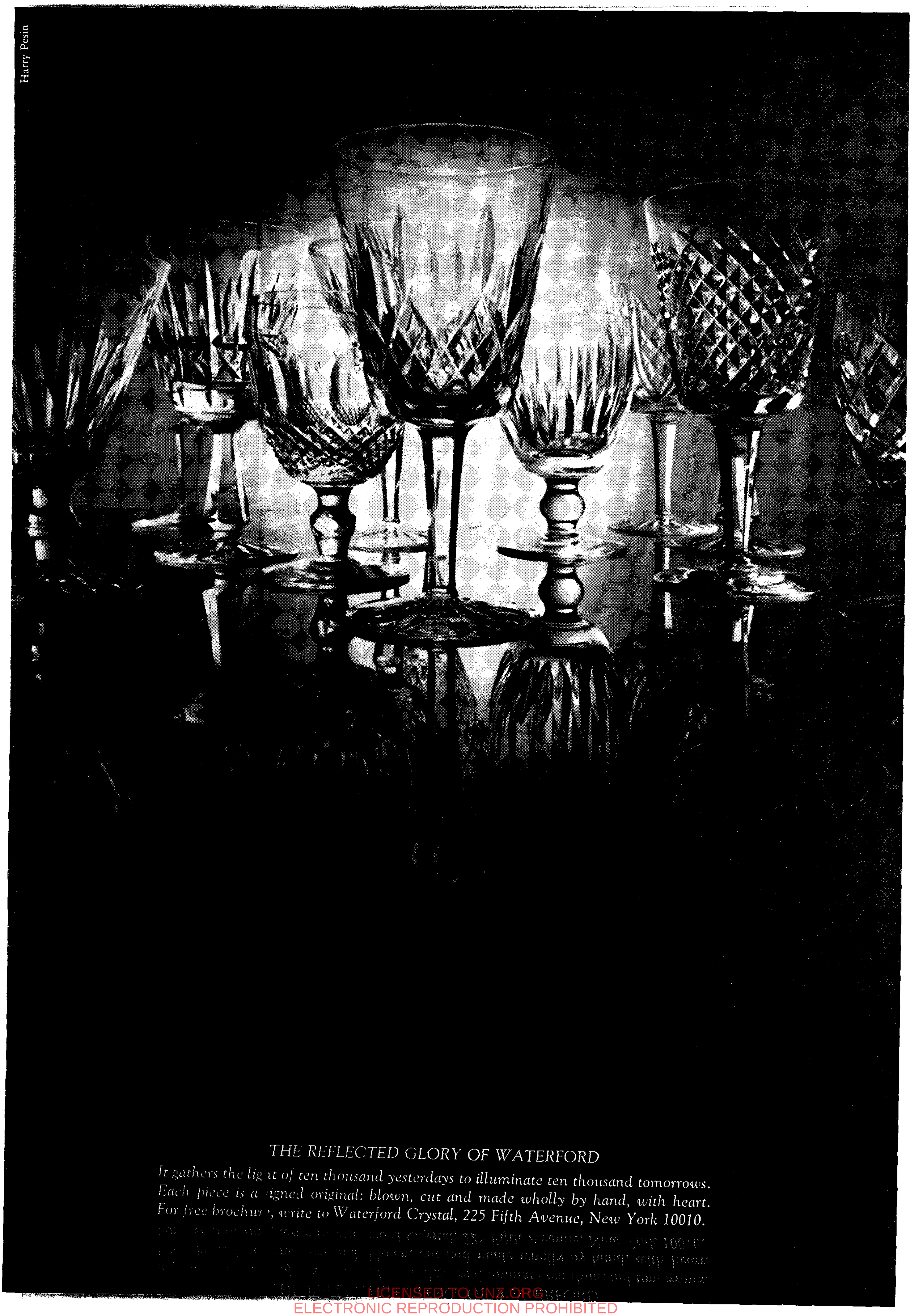
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 1: "Bad Company" (in French).
From Feb. 2: "Me and My Brother," a Robert Frank film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 4: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and **BEDAZZLED.**
From Feb. 5: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE**; and "A Lovely Way to Die," Kirk Douglas, Sylva Koscina.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 30: "The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (1967; in Italian), Virna Lisi; and "To Be a Crook" (1967; in French).
Jan. 31-Feb. 3: **PERSONA** (in Swedish); and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 4: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967), Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Great Catherine," Peter O'Toole, Zero Mostel.

Harry Pesin



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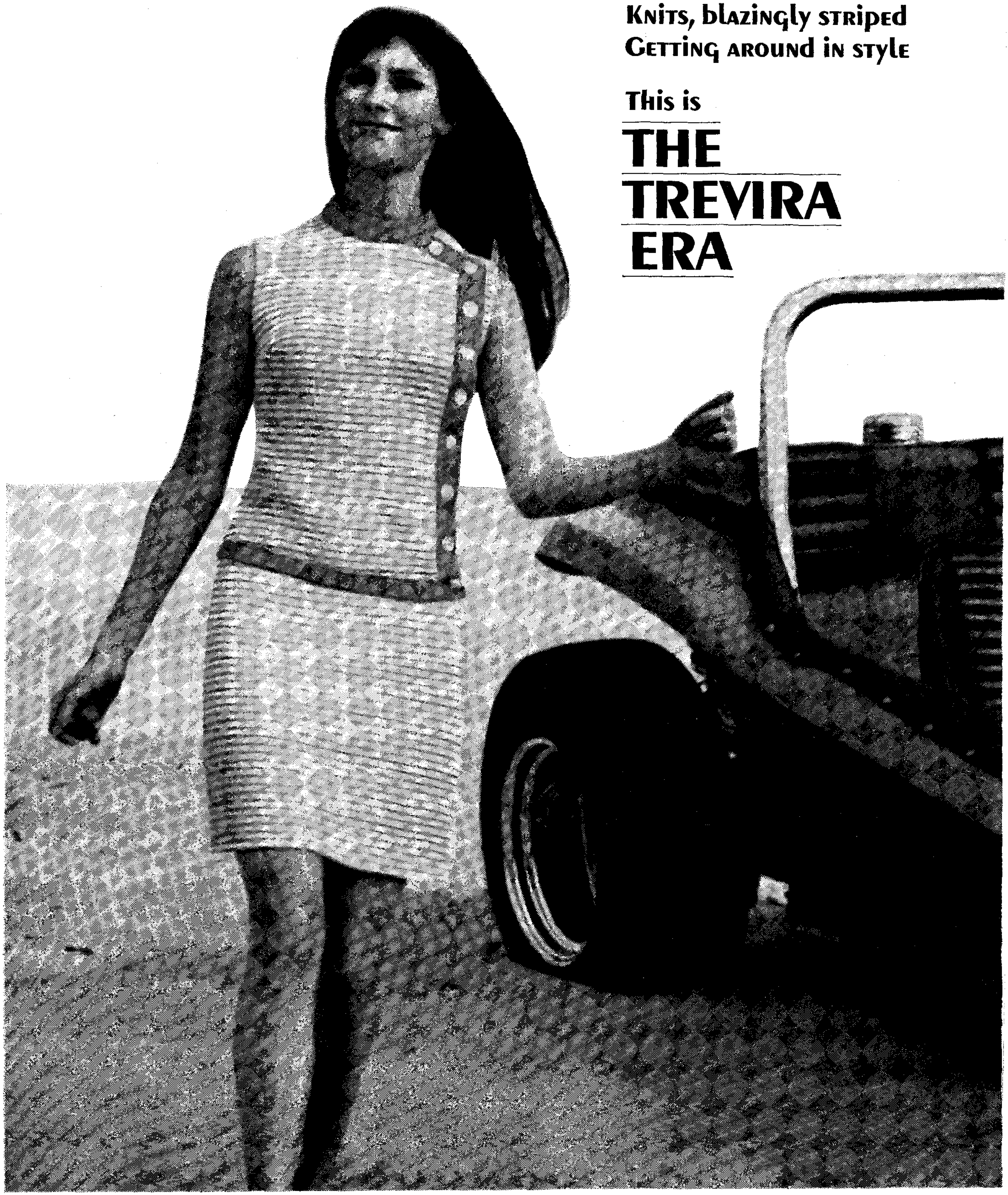

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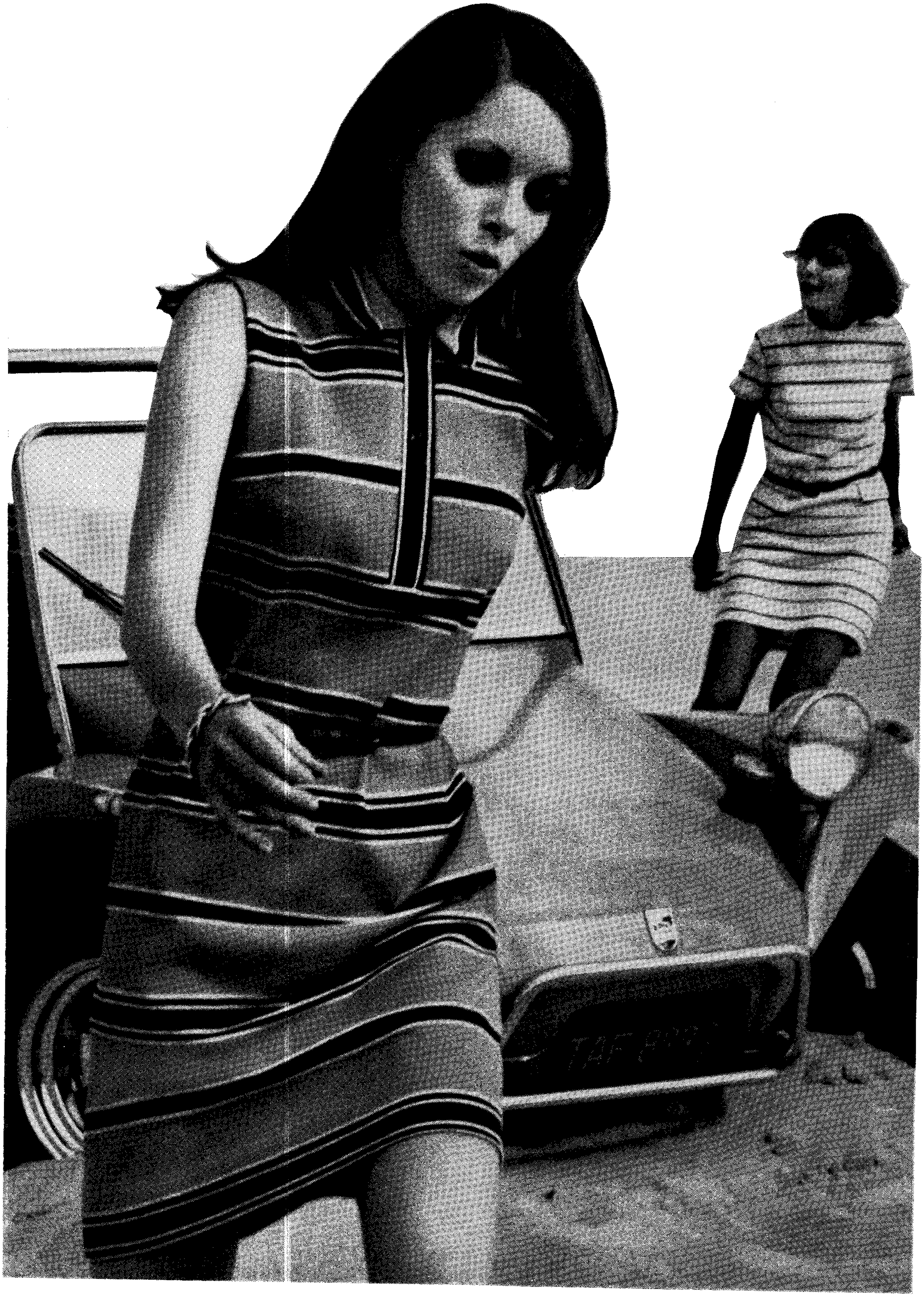

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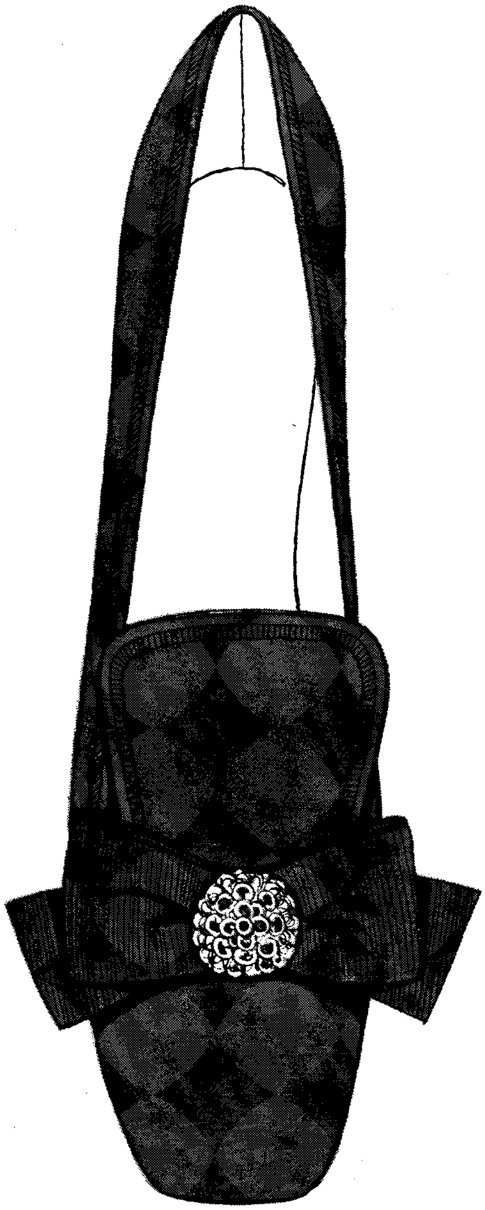
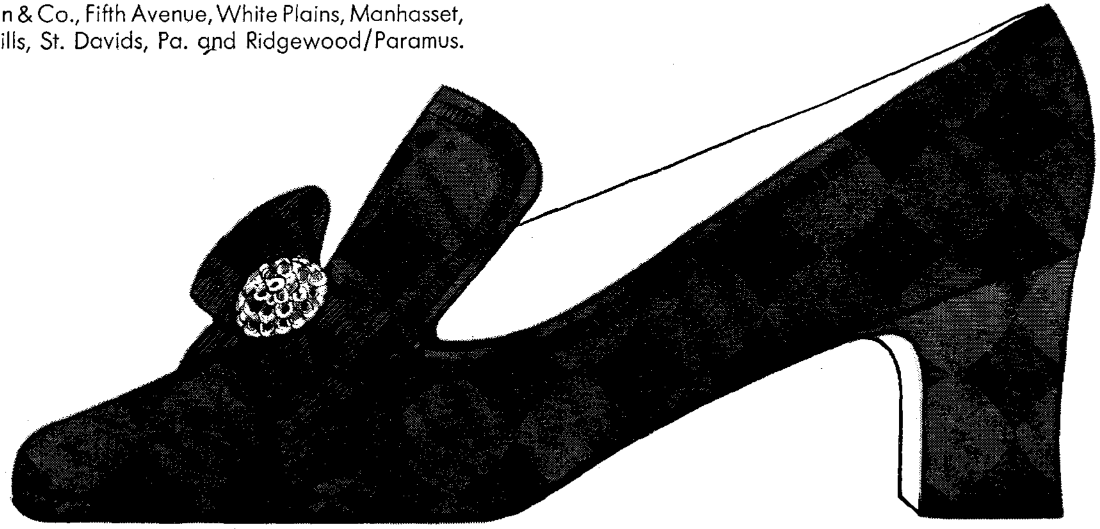




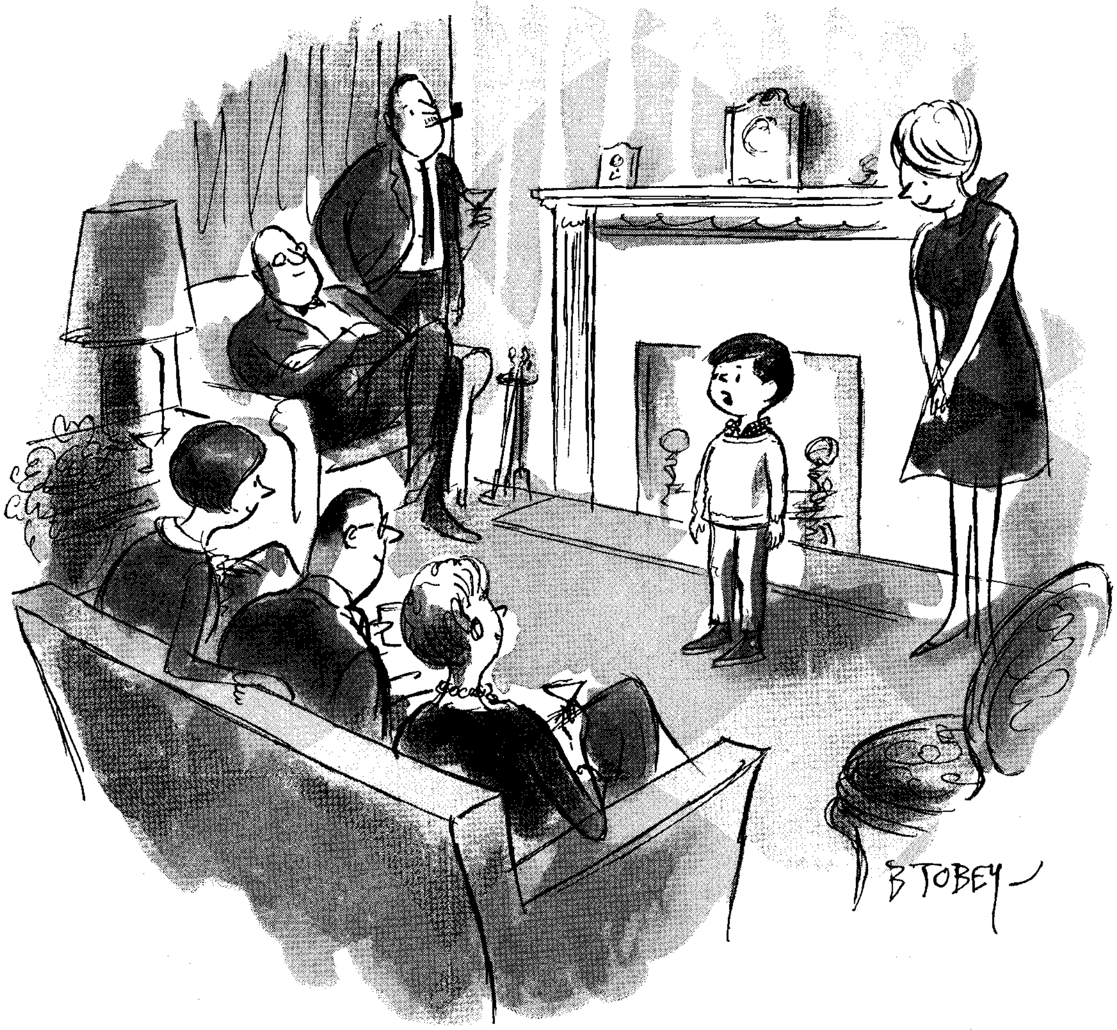
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the years when the Vietnam war was still escalating, it often seemed that Washington was enlarging our official war goals to match and justify the escalation of our military commitment. At first, when the commitment was small, it was enough to believe that we were protecting democracy in Vietnam. Later, as our forces grew, the domino theory was advanced, to show that the real stake was the future of freedom in all Southeast Asia. And in the final days, when the present level of half a million men had been reached, we were told that the true enemy was China and "Asian Communism." Likewise, the growing commitment, and the growing losses, seemed to require increasingly optimistic reports on the progress of the war. Then, as the gap between the official optimism and the reality widened it began to seem that we were fighting as much to vindicate our past pronouncements as to achieve any concrete objective in Vietnam. It was as though by continuing and widening the war we could transform it into the kind of war we'd thought we were going to be fighting in the first place. Thus it has happened that, along with a tragic, unhopeful position within Vietnam, the Nixon Administration has inherited a ponderous baggage of grandiose war aims and dogmatically optimistic appraisals of our achievement.

Now that President Nixon's own people have opened the substantive phase of the negotiations in Paris, it may prove that the inflated war aims we have built up will turn out to be our most serious obstacle to reaching a settlement. Success in the negotiations may depend in large part on our finding a way to back down gracefully from the war aims that were devised to support the policy of escalation. No issue reveals our predicament more clearly than the issue of a coalition government, on which we are now taking the stand, in support of the regime in Saigon, that there can be no coalition that would include the National Liberation Front. The present Saigon government is probably unique in the history of government. About a year ago, John Kenneth Galbraith estimated that it would collapse within a month if American support were to be completely withdrawn. Actually, it had already collapsed—not just once but again and again, as it was driven from the countryside by the enemy and repeatedly overturned by coups d'état. Its continued existence depends on American support more heavily than any government has ever relied on foreign support before. Over ninety per cent of the government's revenue is donated by the United States. Every one of its officials, down to the level of district chief, has been assigned a full-time American adviser of equal military rank, so the entire administration is paralleled by an American structure. Every unit of its Army is advised by a team of Americans, and its Army is equipped entirely with American weapons. Since almost all transportation in Vietnam, whether of people or of things, is by air, most of it is American. A Vietnamese province chief receives a salary that derives ultimately from American sources, he commands an army that is clothed, armed, and advised by Americans, he gives his people food and housing that arrive on American planes, and he receives the full-time advice of an American colonel. What makes this condition of total dependence difficult to perceive is that although the Saigon regime owes its existence to us, it does not appear to give us its allegiance. No doubt because American policymakers have genuinely wished—however abortive their efforts to make the wish come true—the Saigon regime to become a strong democratic government, our style has been to let its leaders go on making bitter anti-American remarks in their public speeches. Many observers have seen Saigon's freedom to criticize us as a sign that it must have a base of support apart from us. But the whole question of whether Saigon behaves as we would like it to or not is a side issue. The fundamental issue is whether the Saigon regime exists at all as a government—not in relation to us but in relation to its own people—and whether it has any chance of continuing to exist if we leave. Measured by this standard, the regime, which has been unable to set up effective administration or get visible popular support for any of its many projects of construction, and, in fact, has overseen the destruction, mostly by allied bombing, of roughly half of its villages and some of its cities, too, may not deserve the name "government" at all. It would be more accurate to call it a conscripted army and leave it at that—or, insofar as it exists in other ways for its people, to call it a public-relations firm. Even to call it a corrupt dictatorship is, in a sense, too complimentary, because to speak of corruption is to imply that what is corrupt was once healthy, and to speak of a dictatorship implies a de-



"Secretary of State William P. Rogers, Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, Secretary of the Treasury David M. Kennedy, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Robert H. Finch, Attorney General John N. Mitchell, Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans, Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe, Secretary of Labor George P. Shultz . . ."

• •

gree of control that Saigon does not exercise over its people. Its one talent is for destruction, and this is borrowed from us.

The question of a coalition government is, therefore, one of whether we can assure the Saigon regime's participation in a future South Vietnamese government, not of whether we should let the National Liberation Front—which is now certainly the most powerful political force in South Vietnam—participate. When one considers how little the Saigon regime has achieved with the help of half a million Americans, one can hardly imagine that, in the long run, it can survive without us. The idea that we could afford to demand a settlement without a coalition had been an integral part of the set of views on Vietnam that led the Johnson Administration to believe year after year that the feeble Saigon government was about to gain the allegiance of the South Vietnamese and that we were about to win the war. To persist in that demand now, at the negotiating table, is to place our negotiators in the impossible position of being unable even to consider the solution that is the most favorable one we can conceivably hope for, and the one that may offer us our only way of getting our troops home soon.

Tunnel

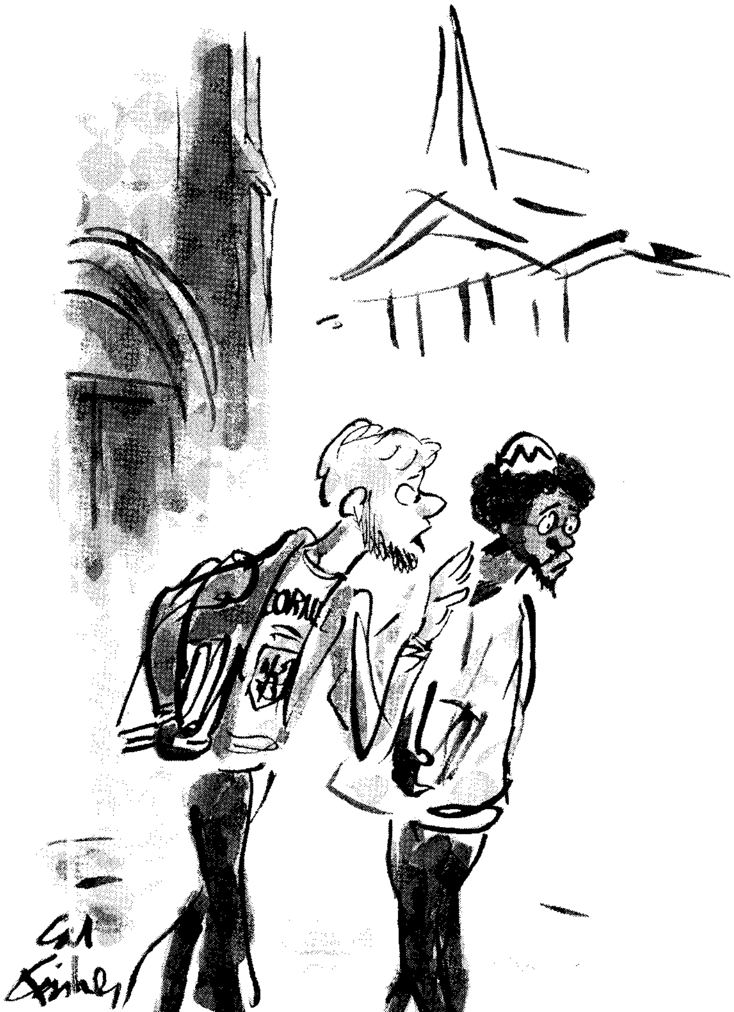
THE most recent skirmish between our visible city and its subterranean *Doppelgänger* occurred on Friday, January 3rd, when a gas-filled tunnel at the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg Bridge blew up shortly before midnight, scattering chunks of pavement along Delancey Street for several blocks and setting off a two-alarm fire that was allowed to blaze, and burn off the gas, until four o'clock the following afternoon. Although the explosion created the customary inconveniences—service on two subway lines was suspended, bridge traffic was halted, and three hundred families were evacuated from nearby tenements—there were, miraculously, no deaths and only five minor injuries. (Two firemen were hit by flying debris, two Con Edison employees were blown off their feet by the force of the blast, and a girl seated in an automobile on Delancey Street was slammed headfirst into the windshield.) The most extraordinary (and embarrassing) aspect of the incident, however, was the fact that until it occurred neither Con Edison nor any of the city agencies that tend our catacombs—Transit, Water Resources, and Water Supply, Gas & Electricity—had been aware of the tunnel's existence. Although it appeared to be a thoroughly professional construction job (the walls were of precast concrete; the floor contained a narrow-gauge railroad track), there was no record of such a structure on any working maps of the area. The available evidence suggested that the tunnel had been built in the early nineteen-hundreds and then, for some reason, abandoned. A sixteen-inch gas main that was installed two feet farther north at a later date transformed this sealed-up cavern into a buried time bomb.

The first hint of the unusual origin of the explosion came from the Fire Department. Chief Fire Marshal Vincent Canty, who arrived at Delancey Street twenty minutes after the original alarm, told us during a talk we had with him later that every one of the eighty-odd firemen on duty that night had known there was something odd about the blast. "When gas is confined in an unvented space, you get an explosion," he said. "And since this was a long, narrow explosion, extending for several blocks, there had to be some kind of long, narrow void underneath the road level. What puzzled us was that the fire seemed to be coming from an area between the subway, which runs down the center of

Delancey Street, and the gas main, which runs along the north curb." Shortly after the second alarm was turned in, Chief Allen Hay—the man in operational control of the fire—sent one of his officers to check with the Transit Authority, on the chance that this mysterious void might have something to do with the subway. At 12:30 A.M., Transit, after an amazingly swift search through its archives, uncovered an ancient blueprint that indicated there were *two* sealed-off tunnels underneath Delancey Street—one on either side of the B.-M.T. line. "They told us that the tunnels were built in 1908," said Chief Hay. "Possibly to carry utility lines. Each one is about twenty-five hundred feet long. We haven't explored them completely, but we believe they extend from Essex, on the east, to Centre or Mulberry, on the west. There is also some evidence of a third tunnel, running south on Essex, and maybe something else on Eldridge. We don't know all the exact positions, because Transit hasn't shown us the blueprint, but we are certainly going to recommend that all subsurface voids in the area be located and filled in as soon as possible. I don't think anybody in the present city government had the slightest idea that these tunnels existed, but the facts seem to point toward Transit as having something to do with their construction. Where the responsibility lies at the moment I really can't say. I can tell you one thing, though. Nobody is rushing forward to claim it."

After checking with the Transit Authority ("We do have a 1908 blueprint showing some tunnels, but they certainly aren't ours"), the Corporation Counsel ("How can you be absolutely sure that this alleged tunnel caused the explosion?"), and Water Resources ("Our maps don't indicate any tunnels, but our engineers did encounter two outside tunnel walls on either side of the subway at Delancey and Eldridge when they installed a high-pressure main in 1953"), we travelled to Delancey Street to consult a Con Edison official who had been following the case. He told us, somewhat plaintively, that no city department had ever provided his company with any information that even hinted at the existence of a tunnel. "My God!" he said. "We had crews all over the place the day before the explosion looking for a low-pressure gas leak. If we'd had any idea that there was a tunnel nearby, we would have proceeded quite differently."

We then accompanied the Con Ed official west on Delancey—past several blocks of buckled asphalt—and paused near the edge of a large excavation at the corner of Allen Street, where we were introduced to Mr. Peter Salerno, the Con Edison foreman in charge of the district at the time of the blast. Mr. Salerno, a stocky, soft-spoken man who was wearing earth-stained corduroy work clothes and a shiny blue hard hat, informed us that the trouble had started two days before the explosion with a routine gas-leak report from this very corner. "We sent a contract crew down the next morning, because it wasn't serious," he said. "No odor in the street but a positive reading inside the manhole you're standing on. So they opened up the pavement here on the north side of Delancey. When I arrived at noon on Friday, there was a flame burning in the excavation and a fire truck standing by. I had brought a crew with me, and I called in three more, because it looked as if we might have to cut the flow of gas to determine the source of the fire." Mr. Salerno pointed to a smaller hole some twenty feet north of us on Allen and explained that most low-pressure gas mains do not have turn-off valves. "If you want to take an area out of service, you have to dig down to the main—as they did up there—knock a hole in it, and insert an expandable plug that shuts off the flow of gas," he said. "Our plates showed two sixteen-inch mains in the area—one running north and south on Allen, the other running east and west on Delancey. So I told my crews to start breaking ground at the corners, just in case. At the same time, we decided to enlarge the original hole in the middle of the street to see if the fire could be coming from the point where the two mains crossed." Mr. Salerno showed us two large, rusty pipes at the bottom of the excavation and told us his men had uncovered them about 5 P.M. "The mains were intact, but fire was coming out of the ground around them," he said. "I just couldn't understand this, so I told the corner crews to start tapping—that is, plugging up the mains—as a safety measure. We got four shutdowns by ten that evening, but the flames continued to burn in the excavation. My crews put in a second set of stoppers, and when that didn't do any good we began to check on the possibility of a sneaky tie somewhere. Just about then, a workman who was still following the fire opened up the tunnel. Now, voids



"What I mean is, you major in African Studies. So what? So you just wind up teaching African Studies."

turn up fairly often on jobs—usually they're the result of street work that hasn't been properly filled—but when you find one near a gas leak, you stop and think a minute. I sent the man who was operating our mechanical digger off to refuel, and I was standing there looking at the void with a flashlight when she just let go. The funny thing about that explosion was that it put out the fire we'd been chasing all afternoon. Five minutes later—when we were all picking ourselves up off the sidewalk—there was a much bigger bang, and a fire two blocks east, at the corner of Delancey and Ludlow."

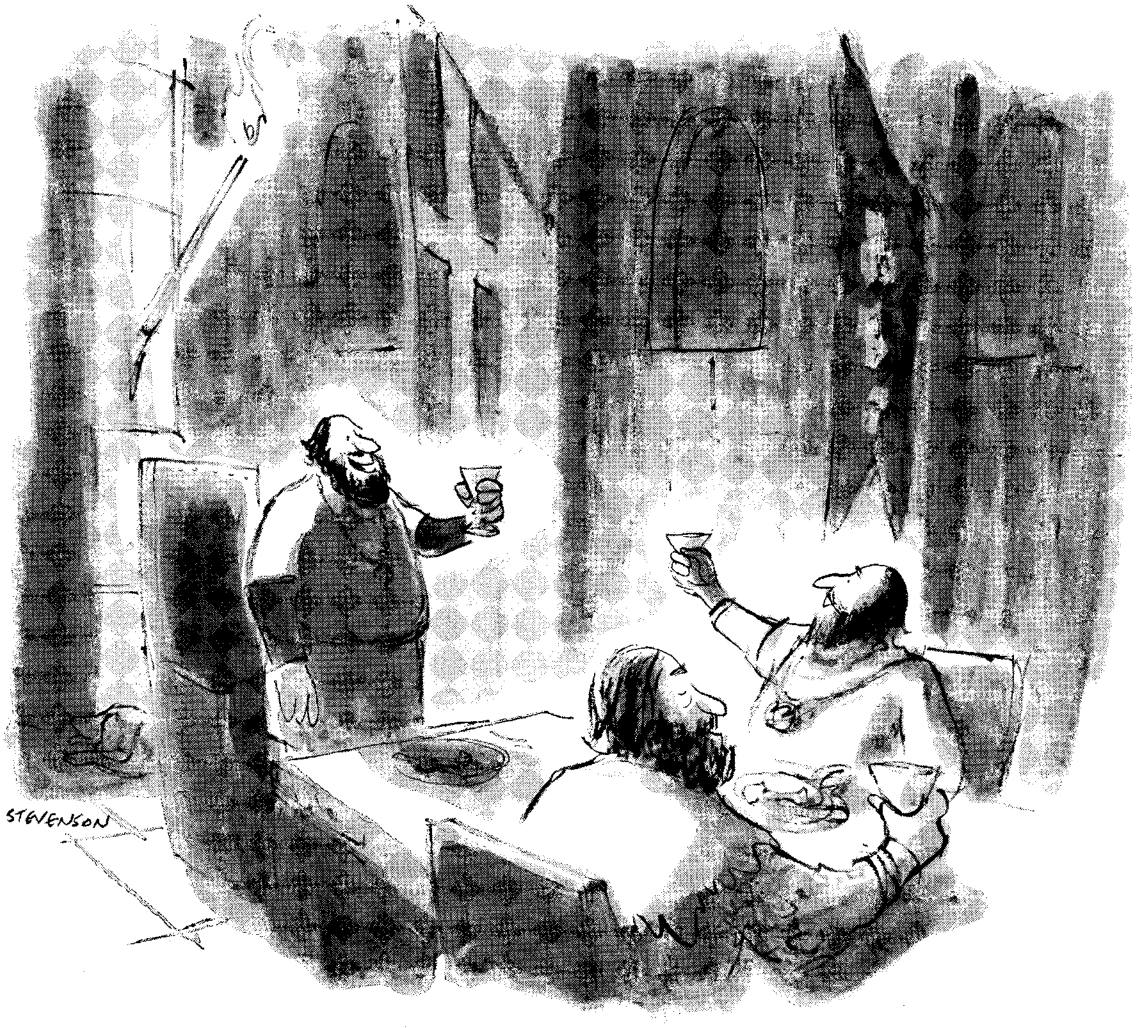
We asked Mr. Salerno why the street damage had not been repaired, and he replied that Con Edison could not pull out the old mains or install replacements until some city department claimed, and filled in, the tunnel. "We're servicing our customers through surface pipe," he said, "and taking hourly readings in the tunnel to make sure there's no underground gas buildup. I was dumbfounded when I found out about that tunnel, but I was kind of relieved, too. When you work on the street twenty-two years, you know that a low-pressure gas main doesn't just blow up like that."

Our final encounter with the Delancey Street explosion took place several days later, at a Public Service Commission hearing that had been called to determine the responsibility of the utilities concerned, and whether or not there was a safety hazard. Attendance was sparse (none of the city agencies directly involved showed up), and the two witnesses who did appear and testify—a Commission gas engineer and a Con Edison senior vice-president—proved extremely reluctant to recognize the obvious relationship between a leaking gas main and a sealed-up tunnel. The engineer suggested that the explosion might have been caused by a buildup of sewer gas; the Con Edison man was considerably more imaginative, and came up with marsh gas, a substance that is rarely encountered in the bedrock of Manhattan Island. The most disturbing impression that emerged from a long day of inconclusive talk was of an almost visible miasma of distrust that seemed to preclude coöperation, or even communication, among the various groups involved in subsurface work. When the Commission's counsel asked if there were any maps showing all utilities in the substructure of New York City, the Con Edison vice-president replied that he knew of only one set—a series prepared by the W.P.A. in the thirties. "This tunnel," he added, "was not on that map." The existence of additional tunnels, which were also not on the map, was not discussed. The 1908 Transit Authority blueprint showing them—which nearly everyone in the room knew about—was never produced, or even mentioned. The question of who owns the tunnels and who will fill them in was put off until February 6th. "I could hope that some other people might come forward at that time, so that we will have more definitive answers than we have at present," the presiding Public Service Commissioner, Edward P. Larkin, remarked pointedly.

After the hearing was adjourned, we asked Commissioner Larkin, a robust man wearing tortoise-shell glasses, what he planned to accomplish at the next session. "I want to determine who has jurisdiction over these substructures," he said, "and I'm going to push for a proper engineering conclusion as to their potential danger. Then I'm going to see what can be done to remove the danger. Maybe it will be done by a collection taken up by the outraged citizenry, once they realize the potential hazard. Suppose a bomb fell on Times Square and failed to explode. Would everybody stand around looking at it for months? Wouldn't somebody have to make a decision?"

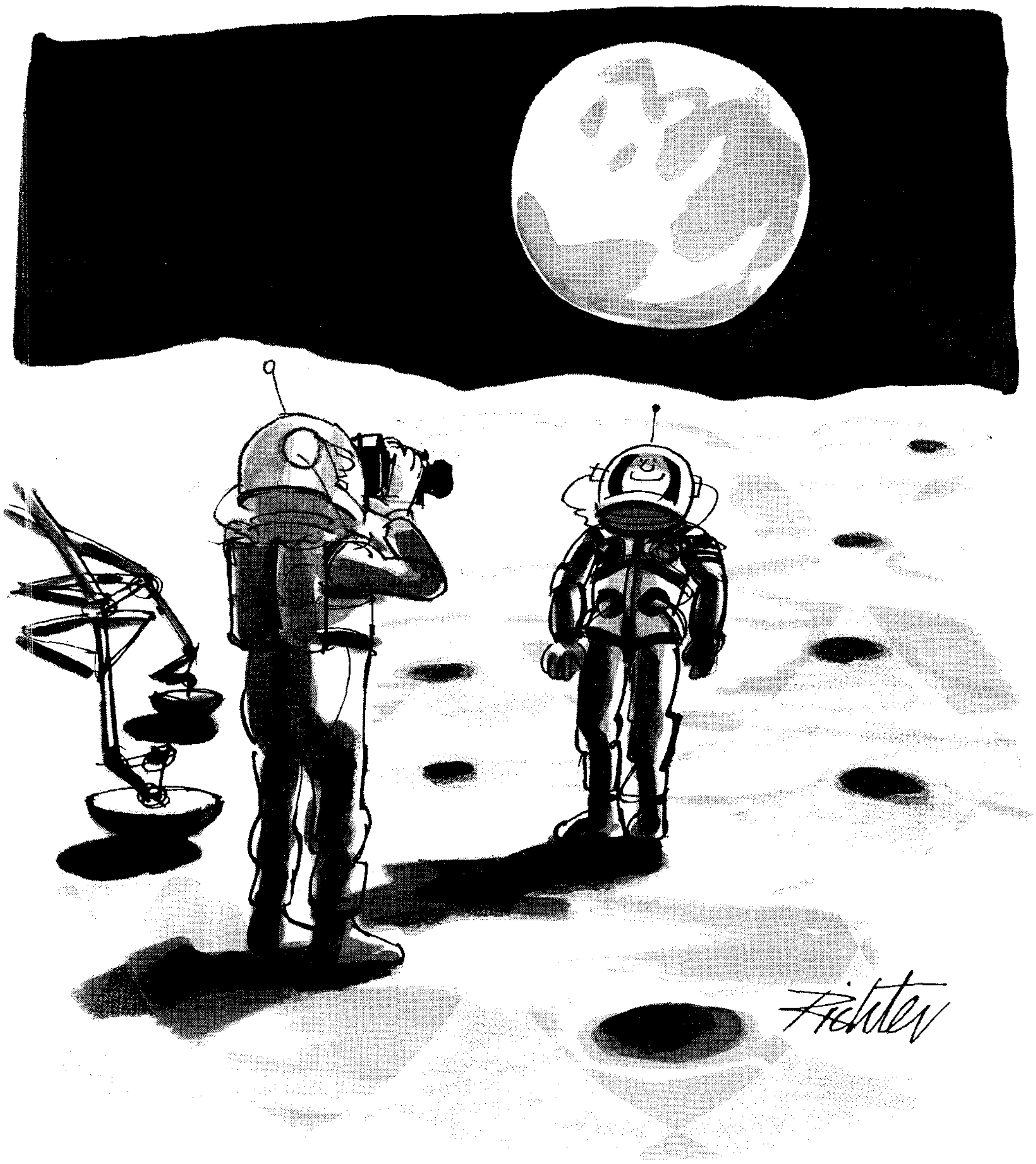
"I hear they just found another tunnel up in the Bronx," said a portly, gray-haired man standing at the Commissioner's right elbow.

Mr. Larkin removed his glasses, polished them carefully, and permitted himself a slight smile. "I'm beginning to understand why the usual



"Here's to feudalism, and to all the wonderful vassals that make it work!"

city representatives haven't been down here pointing with pride and viewing with alarm," he said. "Perhaps they're afraid they'll get stuck with a tunnel."



"Say 'cheese.'"

• •

Inauguration

WHEN we heard that an old friend of ours, Dr. Clement Wilson Bell, planned to be in Washington at Inauguration time, we asked him to drop us a few informative lines after the festivities. Dr. Bell is a retired professor of comparative civilizations at a small, choice Midwestern college; he is totally detached and nonpartisan, and casts a cold eye. Herewith, his report:

"*Ave!* I have just returned from what you might call a city of masks, and no mask is more compelling than the one assumed by defeated persons departing from public life. Not for them the visible tear, the long face, the hapless slouch. Several days prior to the Inauguration, I found myself a late-afternoon guest in the classical red brick Georgian house of Robert Kintner, who had been officially close to President Johnson. He had gathered together a stellar group, led by Vice-President Humphrey, who had, as you know, been on the wrong end of the recent returns. Here and there I spotted several Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, exuding permanence and dignity, but for the most part this cheerful, tinkling house was occupied by those going out rather than those staying in. Mr. Humphrey was tanned, ebullient, brisk, and trim as he moved swiftly around the room, a glint in his eye and a spring to his walk. I am not saying that this man was happy. I am saying that he *appeared* happy, and that no shadow of malevolence or envy crossed his face, and I admired the mask, if mask it was. I sat down beside a handsome woman who was wearing a high-rise birdhouse of a hat—a birdhouse with duplex, even triplex apartments. 'Presumably, there is a good deal of moving out, of sad farewells,' I said. 'Moving?' she said. 'Who's moving? We'll sit this one out; we sat out the last one. Nobody's moving except the Katzenbachs and Betty Furness.' She had herself recently received a surprisingly cordial letter from the President-elect, who thanked her for some good wishes he had heard she had expressed in his behalf. 'I puzzled over this,' she said, 'for I fought him hard in the campaign, and then I remembered that I had taken a train ride with an associate of his and had passed some generalities about the rigors of the job, and said that I wished him well. I'm not sure it's his real signature, but I admire his system.'

"Washington can be miserable in the rain, even before so gala an event as an Inauguration. Georgetown—manicured, precise, a bijou—does not lend itself, streaming wet, to elevation of the spirit. Downtown, the huge government buildings melt into square and heavy shadow. In the back streets, gray prominence is given to the row upon row of stooped houses and faceless windows. The people brace themselves against the wind and the rain, and bustle along and betray nothing. They could be in Providence or St. Louis or Denver, trying to stay dry and warm. I wandered into the handsomely restored Ford's Theatre, and was instantly gripped by the melancholy and haunting past. The pert young guide from the National Park Service had done her homework. She had the details at her fingertips. 'The assassin first had a few drinks at a nearby bar to get up his courage, and then sneaked up the main stairs over there, and into the President's box, with his dagger and his derringer,' she said. 'The President and Mrs. Lincoln were side by side, Major Rathbone a few feet away. The assassin fired point blank, vaulted over the box rail, caught his spurs on the

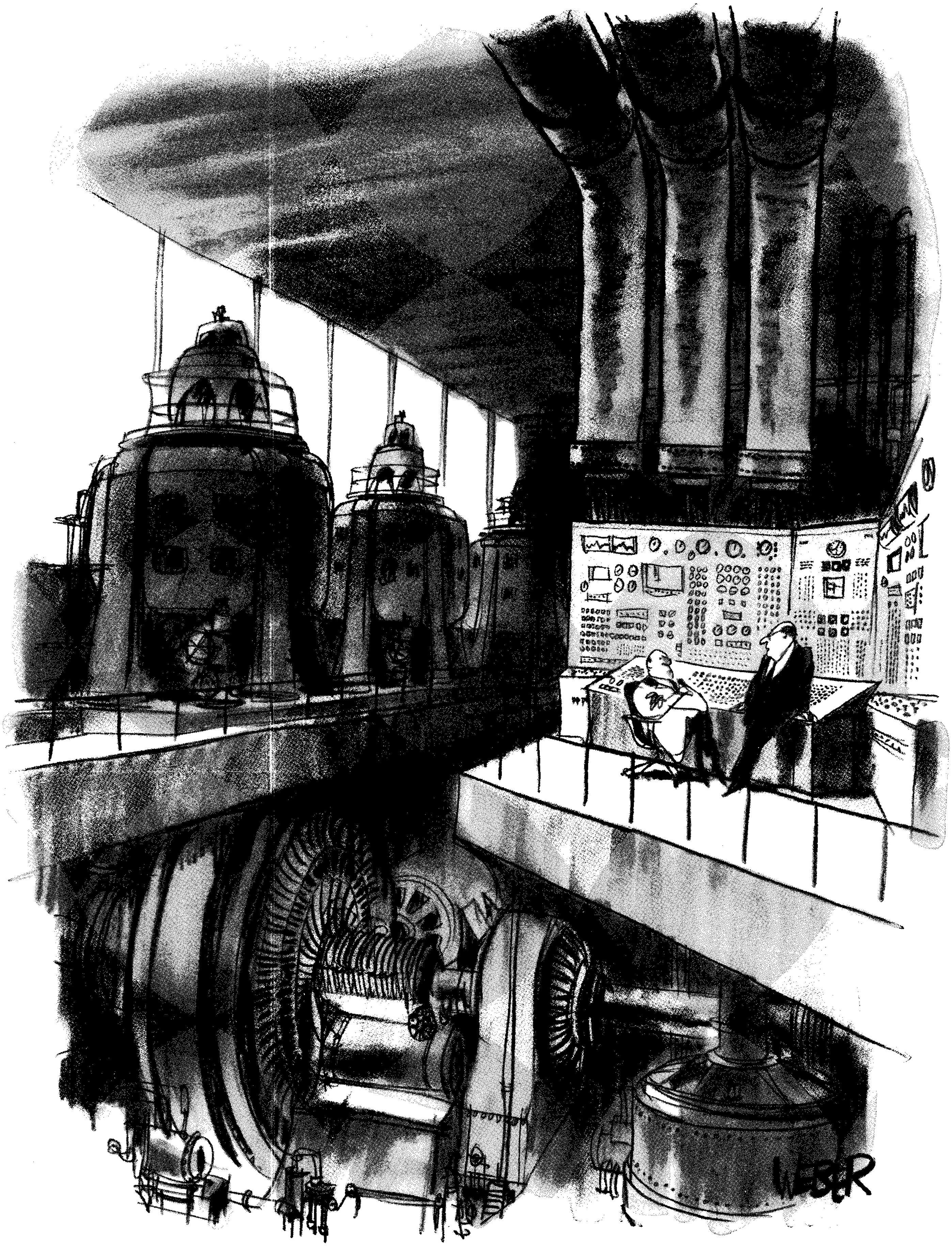
Treasury Guard flag adorning the box, fell to the stage, broke his leg, staggered across the stage and to a waiting horse. He is said to have shouted "*Sic semper . . .*"' And there, indeed, was the empty box, garlanded with flags, and the stage, brilliantly lighted with a replica of the set for 'Our American Cousin.' And below, in a small museum in the basement, a life mask of Lincoln, and the huge shawl that Lincoln wore—bigger than a blanket, bigger than a man.

"I heard there were other real masks—this time of Nixon—at the Hawthorne School, in southwest Washington, where various anti-war and just generally anti groups were planning what they called Counter-Inaugural ceremonies. More driving rain, and into the lobby of the school, where milling hundreds of young men and women in dungarees and sweaters, many wearing dead-white masks of Nixon, were signing up for seminars and buying anti literature. The masks sold for one dollar, and people looked less false with them than without them, since their own faces betrayed little emotion. Their expressions were blank and distant. They wandered about. I wandered about. I found myself in a long hallway. Some thirty to forty young men and women were slowly writhing and wriggling and holding out their hands to one another, turning and twisting and groaning. Their faces were masks of passivity. I asked a pleasant young blond-haired chap what was up. 'They are relating to one another,' he said. 'They are reaching out; they are learning their tactile possibilities. Say, are you with the F.B.I. or the C.I.A.?' I let it pass, and moved into a classroom where a seminar on underground media was under way. A young woman instantly approached me, placed a scarf over her mouth, and mumbled, 'Beware. The F.B.I. is in the room.' A booted young woman was expressing her opinion that the mass media were doing their best to destroy the underground press. 'They play us for suckers. They give us hours on their television. They write us up—and all to make freaks of us, to dishonor us. Our job is to produce our own thing and have like nothing to do with them—to spread the word ourselves.' Some people wearing Nixon masks walked past, and nobody knew who anybody else was.

"Still rainy and windy, but I sloshed up to the tent the demonstrators had pitched near the Washington Monument, where they planned a Counter-Inaugural Ball. The rain had turned the ground into thick brown mud, with so powerful a grip that it almost sucked off my shoes. I had lost track of time now, and the tent was filled with closely packed young people—several thousand together in one place but not together in any other sense—responding to a speaker's denunciation of United Fruit. The boos that greeted mention of the words 'United Fruit' were spiritless and seemed to mask a deeper discontent. The voice from the platform grew more urgent. There were housekeeping problems now. Shoes and stockings were caked with mud. A voice, through a bullhorn, said, 'Chick Norick, please meet Katy O'Donnell at the front.'

"Dark now, and I left the tent and walked past the brightly lighted Washington Monument. I could see the Capitol (lighted) at one end of the city and the Lincoln Memorial (lighted) at the other. And as I walked past the Statler Hilton, pondering the reaching out and the tactile relating, there was a great flurry of motorcycles, and sirens, and revolving red lights, and the President-elect swept out of the driveway, trying to communicate with a small knot of people gathered on the street, his face almost pressed against the window of his limousine as he waved and waved again, and then he was gone, and his wife's golden coiffure was clearly visible through the rear window of the car. The lobby of the Statler Hilton was all silks and satins and fur pieces, with everyone wandering around, on the way to a party or from a party, or not even going to a party, and most of the wanderers with expressions that betrayed no feelings. The White Tower across the street was warmer in spirit. There was a sense of skill here, a wonderment that the dark-skinned lady in charge of the sizzling grill knew precisely what she was doing every single moment with her patties of meat. She seemed to have three hands, four hands, five hands, and they flashed and moved and picked up buns and poured cheese onto meat and put meat into buns and buns onto plates, and handled the French fries and drew the coffee, and she never changed her expression but got on with her work. She smiled only once, at a particularly skillful maneuver with a bun. A bedraggled girl holding on to a wall telephone watched her, wide-eyed. An elderly woman watched her, wide-eyed. Two young girls wearing pink hair bows and little signs on their white dresses reading 'Friends of the Nixon Family' watched her, wide-eyed. She was doing her job, and she was doing it expertly.

"The next day, the rain let up, and I found myself at the swearing-in ceremonies on Capitol Hill, seated next to Mayor Lindsay, of your city—a charming man, with a beaver hat, who told me that he, like me, had put on thermal underwear for the event. 'We have sent a hundred and thirty police down here. Costing the city thirty thousand dollars. They'll march today.' Mrs. Lindsay was deep in the New York *Times*. Someone called out to the Mayor, 'Writing up the Inauguration for the *Village Voice*?' 'I've got a program of my own,' he replied. The thousands massed in front of the place where the oath was to be taken watched the officials on the platform and closely scrutinized Huntley and Brinkley and Cronkite in their heated salons on the tall television-and-camera tower facing the podium. Huntley and Brinkley watched the people. Security men watched everyone, their eyes slowly moving from clump of persons to clump of persons—down, up, across, down, up, across. There were no expressions on the faces of the security men, and no expressions on the faces of the television men in the tower above, and no expressions on the faces of the crowd. All masks were A-O.K., all set to go. There was no expression on the face of the leader of the Marine Corps Band. The dignitaries trooped to the front of the podium. Mr. Billy Graham was masked in a high-bronze-tone makeup that gave him the appearance of a travelling Cherokee performer. A slight expression broke through the mask of Mr. Johnson—a quizzical, slit-eyed expression. Mr. Humphrey's gay mask had gone, disappeared, and had been replaced by a thoughtful, bemused one, as though he were almost blindly staring at a Chinese scroll being unrolled backward. Mr. Agnew an enigma, Mrs. Nixon an enigma, but very strong and erect, and Mr. Nixon evidently trying to break through the mask in time for his moment of transition. During the swearing in and during the Inaugural Address, the barriers between himself and the people in front of him did seem to go down. The President-elect was now the President. The role was now his. He was playing his part well, and he appeared to be enjoying it."



"There's no denying the profound impact all this has on the course of human life, but let's never forget one thing. It's still love that makes the world go round."

HINDSIGHT AND FORESIGHT

ALTHOUGH my mother never said in so many words that a witch had been present when I was born, she had, on several occasions, found time to say, "You didn't look like a baby, Belle. You weighed more than fourteen pounds."

"I did?" I laughed, thinking how nice it was for me to have been big when, just as easily, I might have been small.

"Yes. More. I know it was more, because you were full of water when you were born and you had lost some of it before we weighed you. And when you were weighed you still weighed fourteen pounds."

My experience by then was sufficient to allow me to imagine the reluctance that both my father and the doctor must have felt when, seeing that I was too big to be weighed on the butter scales, they thought of bringing the chicken scales from the barn. They decided that it wasn't necessary. It was at this point, I guessed, that the doctor had climbed into the cherry tree and breakfasted on Black Tartarians. Since my mother's account of her accouchement reported this but left my father's actions unaccounted for, I supposed that he, having given me one look and marked the date in his diary, had taken long steps in the direction of the Plow Hotel. So it was my mother who brought the beam scales to the house a few days later and, with the help of a woman of the neighborhood, looped my ankles together and, while I hung from the scales like a fat rooster, weighed me.

Pleasant as this mental picture of my mother's strength and my size was, it seemed to me then—as, indeed, it still does—that if, as my mother's facial expression implied, I was the biggest baby ever born, the doctor's failure to weigh me was a very unfortunate oversight.

"You weren't really a *baby*, you know," my mother said. "Your hair wasn't like a baby's hair. It was nearly *black*. And *heavy*."

"Like Pop's hair when he was young?" The Samsonian splendor of my father's hair—which, on account of its premature graying, I had never seen—was a family legend and the only thing of which as a family we dared to be proud without fear of the "fall" that invariably results from having "a haughty spirit."

"Yes, a little like his hair," my mother said.

At this, while the sun warmed the patch of rainbow-striped carpet where I was sitting with my father's copy of Wood's "The Natural History of Man" open to a black-and-white illustration of the koodoo, delight expanded, like a huge flower, inside my rib cage. "What else happened when I was born?"

"They said you'd never be right."

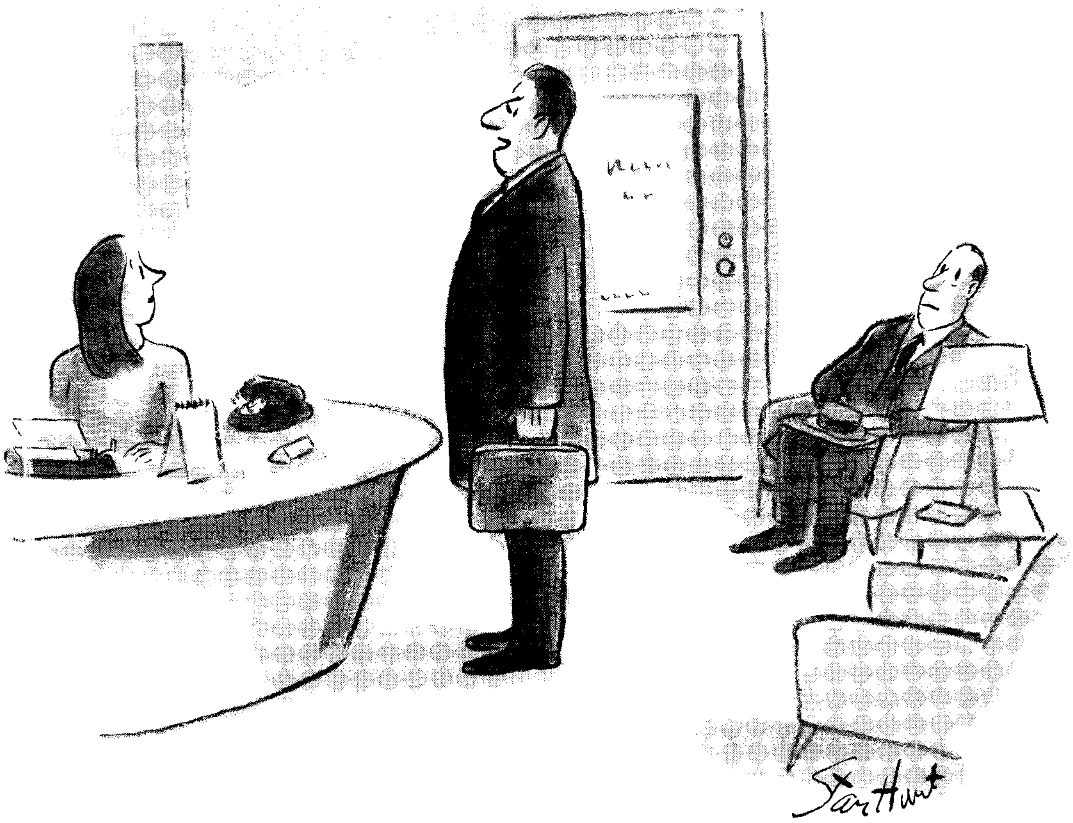
"Somebody said that?" Surely, I thought, nobody looking into the pine cradle that had rocked my father and now held me could have said such a thing. Nobody we knew could have been so unkind.

"Yes." And instead of laughing, as I had hoped she would in order to show me that she took this prophecy no more seriously than she might have taken any foolish expression of humor or spite, my mother then set her foot on the sewing-machine treadle and began to sew.

If there were one thing that I wish I had never known, it would be the magic of that moment. For, having repeated the curse and neglected to name the neighborly Hathor who first made it, my mother made the words her own and, because of another incident of a similar kind, doubly effective. On that occasion, too, my mother was sewing. But we were not alone. An older woman, whose name is forgotten, was present. This woman smiles and waits for my mother to answer a question that I, distracted by the fall of the bridge I was attempting to build with my blocks, have not understood. There is a foxiness in the woman's smile, however, that makes me hold my breath until my mother says, "No. I'd rather sew for a boy. They have cuter clothes."

At this point, all of the small sounds of the house stop. My grandmother's clock on the kitchen shelf and the chunks of chestnut wood burning in the big stove are still. It is almost as though the world had ended when, with red cheeks and bright eyes, my mother threaded the basting needle and cut the thread with her teeth. My father is absent, having gone to buy woodland to be turned into charcoal or, perhaps, to the Plow Hotel to escape from the sound of the sewing machine. Years later, he said, "*I* wanted you to be a girl." And certainly I have no reason to doubt it. Having made

HARRY'S BAR
Ladies Welcome
Saxon



"*Who is in charge of the nitty-gritty around here, Miss?*"

this declaration of affection, however, my father closed his eyes, as though the sight of me, a full-grown woman—when to have been his only child and a solitary blossom on the dying family tree should have been quite enough—had depressed him more than he could say. For whenever he spoke of women the pitch of his voice rose and his eyebrows met in a startled frown. So seldom, in fact, did the women we knew meet with his wholehearted approval that I can think of only three: my mother's mother; Aunt Anna, my father's sister; and my mother. These—the first for her innumerable feats of strength in the management of her household and ten children, the second for a tact so exquisite that it bordered on the angelic, and my own mother for the remarkable tenacity that had made her marriage with my father endure for almost sixty years—these were the lovable exceptions who had proved to my father how right his wariness of women was. His indulgence of me was an outgrowth of his conviction, frequently mentioned, that "In the eyes of a parent, the child is always a child."

SOMEWHAT sheepishly, therefore, I became a woman, and soon afterward met George Adams, who, like myself, had been sent by his parents to be a student at Red Rock College.

There, seeing that I hesitated at the entrance to the classroom where freshman registration was in progress, George turned to me and said, "I'm George Adams. Who are you?"

George resembled a picture often used to illustrate the story of Beauty and the Beast. And though nothing in his manner suggested that he wished to be disenchanted, I smiled at him and answered his question as politely as Beauty herself might have done. At nineteen, he was five inches taller than my father, and *like* him. Their likeness showed in George's heavy-lipped smile and in the way his eyes, after one quick glance at me, had focussed on something beyond the top of my head. Most of all, it showed in the quick forward movement—a kind of leap, really—that could fill the heart of a child with awe. Noticing that the heavy soles of George's brown boots were covered by a film of dried mud, I wanted to ask him where he had left his plow, with its team of mules standing untended, while he walked to Red Rock. It seemed to me that I saw in his face the surprised look country people wear when they find themselves in the city. But I had time to say, "I'm Belle Minuit"—nothing more. The next moment, George was smiling at the brown-eyed blonde who stood beside me and saying, "I'm George Adams. Who are you?"

Remembering then how often my mother had said, "Smile, Belle; you will scare the boys if you look like that," I smiled again.

After the evening meal, when the first-year girls were together in the music room of the dormitory to which Emmeline and I had been assigned and we began to give our reasons for having registered at Red Rock College, I said, "I've come to get a husband."

Everyone laughed at this—everyone, that is, but me, for with six cousins, all older and prettier than myself, still single, I realized that the getting of a husband was a serious undertaking. My parents, moreover, had complicated matters by suggesting that I marry someone "of my own kind."

"By the way," one of the older girls said, "are you related to George Adams?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You look like him—like you might be his sister."

I said, "I think he looks a little like my father."

"That's very interesting."

"Not to me. I'm looking for a husband who is *not* like my father. My father and I look alike, too. And I'm afraid of him."

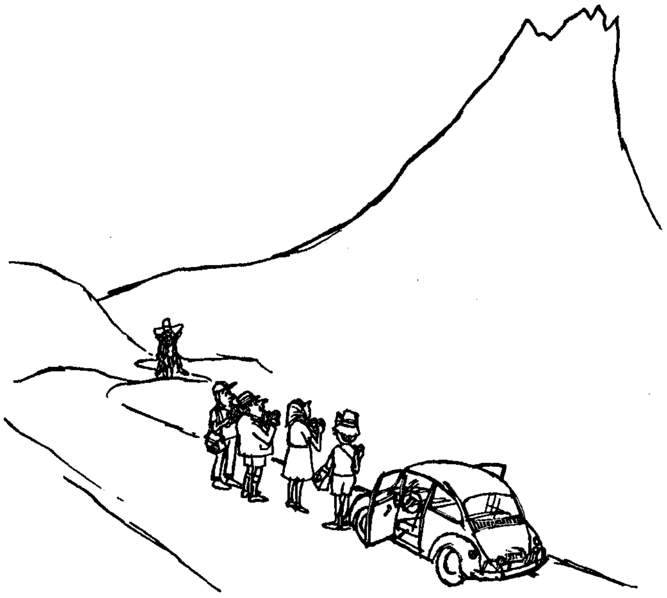
"She'll get over that," the girl in charge of the orientation meeting said. "Won't she, Emmeline?"

Emmeline was three years older than I. Her forehead was, like the nun's in Chaucer's prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," almost a span broad. More, it was high enough to support a set of whimsical bangs that I would have given my premature wisdom tooth to possess. And she looked across the room at me then with what may well have been a calm acceptance of her own superiority. "Everybody likes George Adams," she said. "He comes of a good family. But of course you've heard of the Adamses."

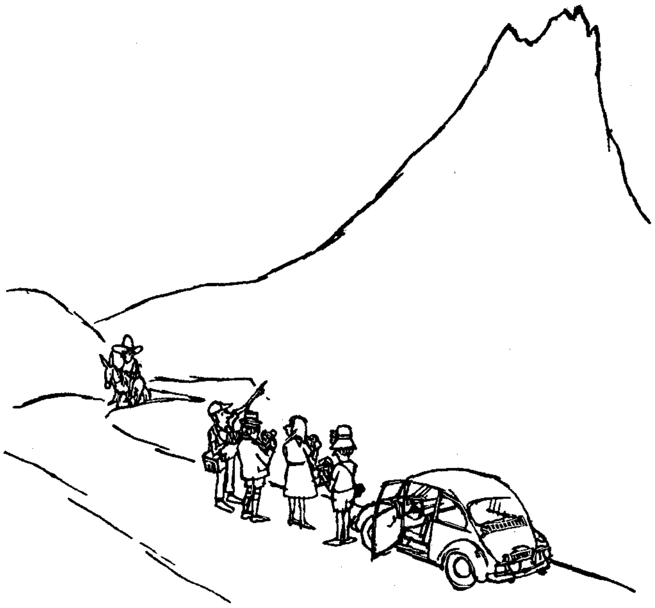
"No. Unless you mean the President Adamses."

"Don't worry about it," she said. "It isn't *that* important."

The next time George and I met,



"There's Popocatepetl."



"No, I think that's Ixtaccihuatl."

he was Emmeline's date and I was with an upperclassman who, like George, enjoyed a considerable popularity. The occasion was a serious lecture by the Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise. There is no explanation, therefore, for the fact that in the middle of the lecture George and I began to laugh and were unable to stop. It was almost as though, in the act of gazing across the top of Emmeline's head, each had found a reflection of himself in the other's face.

Later, George somewhat ungallantly apologized for having been Emmeline's escort by saying, "Emmeline? She's not my girl. She's a friend of one of my old girls." He added, "It's the sweetheart of the corn I really like." Seeing that his friends did not laugh at this joke, he clarified it. "I mean the girl whose picture is on the cornflakes box: Belle Minuit."

I heard the laughter, but it was not until a photograph of a girl who, George thought, was my double had appeared on the cover page of the *Police Gazette* that my resemblance to the shy country girl pictured on the cereal boxes was clear to me. Immediately thereafter, George and I began going steady.

At the end of our freshman year, Emmeline transferred from Red Rock to Smith, and without her plump presence the delightful absurdity of our first double date was lost. This is not to say that George and I stopped laughing when Emmeline left us. But our laughter changed from something shared to something that could not be shared, because we no longer understood it. Perhaps, like Pandora, I was created to punish another man. In any event, like Epimetheus and Pandora, we were married, and our troubles began on the morning of our wedding day when, having gone into a jewelry store to buy a ring, it seemed for one awful instant as if George might desert me. I had made the mistake of choosing the more expensive of the two rings that were available in my size. As George opened his wallet a second time and added two dollars from it to the ten-dollar bill already in the jeweller's outstretched hand, he looked wilted, like a person who has lost an argument. In reality, there had been no argument; George, having begun his courtship with laughter, had pressed his suit with cheerful determination for six whole years. It was unthinkable that he had not wanted to marry me, after all. But how else could I explain his indifference to wedding rings? My father had not found it necessary to buy a ring for my mother, his splendid presence being sufficient evidence of his affection. Since then, however, rings had gained in symbolic importance, and George's reluctance to buy one caused me to feel for the first time in his presence—in addition to fear and admiration—anger.

But the tantrum George suffered on the morning after our wedding originated in a simple misunderstanding with the desk clerk about the cost of our hotel room and had nothing to do with me.

"I've been hooked," he said.

"Hooked?" I was surprised, naturally.

"Eight dollars is too much to pay for a room like this."

"On our wedding night?"

"Who does that clerk think I am? A rube?" George, quite plainly, did not yet see himself as a married man.

I did not try to answer. "Don't shout, George. I think it's a nice room."

"You don't know the hotel business like I do. This is a rattrap." After which George looked at the bare walls of the room with the wide-eyed stare that a rat, if caught in a trap, might have had.

"See how neatly I've packed our suitcases," I said. "Let's go."

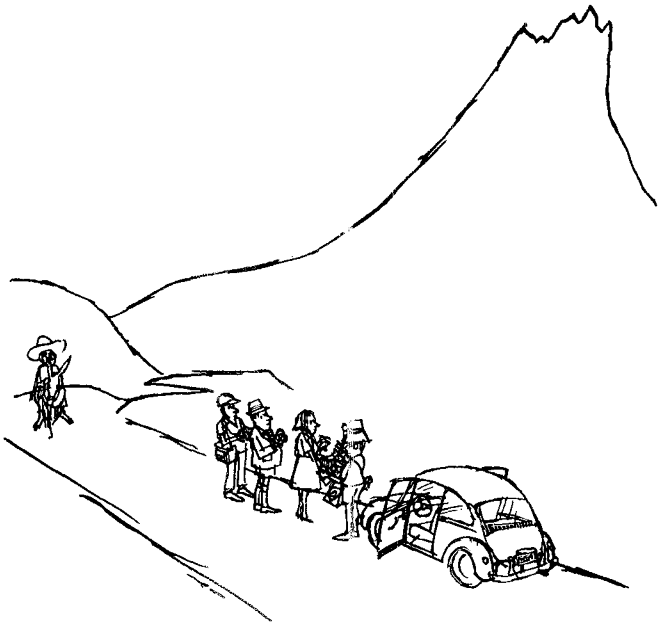
"I can't pay the hotel bill."

"Why not?"

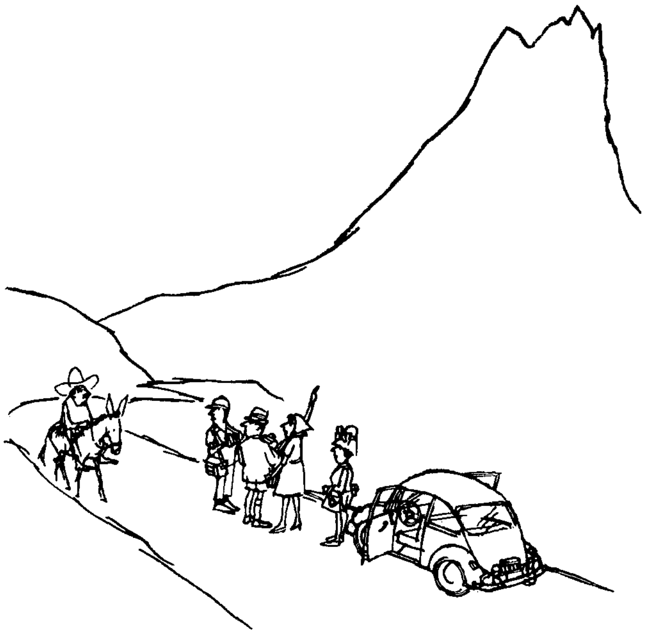
"I don't have eight dollars."

"You don't?" I was too surprised to be either frightened or angry. My father, having said to those neighbors who sometimes teased him about being the father of an only child that "children are luxuries," had quite seriously proceeded to shape his paternal policies around this belief. And, having limited himself to a single luxury, he had been, as he often said with a smile, "an indulgent father." I grew up without realizing either that some of my acquaintances had more spending money than I did or that many of them, including George, had less. Since George and I were alike in so many ways, I had imagined that he, too, had had an indulgent father.

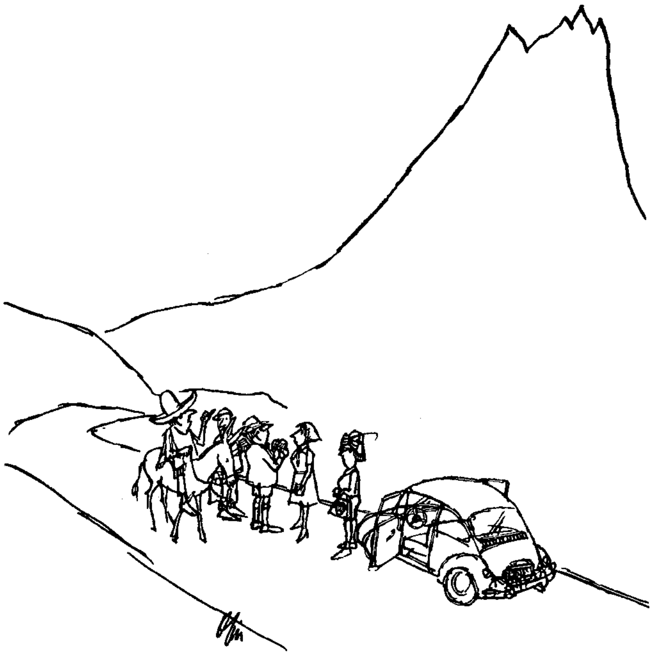
In fact, the financial difficulties of George's growing up, made more acute by the long illness that preceded his father's death several years before, were still so painfully clear in George's mind that real tears came to his eyes whenever, recalling that unhappy time, he said, "Poor devil, why couldn't I



"Well, according to this, it's Citlaltepetl."



"Pardon me, Señor. Is that Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, or Citlaltepetl?"



"That? That's Zempoaltepec."

• •

have helped him? He didn't know how to earn a living and there we all were—waiting to be fed."

In our hotel room now, George's facial expression seemed to imply that I, too, had been there in his father's house—waiting to be fed.

Fortunately, my father had given us a check. So when George said that the money he had saved for our wedding trip was already spent, I was cheerful. "We'll cash my check," I said. "Why didn't you tell me last evening?"

"I didn't want to embarrass you," George said.

We cashed my father's check and paid our hotel bill, and boarded the morning train for Buffalo. Since George had recently visited Niagara Falls with a party of men and my father's check was somewhat less generous than we had expected it to be, we decided to spend the next night in Youngstown, Ohio, travelling from there in the morning to the village where we were going to live. The day was hot and bright, and I was wearing a brown woollen dress with narrow bands of fur on its cuffs and collar. With it, I wore a brown velvet hat that both Hedda Hopper and the Duchess of Devonshire might have envied. George was dressed in his new—especially heavy—navy gabardine. While we were waiting in the Buffalo station for the Youngstown train, an aging woman in a flowered summer dress who had been watching us for some time said, "You look lovely. But aren't you warm in those clothes?"

"We are, I guess."

"Aren't you sure?"

"Yes, I am—sure."

Grateful for George's calm good humor, I scarcely had noticed the rising temperature. Later in the day, however, while undressing in our hotel room, George and I had our first quarrel.

Our anger flared without warning, like the spontaneous combustion of a new crop of hay. Walking from the railway station with a suitcase in each hand, George had attracted the attention of some young men who, it seemed, had loitered in the dark shadow of the station for the purpose of directing us to a hotel. Noisily jocular, they surrounded us, making a joyful procession to the nearest street corner, where, together, we climbed into a crowded trolley car. There, peevish and perspiring, I said, "You should've called a taxi."

"A taxi? I like trolleys. Don't you?"

"No. They remind me of the horrors I've already survived."

"Horrors? What do you know of horrors?"

"Enough."

"You've never even been hungry. You've always had everything handed to you."

"Not *always*. And I have been hungry. I'm hungry right now."

At this point, seeing that we had arrived in the business section of the city, George said, "There's a hotel. Let's get off here."

I do not remember the name of the hotel in which we spent that night, nor can I recall the name of the place where we stayed the night before; all I remember is that in these hotel rooms I learned that even when two persons look as much alike as George and I do the difference in their way of seeing things may be immeasurable. To me

THE HOLES

Suddenly I remember the holes,
suddenly I think of a man with no entrances,
no exits, the closed man, with feelers or claws
so sensitive that he can tell
what rock is, or flesh, water, or flame.
Where does everything go when it comes in?
What should I do with the pure speech of cells
where we find ourselves?
The river flies, the dusk crawls into the ground,
the streets get up and leave,
the sun recklessly feeds our blood.
We could be crouching on the branch, we could be
gnawing the brown feathers and thighs of a new animal,
we could be plotting under the ice while others dream.
But I want the infinite man who sleeps
in my veins to rise, I want to hear
the thin buzzing that floats out of my chest
like an arm of locusts making terrible decisions.
Sometimes I want to die because of this.

—Stephen Berg

● ●

the hotel was horrible. I said so, adding, "It is *my* money, after all, that we're spending."

"Didn't you mean to say 'my father's money'?"

"No. He gave it to me."

"Then it's mine, too."

"Yes, certainly, because I gave it to you. But I hate this hotel and riding on trolley cars at night."

"The room's clean and the bed looks strong. Those are the main things to look for in a hotel—cleanliness and a strong bed. Nothing is worse than a bed that lets you down with a bang in the night."

"Have you had much experience with such beds?"

At this, to my complete surprise, George's anger became quite frightening and his tone of voice so stentorian that if we had been on my grandfather's hilltop farm, the sound easily might have carried two miles. "*Who*," he said, "do you think you are? You're not the first girl I could've married. And, for all I care, you can go to hell. *This* is *humiliating*."

"*This is humiliating*." Not only had George had the last word; he had taken it right out of my mind and left me with nothing to say. I laughed then and got into bed. It was, it seems, George's great gift for guessing what I wanted to say and saying it that had brought us together—to bed in Youngstown, Ohio.

And I remembered that before our marriage when, after a long kiss, he said, "I'm an ugly devil," I had smiled because, from the acuity of George's insight, it was plain that his intentions were so far from serious that what our classmates took to be lovemaking was, in reality, nothing more than an attempt by one ugly devil to console another. Surely we did not expect to be married.

In the first month of our marriage, George tried to explain the circumstances that had changed our coincidental enrollment in Red Rock College into the complex reality of wedlock. It was after one of our quarrels. He said, "I married you because of your amusement value."

With memories of the unamusing behavior of those sober-looking women in dark dresses who had cared for me in my childhood and the sly laughter of the men who lived with them still clearly in mind, I supposed that the ability to laugh and provoke laughter was, along with woman, God's chief gift to man. The thought, therefore, that my "amusement value," if not really the only value I had, was the only one George valued depressed me—no matter how gently I turned it over in my mind. "But you said you wanted me to *help* you."

"I do want you to help me." Yet, at the same time he was speaking, George's mind was obviously busy elsewhere. And an instant afterward he said, "Boy, you should be in burlesque. If I could play trombone, you'd be there."

"I can't sing."

"You wouldn't have to. You wouldn't have to do anything."

"But I want to do something. I want to be a painter. I want to help you, too, and buy back my grandfather's farm. I want to do a little of everything." After which I said to myself, "And I don't want to be more amusing than wives commonly are, George."

"Then help me find another job."

"You have a job." He was superintendent of a small oil-drilling operation.

"Belle, we aren't living on my salary. We've spent your father's check *and* the money my brother gave us."

In September, George's suggestion that we should have been a burlesque team had seemed an amusing absurdity and nothing more. By the holiday season, however, whenever George sang, "Gee, I wish I were a single girl again," I wondered quite seriously whether he had picked the words from my mind. But if, a few minutes later, he said, "When poverty comes in through the door, love goes out of the window," my answer invariably was "That's nonsense, George. Don't say it."

Yet, like everything George said, it sounded like the truth. And the connection between George's repetition of this old saw and my failure to apply for a job as teacher in the local schools was clear in his next words: "You know what I'm earning."

"Yes. And we'll live on it."

"When?"

"When we've learned to live together. Money is secondary."

"You've never been hungry."

"I've always been hungry. I'm hungry this minute."

"You eat too much."

"I've never had enough to eat."

"You should've lived with us. We had wonderful meals at our house."

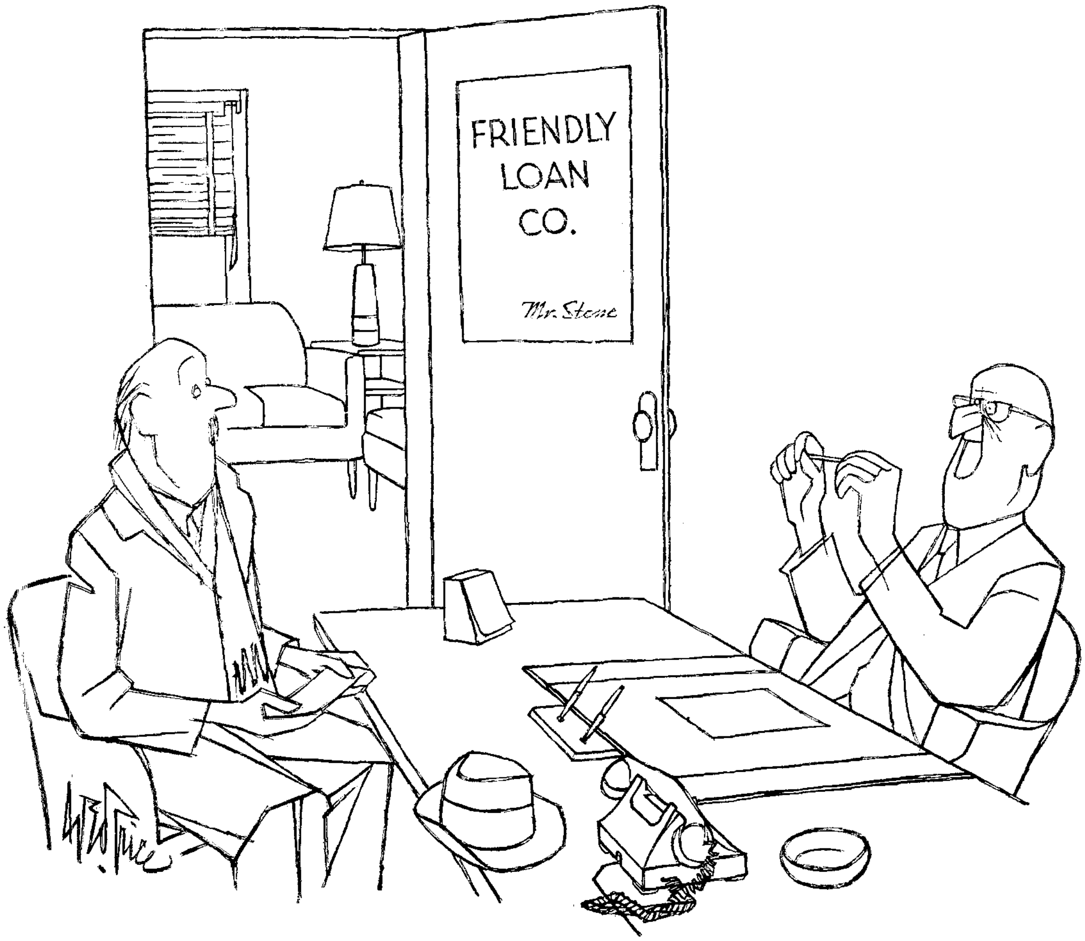
Conscience-stricken then, I thought of the burned chops and the unsuccessful pilaf we had had for supper. "If you want a divorce, George, I won't contest it—or ask for alimony."

"The Adamses don't get divorces."

"There's never been a divorce in my family, either."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. My mother said that she often thought of getting one when



"To be repaid in full in twelve months. We're not interested in lifelong friendships."

she found out that living with my father wasn't pleasant."

"Why wasn't it pleasant?"

"She said he was a baby. And I don't think my mother is really fond of babies."

"Who is, Belle? Let's face the facts. Who can afford them?"

"Don't shout at me, George."

"Finish your story. I like both of your parents. But I think it was a shame they ever got married. Why did they stay together?"

"Mother's explanation was that I prevented her from going ahead with a divorce. Yet they had been married seven years before I was born. But of course that wasn't the only lie my mother told me. It never seemed to me that my father was a baby, either."

"Why did she marry him?"

"She thought he was a smart man, she said."

"That must've been the reason my mother married my father. But she was twice as smart as he was. She should've tried to earn a living for him. The poor devil. She should've tried to help him."

"Well, my mother helped my father. She peddled eggs and potatoes from house to house in town when I was a little girl. And everything she earned she gave to my father. And when he thought he had enough money, he sold my grandfather's farm, which she loved, and moved my mother and me to town."

"It wasn't his fault," George said. "He didn't like the country, and he's happy now."

"I wish I could believe that. But I can't. And one day we are all going back to my grandfather's farm—you and I and my parents and the son we're going to have."

"Now I know why my mother didn't want me to marry you."

"Why?"

"Because, she said, you are an idealist and I'm a practical person."

"But that's why we got married, George. Isn't it?"

"No. *Hell, no.* And you know as well as I do that it wasn't. There's no *reason* in love. People get married because they don't know what else to do. People are much dumber than you can imagine, Belle. You just can't imagine how dumb people are. That's your only trouble, Belle. You wouldn't be any worse than the rest of us if you could imagine how dumb the rest of us are."

"Am I worse than other people, do you think?"

"Your thinking sometimes is out of this world, and the things you say don't always sound *right*."

"And that's the reason your mother fainted when the announcement of our wedding reached her?"

"No."

"No, she fainted because you, after debating the awful prospect for six years, hadn't the kindness to tell her we were going to be married. How could you have done such a thing? You, George Adams, the *practical* one?"

I SUSPECT that Emmeline, who had left Red Rock at the end of our freshman year in the hope of getting a degree from Smith, had guessed how things were going to be with us when, having failed to graduate that year, she came to our graduation exercises and told me, "The Adamses are *dreadfully* bankrupt, you know. Or did you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Then you won't marry George?"

"Not for a long while. I'm going to graduate school next year. Anyway, George hasn't asked me."

Whereupon Emmeline, with a grin as wide as her face, had said, "You certainly can do better. Don't marry George."

Poor Emmeline, I thought, how little you know me—forgetting that, before I knew him, she had known George. "I can't promise you that I won't marry him. But I'll always remember that you warned me."

After this meeting with Emmeline, my lively correspondence with her became, understandably, somewhat less lively.

It was eight years later and I was pregnant when we met again. George and I were coming home from a visit to George's sister ("Now, if I should marry you, you *must* get along with my sister," George had said to me on a walk we had taken once when we were seniors; it was as close as we had ever come to discussing the possibility that we might marry) and we stopped off in Patterson to see Emmeline. It was a dark December day, with melting snow in the air and several inches of slush on the pavement, and although a number of persons had given us directions along the way, we had difficulty finding the office where she worked.

When we found her finally, Emmeline greeted us as though seconds instead of years had elapsed since she advised me *not* to marry George. Without saying "I told you so," she managed to suggest that my condition was plainly unfortunate. "What in the world have they done to you, child?"

Guessing that the pronoun referred to George and his family, I said, "Have I changed that much in eight years?"

"My dear, you don't look anything like you did."

Emmeline was not the sort of person with whom anything was to be gained by argument, since she was nothing if not truthful. So I simply said, "I know I *shouldn't have worn this hat*. Forgive me. It's more comfortable than it looks." I was wearing an old black hat George's sister had given me. It sat on my head like a black pot. I wore it for years.

Smiling then at George, Emmeline said, "*You* haven't changed."

"No, I'm the man."

George held his homburg close to his chest and his tall body taut—as though, the next instant, he might bow from the hips. His manliness, I thought, was self-evident. More than that, since Emmeline had noticed that my appearance had changed for the worse, it seemed to me that she should have seen how much George's looks had improved.

"George means," I said, "that we're going to have a baby."

"When, child?"

"About the first of April."

"Will you let me come to see him?"

"You must."

"It will be a boy?"

"Yes. We expect to have a boy."

Emmeline grinned at George and said, "I didn't know that Belle was prescient—in addition to all of the other things she is. Did you?"

"No. I can't imagine *why* she married me."

George's wit was often remarkably sharp. For, although it was because of certain foresights that I had married him, he did not know what they were until long after all of them had come true.

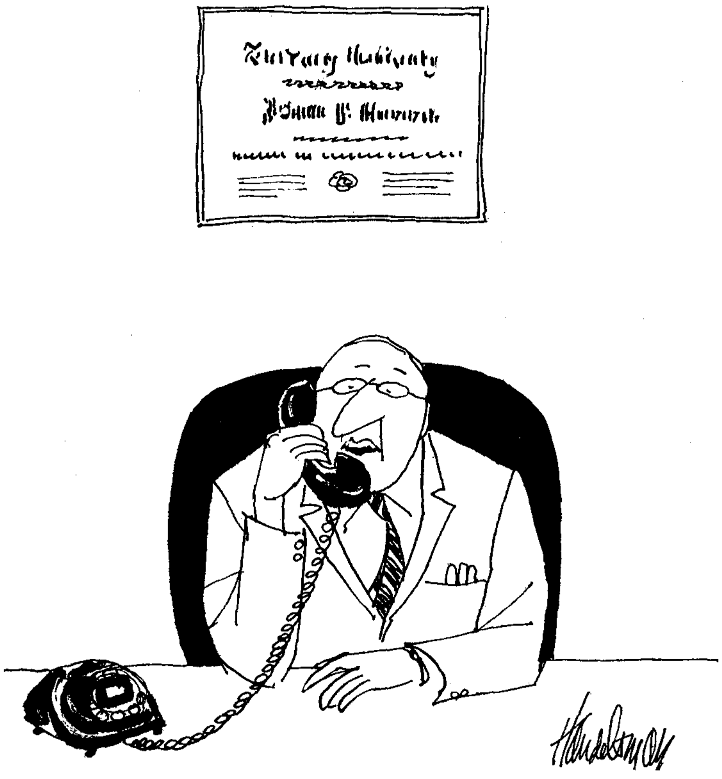
Eric was three months old when I saw Emmeline for the last time. She came without a word of warning and met me in the doorway of my parents' home—where we had moved to wait for our son—just as I was about to leave, after Eric's afternoon feeding, on an errand. Breathlessly I explained the urgency of my errand and its connection with the fact that on the next day George's mother was coming to spend some time with us—her second visit in the nearly seven years we had been married.

Dimpling, Emmeline said, "I've come to see your son. We're on the farm for the summer and Ethelbert brought me over."

I noticed then that a large car, with a man and an uncounted number of children, was parked in the shade of a horse-chestnut tree. "Have you driven a long way to get here?"

"Oh, no. Our farm is close to Mendelton. That's only fifteen miles from here."

"Then, since you're living in the neighborhood, I wish you would come again—when George and his mother are here. How about the day after tomorrow? I *have* to do an errand. Please come back another time."



"*But, Mr. Pitkin, the doctor-patient relationship is a sacred thing. If I were to go to your house, it would, somehow, cheapen it.*"

"Ethelbert may not be able to bring me another time."

"Why don't you ask him?"

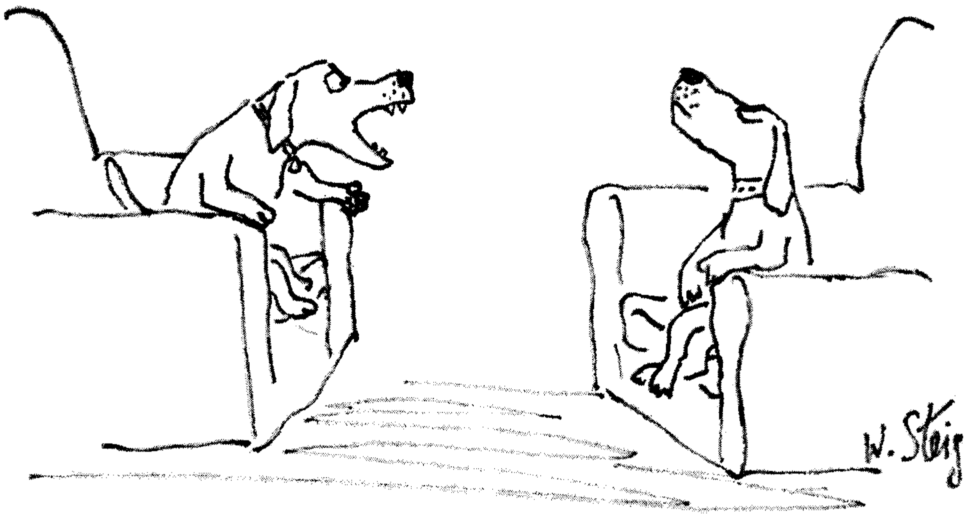
"I'd hate to do that. Summer vacations are so short."

Regretfully, I went back into the house with Emmeline, to the bedroom where Eric was sleeping, and stood beside her while she turned the experienced eye of a maiden aunt on him. More, she touched him with the firm hand of a maiden aunt and broke the sleep that otherwise might have lasted through the afternoon. Red-faced and dry of tongue, I lifted Eric from his crib and, after an unsuccessful attempt to stop his crying, returned him—damp and angry—to the crib. "Forgive me, Eric," I said. "Your grandmother will help you survive the afternoon. Don't cry too hard."

"Well, I certainly hope he will get some love from someone," Emmeline said.

Later in the afternoon, when I might have told her—but didn't—how it had happened that, contrary to her advice, I married George, she confessed to me that she currently was in love with a married man. Plainly glad herself, she seemed to expect me to be unhappy about it. And if, having already ruined my afternoon, she had said, "It's George, you know. I've always been a little in love with him," it would not have surprised me. More than that, I probably would have laughed and told her that ever since the beginning of our freshman year at Red Rock I had suspected as much. But Emmeline kept the man's name to herself and let her ill-timed visit drag to its conclusion without laughter. I regret our sober parting, because, oddly enough, we never met again.

On second thought, perhaps it was better that the whole truth—like the face of the Lord on Mount Sinai—was "covered." Perhaps, like the people who had come with Moses to the plain at the bottom of the mountain of truth, we had said in our hearts, "Let not God speak with us, lest we die." In any event, as the mother of George's son, I had no real interest in Emmeline's predicament,



"How can I talk to you? I give you ideas, and all I get back is conditioned responses!"

• •

and she, with insight so myopic that she had seen Eric as an unloved child, surely would not have believed the things I might have, with laughter, told her. To ease the pain of our many misunderstandings, my father had a habit of saying, "The truth is so strange that I don't expect you to believe it." The truth about the revelation that had left me with no choice but to marry George and become Eric's mother was, in fact, even more strange than truth commonly is. So that poor Emmeline, hearing it, might well have doubted.

This is not to say that it is easy for me to understand, myself, the curious incident without which, almost certainly, I would not have become the mother of Eric Adams. It was a small thing, the sort of thing that Joan of Arc—or almost anyone—might have heard when alone in a quiet room. But I was not alone—not really. And I was outdoors.

I remember the kind of day it was—the way the leaves of the Carolina poplars smelled when I shuffled among them without lifting my feet, and the weight of books in my crossed arms. I remember the noisy boys in long raccoon coats and little cocked hats who were going in topless cars to the football game in Hamilton. And, seeing how carefree they were, it had been natural, I imagine, for me to see myself—standing alone on the windswept sidewalk, after a tedious morning in Clarke Library—with a melancholy clarity. My appearance, thanks to a generous allowance from my parents, was more posh than poor. And yet suddenly—above the singing and the roar of shifting gears—I could hear the words that my mother had repeated to me when I was a child: "*You will never be right.*"

But now, instead of laughing and waiting, as I had as a child, for the familiar voice to say that I must not believe it—I seemed to be nodding in sober agreement. While the leaves spun in capfuls of wind from the trees that had shed them, I saw myself through the eyes of the unmentionable woman who had said the terrible truth when I was born. And I said to myself, "Yes, I know. No matter what I do, the ankle-length raccoon coat, the topless car, and the right to sing in them will never be mine. It is very sad."

Then, oddly, another voice said, "You aren't going to the football game today because you aren't *right.* But your son will go. Everywhere. Your son will be truly representative of the clan. Go back to your dreary little room with your books and forget the football game. You can't go with the boys. *Never.*"

"But what must I do to have this son?"

"Marry George."

"Really?"

"Yes, why not? Do you know anyone else as well?"

"No."

"Can you think of anyone who wants to marry you?"

"No."

"Then be glad you know George. And marry him before he changes his mind about you."

So, contrary to Emmeline's advice, I had married George, because a son had been promised to me—as the honor price, *wergild, eric*—for my life. It was not the sort of bargain that Emmeline would have been able to understand, and perhaps it was just as well that a chance to describe my "revelation" to her never came. Poor Emmeline. What did she know of love?

The fact is that, even if she had asked me to express the joy and gratitude I felt, I would have had no words, and to have read the song of thanksgiving that begins with "For this child I prayed and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him," while true in itself, implied more than I meant to say; Hannah's willingness to lend Samuel to the Lord was a form of gratitude that I did not understand. My joy, however, was real. Eric's weight at birth was a spare six pounds and nine ounces. His hair, while dark, was neither black nor heavy. And instead of looking at me with the quickly averted glance that both George and my father habitually gave me, Eric looked at me steadily and calmly, as if I was *right.* Eric was a baby.

Suddenly, after many years of believing that I was wrong and, therefore, in constant need of correction, I was free to speak my mind without any dreadful precognition of my family's embarrassment. It was almost as if I, that rude daughter of the fairy tale from whose lips fell an assortment of toads and frogs had become, when Eric was born, her blessed sister, whose words were diamonds and pearls. Confident that my every word would be welcome, if not infinitely precious, I lay in my hospital bed with a happily expectant air. Sometimes I laughed until my doctor, called by the alarmed nurses who were in attendance, ordered ergot and phenobarbital.

When I was well enough to have visitors, one of them said, "It was the anesthetic that made you laugh."

"No," I said. "I am happy. And it seems very *funny.*"

But she had never been married, and I don't think she believed me.

—Linda Grace Hoyer

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It takes more than a touch of genius to light up the scene of fashion phenomena spanning the 20th century's jazz age through the sexy 60s—but to Norman Norell, it's just a matter of doing his own thing.

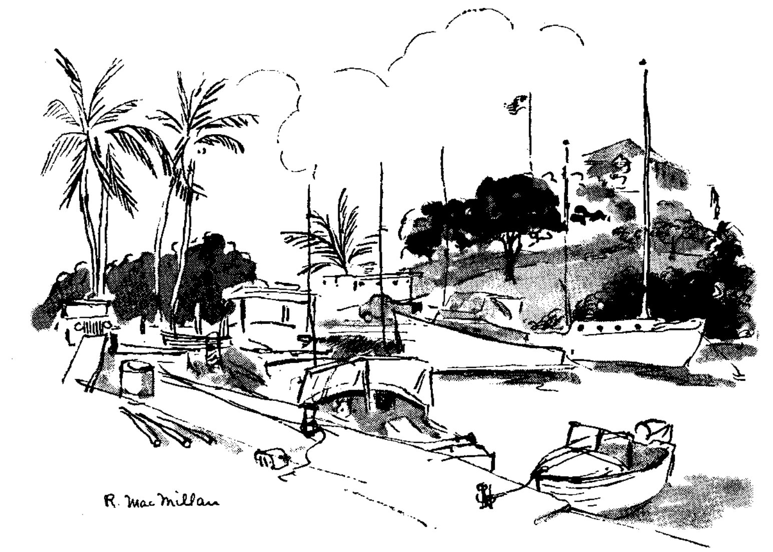
He reads the morning papers to find out what's going on in the world and then he goes to work—inspired, enthusiastic and serenely bent on designing beautiful clothes.—*Fay Hammond in the Los Angeles Times.*

Wonder what papers he gets.

U.S. JOURNAL: ON THE CIRCUIT

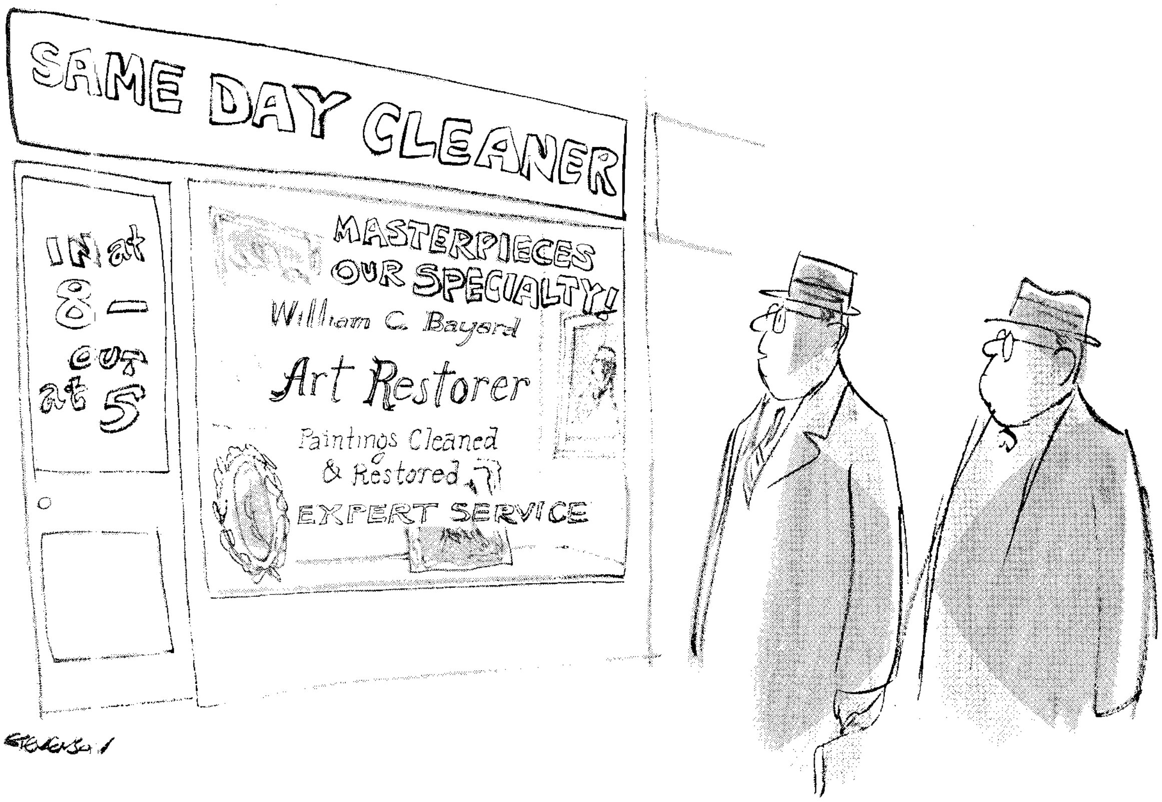
WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

PAUL ANDERSON, World's Strongest Man, lives in a little town named Vidalia, Georgia. Atlanta is about a hundred and seventy miles away, and Anderson drives there routinely to catch airplanes. He enjoys highway driving. When he has a speaking engagement in some town like Jackson, or even Shreveport, he sometimes drives all the way there, gives his speech, and drives all the way back. On the front seat of his car he has an attachment called a car desk—a kind of tin cabinet that provides a flat surface for a clipboard and a place to lock up a tape recorder. Often, thoughts come to him while he's driving, and he scribbles them down, or talks them into the tape recorder. Occasionally, he thinks of a poem, and pulls off the highway for a while to write it. One morning this month, Anderson arrived at the Atlanta airport from Vidalia before nine, stopped to pick up a valet-parking attendant, and then drove on to the departure area, where a redcap greeted him by name and took his suitcase. Anderson doesn't carry much equipment with him. He takes along a dumbbell bar, and he asks the sponsors of his appearance to round up some weights for it at a local gym. He also carries a couple of one-inch boards and a twenty-penny nail to drive through them with his bare hand. A full-size barbell with weights would present a problem for air travel, and Anderson has found that lifting part of the audience is much more impressive than lifting a barbell anyway; he sends ahead a plan for building a wooden platform that will seat eight people. When he used to demonstrate his strength by hoisting a huge barbell above his head, someone would invariably come up at the end of the performance, lift one end of the barbell off the ground, and proclaim that it wasn't terribly heavy after all. "I can't understand that," Anderson says. "When a violinist gets through with a concert, nobody comes up and starts playing his violin."



Anderson is five feet ten and weighs about three hundred and seventy-five pounds; he is never mistaken for anyone else. In Atlanta, he was wearing a lightweight blue suit, a white turtleneck shirt, sunglasses, and a pair of black Western-style boots. As he walked through the terminal, just about anyone who glanced at him kept looking. At first glance, he looks like a huge fat man. He has an immense, soft-looking stomach, and he walks with a rolling gait somewhere between a swagger and a waddle—probably because of the fact that his thighs are thirty-six inches around, about the size of the average man's waist. But at second glance, when the thickness of his neck and the breadth of his back become apparent, it is obvious that he is not exactly a fat man. Some people recognize him as Paul Anderson, World's Strongest Man. He usually chats in a relaxed way with those who approach him. He has the accent common to people who were raised around north Georgia and east Tennessee, and he sometimes sounds very colloquial—talking about being "just an old country boy" or mentioning a family that was "so sorry they wouldn't take a good lick at a snake"—the way Southern politicians sound when telling stump anecdotes to reporters, or the way James Dickey sounds when introducing a poem to an audience of New York intellectuals. "Any athlete has a great ego and wants to be recognized," Anderson has said, but he would be much happier if fewer of the people who recognize him asked him how much he can lift. "That's the first thing everybody asks," he says. " 'How much can you lift? How much can you lift?' If I tell them—six thousand two hundred and seventy pounds—they don't believe it, and then they get mad. They say, 'I just asked a simple question.' " Sometimes when attendants at a filling station notice the name on his credit card, they ask him to lift up one end of the car. Like the Fastest Gun in the West, the World's Strongest Man has a talent that ordinary men want to see proved. Anderson might be plagued by drunks approaching him in bars to hurl arm-wrestling challenges except that, being a strict Christian of the anti-saloon turn of mind, he doesn't frequent bars. Once, in Beirut, Lebanon, a local champion insisted that Anderson try out a form of wrestling in which the opponents lock fingers and try to pull each other over a table. Handicapped by the language barrier, Anderson confused the game with an old high-school pastime that called for twisting rather than pulling, and he broke the Lebanese champion's finger. Anderson was in amateur competition for only a couple of years—during which time he won the heavyweight weight-lifting championship at the 1956 Olympic Games, in Melbourne—but, he says, "I stay ahead of the whole amateur world. Just ego, I guess. But when I'm introduced as the World's Strongest Man I want it to be true." Only rarely does anybody object to the title. "I've had people to write after I've been on TV and say, 'He's not the World's Strongest Man, someone else is,' " Anderson says. "But it's always someone who can bite a dime in two, or something. In the legitimate weight-lifting world, they know who can lift what."

ANDERSON boarded a jet for Indianapolis. He had a speaking engagement at Marion College, about eighty miles from there. Being the World's Strongest Man, like being the Fastest Gun in the West, is not easily translatable into a trade. In fact, Anderson had a few false starts after he gave up his amateur standing in 1956, to begin a nightclub act. He says that it was "a real good act, with a comedian as m.c. and professional choreography and all," but that Las Vegas and Reno were about the only places that could handle such an act at the time, and, as a Christian, he didn't feel particularly comfortable in a night club anyway. He also wrestled for a while, and even had



"Now, there's an enterprising art expert!"

• •

a fling at boxing—a fling that the press, to Anderson's irritation, tended to treat as something of a joke. In recent years, he has been making personal appearances, mostly at colleges and churches; occasionally he does a television commercial. He estimates that he makes about five hundred appearances a year. He slips easily into his stage presence—a dramatic delivery in the style of a revivalist sermon or a declamation. Occasionally, in ordinary conversation, he'll explain that something he saw or something he read in the newspaper got him to thinking and that he sat down—or pulled off the highway—and wrote a poem about it, and that "it went something like this." Then he'll lean back a bit, gaze out into space, and begin to recite something like

Satan said, "I am so successful because I have disciples who are constantly on the public scene."
He said, "To gain converts I use my Communist leaders, the young atheist, and often some movie queen."

Those who engage Anderson for the evening get not only a dramatic speech and an even more dramatic demonstration of strength but also an opportunity to support a worthy cause. In Vidalia, Anderson presides over the Paul Anderson Youth Home. His contract with the local businessmen who serve on his board of directors calls for him to donate all of his earnings—which he estimates at about forty thousand dollars a year—to the home, which, in turn, pays his living expenses and a stipend of two hundred dollars a month. Anderson has always wanted to provide a real home, rather than an institution, for teen-agers who would otherwise have to go to a reformatory or who merely have no other home. In Vidalia, he, his wife and child, two other couples who work for the home, and fifteen or so teen-age boys live more or less like an exceptionally large, well-provided-for family. The Andersons themselves live in a large farmhouse that has been modernized and redecorated. There is a second house and a modern brick "cottage" for the boys, as well as a swimming pool, two patios, fifty-six acres of land, some horses, a makeshift gymnasium for Anderson's weights, and an office in a mobile home that somebody donated. Olympic medals and weight-lifting plaques hang in the dining room of the Andersons' house, where the boys eat in shifts; on the walls of the office are a resolution of congratulations from the Georgia state legislature, a certificate for winning the Olympic championship, and a framed letter from Toccoa, Georgia, where Anderson used to live, that begins, "Dear Paul: The congregation of the First Baptist Church unanimously voted an expression of commendation for your refusal to give testimony for VODKA, as explained in a story by Furman Bisher in the Atlanta paper."

Anderson is away from the home more than he's there, and he usually tries to save some days in January to catch up on his paperwork. The offer from Marion College did not include as much money as he likes to make on a trip that requires most of two days. But the Marion athletic director had been persistent, and he seemed to be a committed Christian and someone interested in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, an organization that Anderson is sufficiently fond of to have honored with a poem. Also, Anderson likes to speak, particularly to college students. He has even gone to Daytona Beach during spring vacation "to witness to the kids on the beach," accompanied by a few fellow-athletes and a jazz band. "Some of them were hollering and raising a lot of Cain, and all such," he says. "But those kids are searching, and when someone with the other side of the picture comes along, projecting the real meaning of Christ, they'll listen."

Anderson is a Methodist himself, but not an advocate of the social gospel that some Methodists emphasize. "Christ said the poor will be with us forever," he says. "He didn't try to overthrow the Roman Empire. He preached love and salvation. When I see a preacher walking up and down the street with a sign, I know he failed in the pulpit. If you project Christ, the social problems take care of themselves." He is critical of church groups that have supported civil-rights workers—he believes that people in the South (or in South Africa, for that matter) ought to be left to take care of their own problems—although he says he is personally not interested in the color of a man's skin. (The Paul Anderson Youth Home is all white except for a Nez Percé Indian, but Anderson's wife works with some women from her church on an integrated preschool program for poor children in Vidalia.) Anderson is an outspoken believer in respectable appearance and respect for authority and, particularly, love of country. The boys at the home are clean-cut and well dressed; they say "Sir" or "Ma'am" when addressing their elders. Anderson believes that too many of the old virtues have been forgotten.

THE Marion *Chronicle-Tribune* had an item announcing that Paul Anderson, "billed as the World's Strongest Man," would be in town that night to provide "a 'kickoff' for a basketball tournament" of Wesleyan-affiliated colleges. Marion is the international headquarters of the Wesleyan Methodists—a denomination that split off from the regular Methodists in the nineteenth century in order to pursue a zealous abolitionism but that eventually became more conservative than the other Methodists, particularly in matters of personal conduct. Anderson had driven from Indianapolis to Marion in a rental car, eaten lunch at his motel, and gone to sleep. When the Marion College athletic director, a very serious-looking young man named Paul Mills, came by to pick him up that evening, he had changed into a white polo shirt and a black warmup outfit with his initials on it. He still wore his boots.

Anderson had thought that the program was going to be in a gymnasium, but it turned out to be in a church—a modern brick building next to the campus. There were already some people in the pews when Anderson arrived, unloaded his equipment, glanced casually at a lifting platform that had been built to his specifications, and began to load weights on his dumbbell bar. One man came up for an autograph—Anderson signed "Your friend in Christ, Paul Anderson"—and a husky young man was brought up by Mills and introduced as a fellow weight lifter.

"Could I ask how often you work out?" the young man said. "Three times a week?"

"No, about once a week," Anderson said. "Being a little older—and a little stronger, it seems—I get a lot more out of a workout." Anderson's study of strong men has led him to believe that he will not have his greatest strength until the age of about forty, a theory that gives him four years to become even stronger.

Whitney Darrow, Jr

"Hold it, Alice! The damn place is full of luminaries!"

"Did you bulk up like Randall—eat two dozen eggs, and that sort of thing?" the young man asked.

"Well, not to be egotistical, Randall bulked up when he saw me," Anderson said. "He figured I had a lot of bulk and lifted a lot of weights, and he thought he'd bulk up and then *he'd* lift a lot of weights, too, but it didn't work out that way. He never told me what he ate, but I heard he was drinking sixteen quarts of milk a day."

"Too bad you can't get back your amateur standing," the young man said, after he had found out how Anderson had been doing in the three Olympic lifts.

"Well, I don't want to do that, really," Anderson said. "I got this home to support. Really, I am an amateur in a way. I never used any of the money for myself."

The program was sponsored by T-CAY-O—the church's College Age Youth Organization. At times it seemed to be a pep rally and at times a

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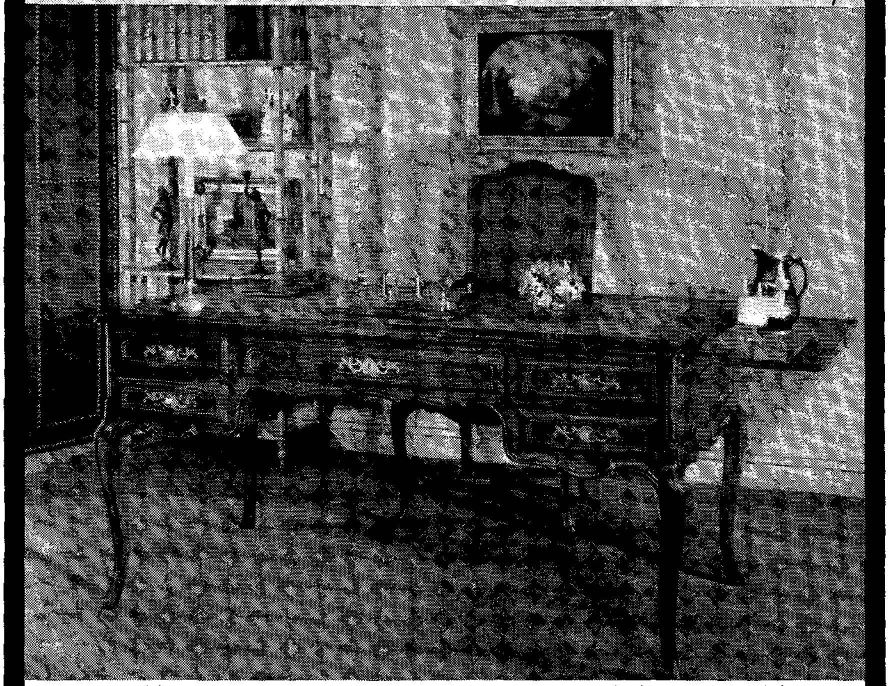

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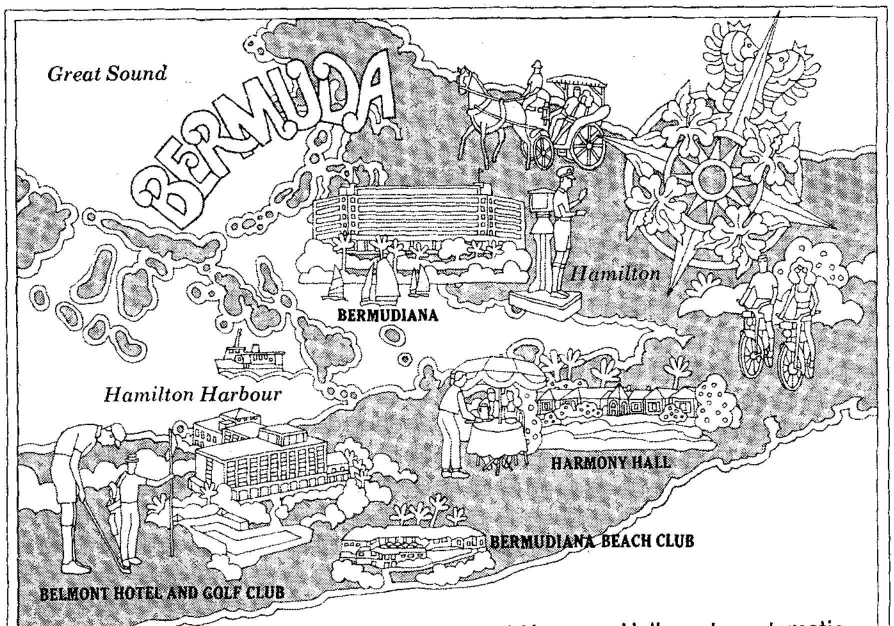

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church service. The T-CAY-O Brass—a combo of three trumpets, three trombones, a piano, and a set of drums—played a couple of numbers, the kind of songs that are sometimes heard at outdoor bandstands in the summer. Then the T-CAY-O adviser, a small man who was wearing a bright-red vest, came to the pulpit and said, "In keeping with the motto of Marion College, 'First Things First,' we felt it was only appropriate that at the start of our athletic endeavors we should start with an evening of honoring our athletes and the Lord Jesus Christ—not in that order, of course." The congregation sang two hymns, led by a member of the soccer team; members of the various teams and alumni of the various participating colleges were asked to stand, and then Mills introduced Anderson, saying that the World's Strongest Man would "share some of his experiences, demonstrate the strength that the Lord has given him and the power within his own soul." Anderson first demonstrated the strength. Including a few jokes in a running description of what he would attempt to do, he began by wrapping a nail in a handkerchief and driving it through the two boards. He did a few side presses with a dumbbell, after pointing out that the side press was the specialty of the old-time strong man Louis Cyr, who used a little less weight. Then Anderson invited eight young men to sit on the homemade platform, squatted under it, placed his hands on his knees, and, after a couple of starts to get the proper balance, lifted it several inches off the ground. The congregation gasped.

After a prayer, a collection, and a couple of songs by the T-CAY-O Ensemble, Anderson returned to the microphone to give his speech. He emphasized the necessity of becoming involved—with the community and with Jesus Christ. "Three billion people or more on the face of the earth and they call me the Strongest Man in the World," Anderson said. "I say these things not to impress you but to make a point. The point is this: my athletic career is thrilling—it's a thrill to be an Olympic champion—but the greatest thing in my life is being a Christian, having the opportunity to stand up and witness for Jesus Christ." He told the audience how much they had to be thankful for in America, how much poverty and suffering he had seen in places like India and Korea. He ended with a poem—one that he has recorded, on his own Strength label, and sent to friends. By way of introduction, he told how he usually drives by the

White House when in Washington, and how, on one occasion, he had been sickened at seeing there a group of protesters. "The worst-looking people I ever saw," he said. "Dirty. Filthy. They have the right to protest, but I don't think they knew what they were protesting." He had driven on to Arlington Cemetery, he said, thinking of the protesters, and at Arlington he had pulled over to the side of the road and written some rhyming words, and some of them went something like this:

I hear an awesome moan, and for the knowledge of its source I do not have to crave.
It's an unknown soldier or some past patriot turning in his grave. . . .
They are tormented by those who belong to a strange and modern cult,
Whose morals and lack of patriotism would men like Hale and Henry insult.
This group tells us that we need a new standard of freedom and for our traditions we should not fight.
By them we are told there is no God and that no one has seen the light.
So say these "children of the flowers," "hippies," and "smokers of the pot."
But if they would study our glorious heritage, I am sure that they would learn a lot. . . .
These pacifists seldom bathe or groom and grow extremely long hair.
I just wonder if they know why Washington crossed the Delaware. . . .
Some of them, bordering on treason, their draft cards they do burn.
Could they be ignorant that to the Philippines MacArthur did return?
As they picket our Selective Service, displaying their lack of guts,
Are they aware that, when asked to surrender at Bastogne, McAuliffe answered "Nuts"? . . .

Anderson is particularly appalled by hippies—"young people who were taught they came from animals and grew up to live like animals"—but he also finds himself becoming irritated quite often with such conventional segments of society as the press. "It seems like when anyone on the conservative side becomes prominent—if he believes in the old-fashioned idea that this is a republic rather than a democracy—he's attacked as a fanatic or radical," he says. "That's how the other side operates." Anderson himself tries to be affirmative rather than negative. "I'm no fanatic," he has said, "but, well, I'm sort of a patriot." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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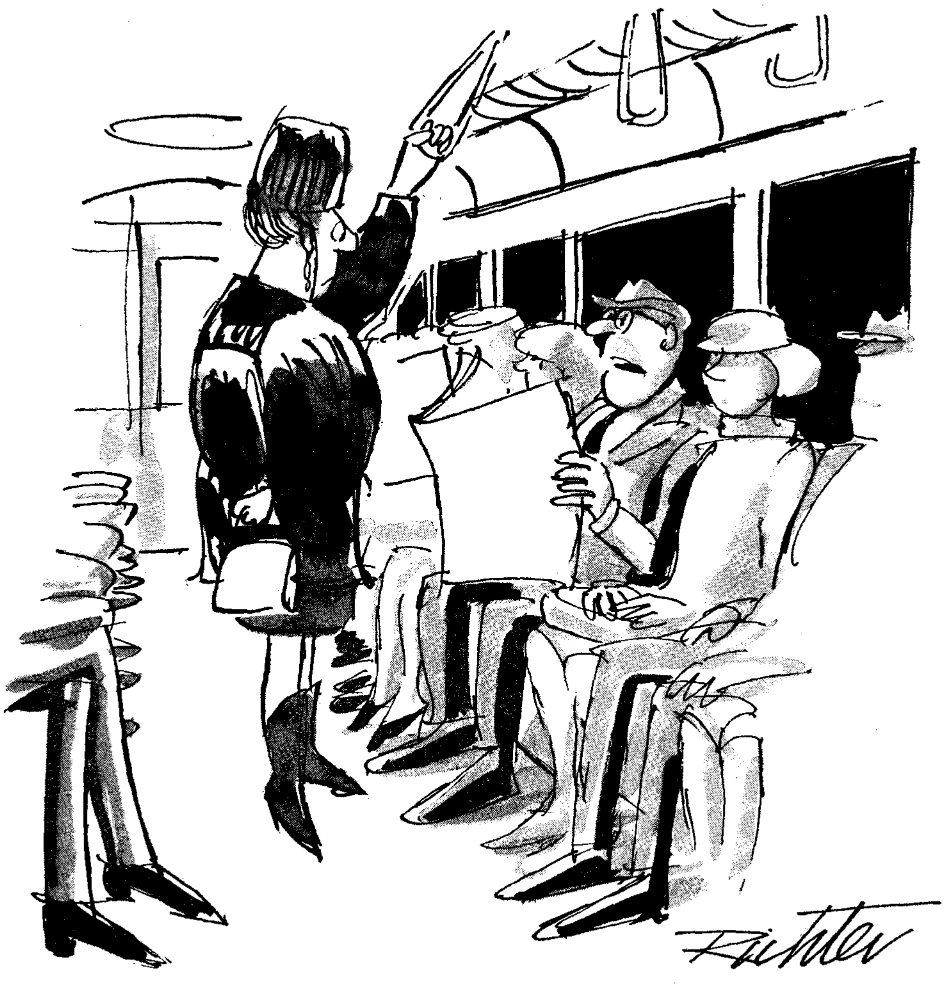
THE THEATRE

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

WITH characteristic truculent self-importance, Robert Frost boasted that he had had a lover's quarrel with the world. (Plainly, he saw the quarrel as being between equals.) Frost's transatlantic contemporary, Sean O'Casey, was inclined to take a sunnier view of things, and he was, besides, a more modest man; his quarrel was not with the world but with Ireland, and not even with all Ireland through all time but with the particular impoverished, priest-ridden, despairing, and hypocritical Ireland of his youth. A classic loner, born in a Dublin slum, sickly and half blind, a Protestant among Catholics, a laborer striving to lift himself by assiduous self-education out of the illiterate lower depths, he reached manhood detesting two evils: the Church and capitalism. Having a simple, lyrical mind, impatient with facts and scornful of the dicta of history, he was convinced that, his two formidable enemies routed, the body-fearing, moneygrubbing nastiness that held his beloved land in thrall would give way to a primordial pagan euphoria—would open an era in which it would be possible to say, with Yeats, "We must laugh and we must sing,/ We are blest by everything,/ Everything we look upon is blest."

Like Shaw, Joyce, and many another literary man before him, O'Casey took care to cherish and chastise Ireland from a safe distance. (Wasn't she, after all, as Joyce said, "the old sow that eats her farrow"?) O'Casey moved to England in 1926, when he was forty-six, and died there in 1964, in contented exile. His play "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy," which the APA-Phoenix Company has just brought to the Lyceum, was written when O'Casey was approaching seventy and had been out of Ireland for nearly a quarter of a century. The time of the play purports to be the nineteen-forties, but it obviously harks back to a much earlier era—my ear took in but indignantly rejected references to Bing Crosby's singing of "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral" and Spam—and O'Casey's extravagant make-believe is gravely impaired for me by my suspicion that the playwright was unaware of the fact that the Ireland he was poking such rude and bitter fun at no longer existed. In the sealed-off world of fantasy, the laws of nature must be abrogated as inflexibly as, in the real world, they are obeyed. An unintentional implausibility throws everything askew. "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" has some merit as a sardonic vaudeville; it is radically imperfect as a play. Its moral can be summed up in a single exchange: When a housewife piously ejaculates, "God is good," her companion replies, "An' th' Devil's not a bad fella either." Old Scratch possesses the notorious advantage of having on his side wine, women, and song; he also has O'Casey, who is ever his advocate, if not always an able one.



"Stop glaring, Edna. We tossed and you lost."

An imperfect play and, I must add, an imperfect production. The directors, Jack O'Brien and Donald Moffat, appear to have allowed each member of the company to play in a style of his own choosing, and the resulting variety heightens the essential incoherence of the play. Few of the actors try to assume a recognizable Irishness. It is true that a sourly ambitious old farmer like Michael Marthraun, played at the top of his voice by Sydney Walker, might be heard ranting away in the green fastness of Connaught, but Donald Moffat, as a bluff sea-captain type, might just as well be a resident of Ohio, while Ellis Rabb, as a toothless, tongue-fluttering male hag, speaks with a curiously high-toned accent—not that of Nyadnanave but B.B.C. Richard Woods is admirable in the role of a book-hating Jansenist priest (his name is Father Domineer; O'Casey is obsessively anticlerical), and Richard Easton lends his always strongly felt presence to the small role of a messenger. As a gigantic, gorgeously beplumed cock, Barry Bostwick preens and prances about in a fashion worthy to grace the highest dunghill in the Four Kingdoms. The costumes for "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy" were designed by Nancy Potts, and the exceedingly ingenious scenery and lighting are by James Tilton, who would be just the man to hire to haunt a house; he can make roofs flutter, walls

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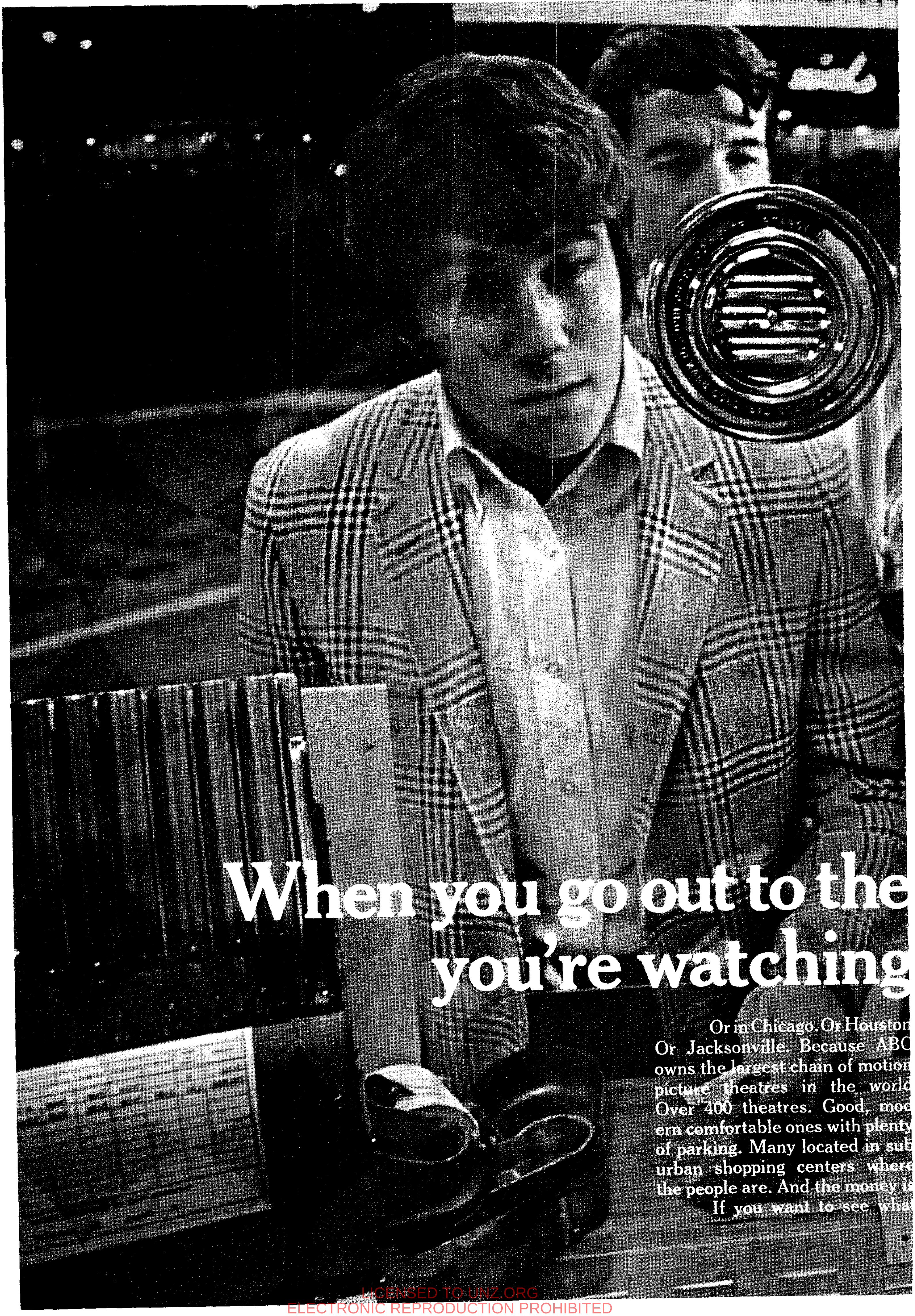
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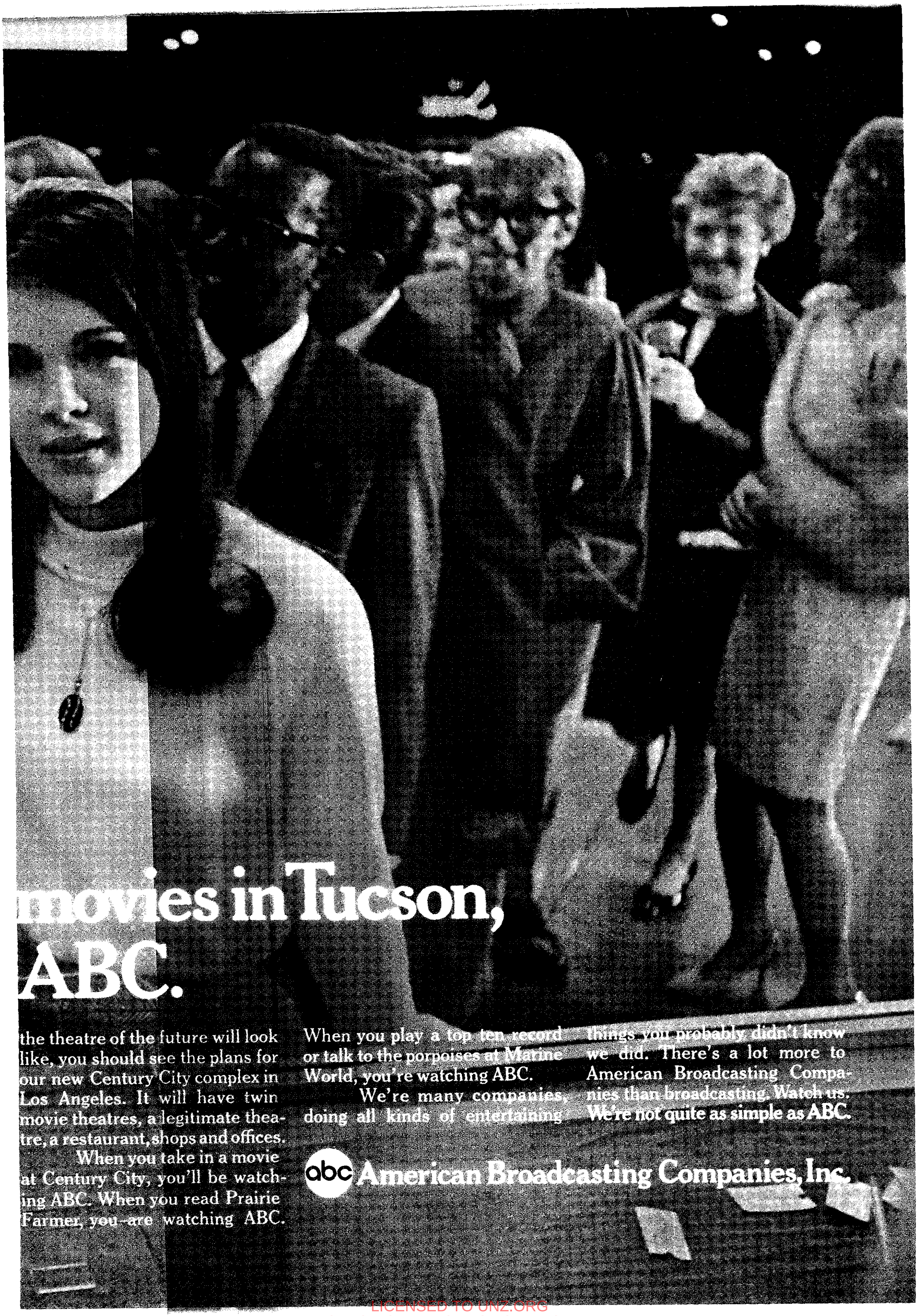

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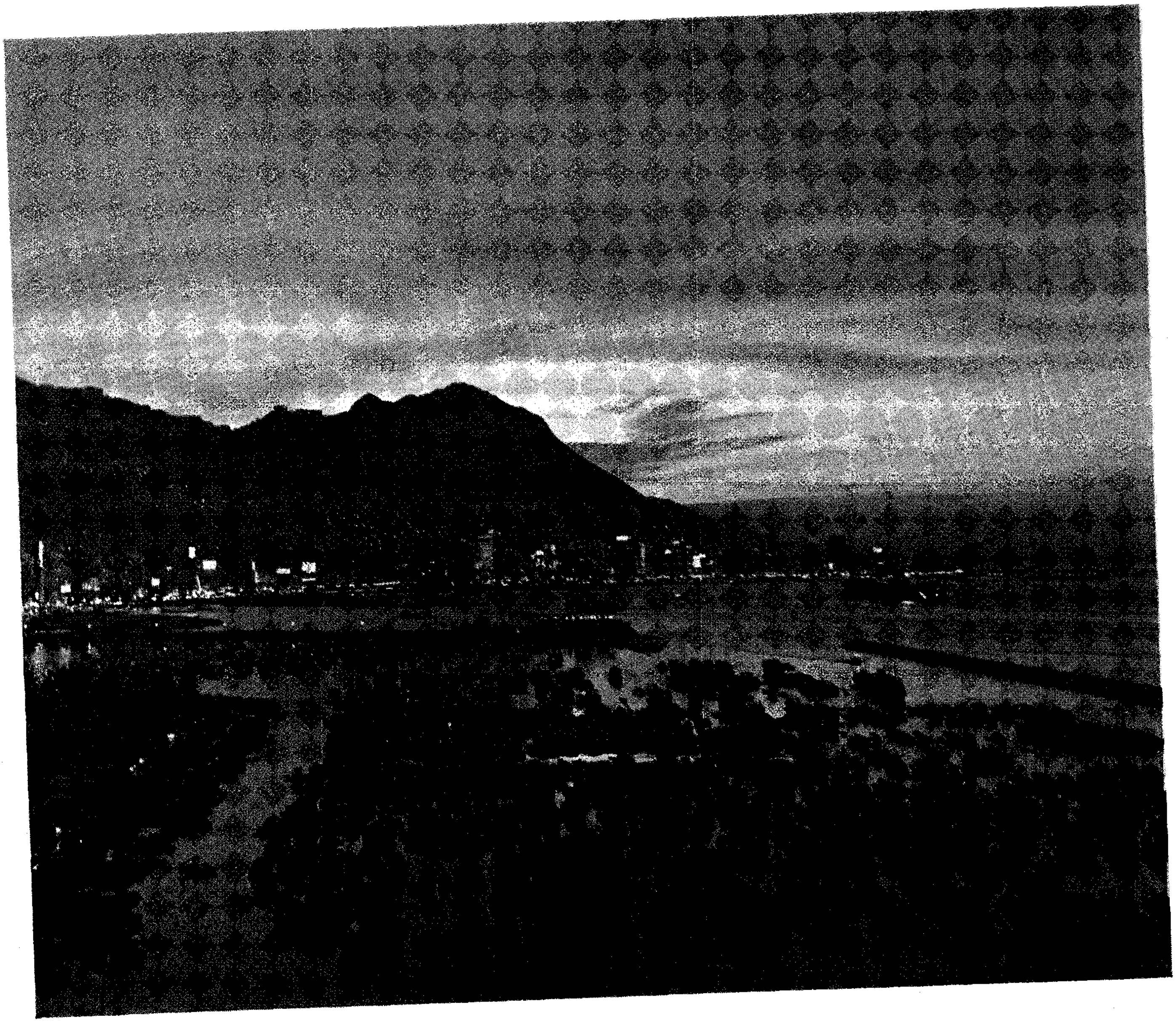

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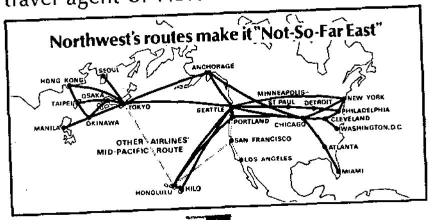
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smoke, and whiskey change color, to say nothing of turning a pretty girl into a top hat.

ONE of the pleasantest of the many pleasant things about the new musical "Celebration," at the Ambassador, is that it *is* new—it hasn't been lifted from a novel, play, movie, biography, comic strip, memoir, or any other non-theatrical source. It is also new in pretending to be antediluvianly old; it wishes us to perceive that the most original thing about it is that it contains nothing original. With a fierceness of intention that nearly always keeps it safe from the hazards of Camp and cuteness, it strives to achieve the grand, irrational simplicities of myth. It is a sort of smiling ghost story about the contest between youth and age, love and death, and the bare bones of the plot it unfolds surely antedate Gilgamesh: A penniless orphan boy falls in love with a pretty girl who is sorely tempted by the luxuries that will be hers if, forgetting the boy, she consents to surrender her body to a senilely lascivious moneybags. Which of them will she finally choose? For how many millennia now has that proved a question worth our waiting to learn the answer to?

The opening scene sets the eerie, timeless tone of the evening by seeming to take place somewhere far back in the misty reaches of prehistory—a prehistory that uncannily contains internal-combustion engines, iron wrecking balls, corsets, and artificial flowers. Lithe, masked creatures, bizarrely decked out in costumes of furs and rags, perform a ritual dance on and under a crudely fashioned wooden platform, which, hung with lank curtains, provides the single setting for the musical. A mountebank sings the title song, "Celebration;" what we are urged to celebrate turns out to be not a particular event but life itself. A sufficiently square message, as mythic messages are apt to be, and there are squarer ones to come—there is even a spirited attack on the theory that God is dead and a no less spirited defense of the preposterous theory that money cannot buy happiness. An odd work for the likes of 1969, but a welcomely merry, tuneful, and imaginative one, and I give my best thanks to Harvey Schmidt, who wrote the music, and Tom Jones, who wrote the book and lyrics and took charge of the direction. They are an exceedingly gifted pair (they are the begetters of "The Fantasticks," which is soon to start its tenth year downtown), and this makes all the more deplorable their occasional lapses into gratuitous vulgarity. There are a couple of lines and a couple of sight gags in "Celebration" that they ought to be thoroughly ashamed of and that I suspect them of being alone in the world in thinking funny.

"Celebration" is fortunate in having at the head of its large company four attractive performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith, the last of whom was, within the year, a stock boy at Best's. It is also fortunate in having had Ed Wittstein design the setting, costumes, and lighting. I don't know whether he has ever visited Lascaux; it's plain that he would be perfectly at home there.

"RED, WHITE, AND MADDOX," at the Cort, is a loud, brash, and, for half its length, harshly funny musical satire, aimed with rage and contempt straight at Lester Maddox, former proprietor of the Pickrick Restaurant in Atlanta and the present Governor of Georgia. The authors of this impetuous broadside, which they modestly define as "A Thing with Music," are Don Tucker and Jay Broad, respectively the resident composer and the artistic director of the Theatre Atlanta company, and the leading role is played by Jay Garner, who warmed up for it last year by playing the lead in the company's successful production of "MacBird!" The first act of "Red, White, and Maddox" traces Maddox's rise from humble, happy bigotry at the Pickrick to the moment when, having, with the help of his crony God, been elected to the governorship, he anticipates assuming the Presidency and so winning the country back from the Niggah-lovin' Commies in Washington. The second act purports to depict the consequences of having a Lester Maddox in the White House, and here the authors' bump of invention has failed them. We are in the by now overly familiar Strangelove country, and Mr. Garner's capering, doll-faced, squeaky-voiced Maddox is neither mad enough nor Snopes enough to hold our interest. I

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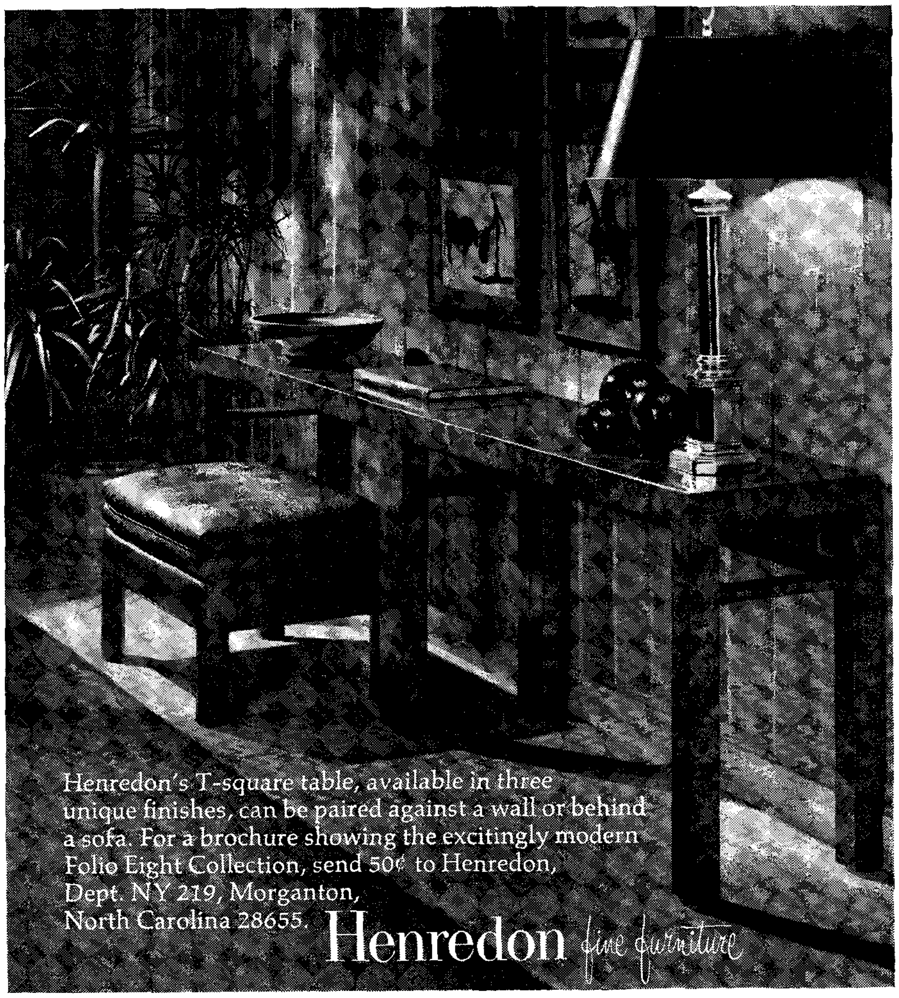

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was saying a couple of weeks ago, in connection with Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," that making fun of the Hitlers of this world is not, on the evidence, a useful way of reducing their roles in history. Evil is stronger than art, and I am afraid that even if "Red, White, and Maddox" were ten times as devastating as it is, Governor Maddox would feel it as the merest momentary irritating pinprick. Politicians are not laughed out of office; they are voted out. Still, it takes courage to voice one's loathing for the possessors of power, especially when that power may be exercised against one by indirect and legal-seeming means. I salute the Theatre Atlanta company not so much for the quality of its howling as for daring to howl at all.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Turkey Trot

"TANGO," by the Polish dramatist Slawomir Mrozek, opened in Warsaw in 1965, after having been done in a couple of theatres in Yugoslavia and elsewhere in Poland, and since then it has been a hit in Paris, London, Düsseldorf, Genoa, and Helsinki. Last week, it opened here, at the little Pocket Theatre, on Third Avenue, in a dim production that at best merely indicates the play without really doing it. "Tango" is a domestic tragi-farce whose political and moral implications are so strong that it must inescapably be considered an allegory, even by those of us who would go miles out of our way not to consider anything an allegory. The story concerns a young man named Arthur who comes home from medical school to find his aristocratic family living a life of self-indulgent bohemianism. His grandmother (in a long evening gown, sneakers, and a red deerstalker cap) spends most of her time at the card table with his granduncle and the butler. His mother, carrying a long cigarette holder and dressed as a flapper of the twenties, vaguely drifts in and out, and sleeps with the butler at night. His father, who wanders around in pajama bottoms that are loosely pinned together, tends to summon the family abruptly to original Punch and Judy shows that are rife with symbols and end in pistol shots, and to give unsolicited orations on Art and Freedom. The girl whom Arthur loves slouches about in tights and a floppy shirt. The action has that capricious quality—a cagey, arbitrary playfulness—that has little to do with humor, and is so often found in the work of Middle European writers, and it deals with Arthur's fierce and ultimately disastrous attempts to impose some order on his disorderly relatives, starting out with a conventional wedding for himself. (The girl sees no reason on earth to bother marrying him.) He also forces his father to confront, with a gun, the mother and the butler, although his father prefers to sidestep the issue and romanticizes the butler as "the natural man." The hero's deadly enemy is the butler, and his only ally is his grand-uncle, a conspiratorial reactionary. There is a struggle for power. By the time the play is over, the grandmother has just lain down and died, and the hero is dead, too. As the curtain falls, the butler, now the surly boss of the place, is dancing a tango over his body, hand in hand with the granduncle.

"Tango," as you can see, is a play about such abstractions as liberty, responsibility, morality, order, force, violence, and, ultimately, totalitarianism, but it is inventive and theatrical—the kind of play that offers endless possibilities for style and brilliance to the actors, who must supply the flesh and blood and emotion. *There is no general* style of performance in the production at the Pocket, and for this sad fact the director must be blamed (though not necessarily named). Among the actors, Muriel Kirkland, as the fey grandmother, and Stefan Schnabel, as the artist father, certainly make slapdash bohemianism attractive—so attractive that there is no contest and, consequently, no play. Perhaps they are meant to be grotesques, but, rightly or wrongly, they come over as human and entertaining (a couple of strays from "You Can't Take It With You"), and they throw the whole play out of whack—mercifully, in this instance. It would be interesting to see it in whack, though. Mr. Mrozek is indeed a dramatist, and "Tango" is a real play and perhaps an important one—whether you like that kind of thing or not. The question then arises: Is it better to see an important play poorly done or to skip it, on the chance that someday it will be done right? My own choice would be to skip it.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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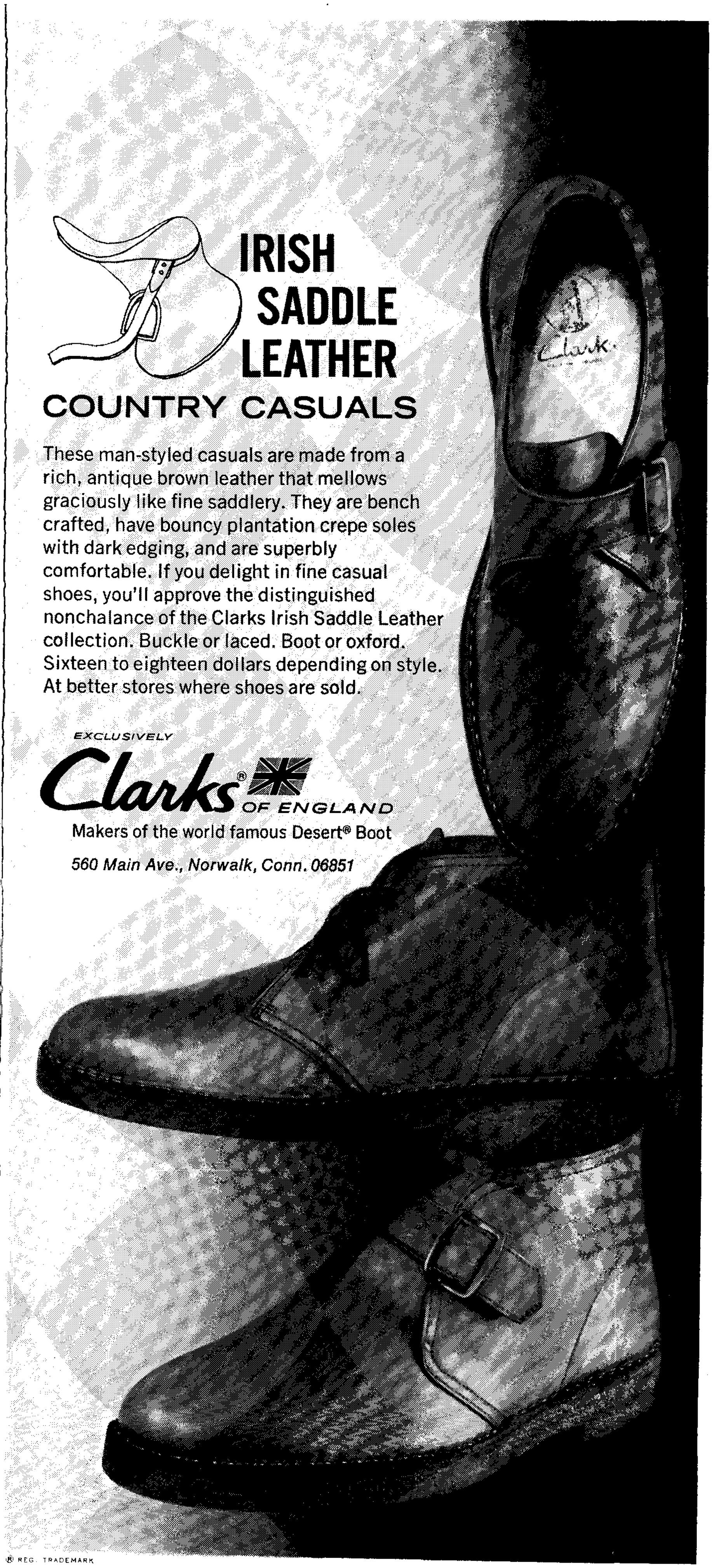

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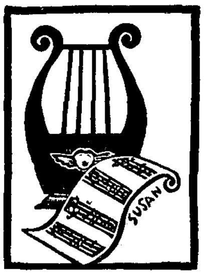
MUSICAL EVENTS

Great Bruckner, Mixed Strauss

LIKE most concertgoers, I have long been aware of Leonard Bernstein's affinity for the highly personal kind of emotional expression found in Gustav Mahler's symphonies. I had not, however, until last week heard Mr. Bernstein tackle the grand and much less personal style of Anton Bruckner, so I was curious about just how he would carry off a Bruckner performance, for there is a superficial similarity in matters of form between the two composers. Then Mr. Bernstein conducted Bruckner's Ninth Symphony with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, and my curiosity was satisfied. (I attended the Friday-afternoon performance.) Whatever my critical attitudes toward him have been from time to time, I must say that this was a great performance, thought out by a great musical intelligence—a masterly reading of one of the noblest, as well as one of the most difficult to project, of all symphonic works. And Mr. Bernstein's interpretation was no easy reproduction of the standard performances one hears on phonograph records. It was quite individual—leisurely in tempos, tasteful in the use of pauses and rubatos, extremely lucid when details like the little anacrusis for the second clarinet at letter "V" were involved, and, perhaps most impressive of all, beautifully controlled in musical architecture, with every climax in just the right place, so that the gigantic symphony moved onward with suitable propulsive force. This was an interpretation comparable with those of Bruno Walter, Eduard van Beinum, and the other great Bruckner conductors of the past. It is a pity, I think, that Mr. Bernstein is retiring from his career as the Philharmonic's musical director with only the Ninth to his credit (he conducted the same symphony in 1962, but I missed the performance). Because of his insight into this music, I hope that he will someday record the complete Bruckner symphonies, as he has done those of Mahler. There are few great Bruckner conductors alive today, and Mr. Bernstein is one of them.



The program opened with Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E Flat Major, K. 271, with John Browning as the soloist. Mr. Browning is now a predictable pianist—suave, musicianly, technically accomplished. I thought that his fingerwork was slightly earthbound in rapid passages—let us say just a notch short of crystalline—but his interpretation was everywhere tasteful, beautifully phrased, and pleasing in piano tone. It goes without saying that Mr. Bernstein provided an excellent orchestral accompaniment.

THE new production of "Der Rosenkavalier" that was unveiled at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night had its remarkable and its unremarkable features. The new settings, by Robert O'Hearn, were pleasant in the first act, very successful (perhaps the most successful I have ever seen) in Act III, and a bit fussy in Act II, whose set is, I think, inferior to the splendid Act II design of the superseded production. Let me describe the staging in greater detail. The Act I curtain opened on a handsome bedroom—mirror at the left, porcelain stove at the right, a large expanse of window overlooking the city of Vienna at the rear. The bed in which Octavian and the Marschallin are discovered is at the far right of the stage, and, I am afraid, invisible to many who were seated in the extreme right-hand part of the auditorium. The lighting of this scene on opening night was, it seemed to me, unnecessarily dim and faces were often in shadow. Moreover, the casket in which the silver rose is contained looks more like a shoebox than a ceremonial receptacle. Act II is imaginative and stylish, but it lacks the great elegance of the old set, in which Octavian was driven up in a carriage drawn by horses. It is full of glass doors and windows—so many that a friend of mine remarked, "Who do you suppose washes all those windows?" Well, von Faninal, whose palace this is, is a pretty ostentatious fellow, and may have a whole crew of window-washers on his domestic staff—or, at least, that is apparently the theory followed by Mr. O'Hearn. The last-act décor is ingenious, if you overlook a few details. The hotel room in which Ochs attempts the seduction of the disguised Octavian is a rather large *Gasthaus*-baroque interior, which stands in the center of the stage, with the adjoining

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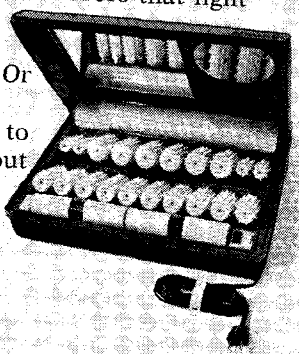

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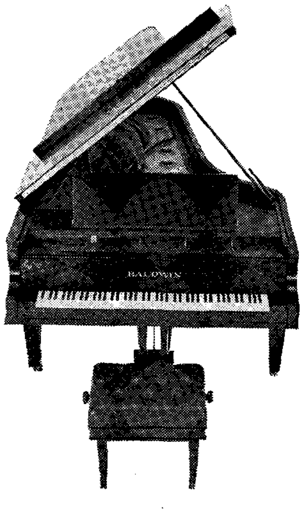
bedroom at the rear. On one side, and fully visible to the audience, is a corridor, reaching back toward stage rear, through which the Marschallin and others make their entrances. At the left, there is a staircase, which serves as a place for Ochs's bodyguard, alleged children, etc., etc. On the whole, this arrangement—which allows the audience to see what is going on behind the scenes, so to speak, as well as in the room itself—is extremely effective. But the doorway between the room and the corridor is closed off merely by a curtain. I don't think that even Baron Ochs would attempt a seduction in a room so devoid of privacy. And there is a curious ambiguity about this doorway and the wall that contains it. Last Thursday night, some of the cast treated the wall as a solid one with a door; others ignored the wall and the doorway and, by entering the room from the front, at least in theory walked through the wall.

Well, enough about the scenery. The costumes were quite suitable, and Nathaniel Merrill's direction made sense most of the time. The part that didn't included an odd assembling of the children in the last act, with their cries of "Papa, Papa," around von Faninal instead of Ochs. Childish confusion of mind? Perhaps. But also confusing to the audience. And why should the Police Commissary catch each item of Octavian's female clothing on his baton and hand it over to the children, of all people?

The cast, which was also mixed in quality, was a typical Vienna Opera group, some of the singers appearing in the same roles they had done when that historic institution visited Montreal the summer before last. Leonie Rysanek was the Marschallin. She was in better voice than she has been in a decade, and she sang with power and warmth. I do not think that she plumbed all the dramatic subtleties of the role, but she was pleasant to look at and agreeable to hear. The Baron Ochs was Walter Berry, an admirable singer, who, however, is miscast in this role, which requires a man of much larger bulk and height as well as a bass who can really reach the low notes that come in Act I and at the end of Act II. (It has been a long time since these notes have been heard at the Met. Otto Edelmann didn't have them, either, though he had the bulk and height.) The Octavian was Christa Ludwig, another admirable singer, cast well in this role, even if she lacks the elegant figure of such past Octavians as Risë Stevens and Frances Bible. Mr. Berry's lack



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of stature was particularly noticeable in the second-act duel scene, in which, instead of a David-and-Goliath combat, we had a large Octavian wounding a small Baron Ochs. Reri Grist gave the role of Sophie a touching feminine aura, but her singing sounded a little thin the other night. Rudolf Knoll was a fine von Faninal, and would have been an even finer one if he had sung to his colleagues instead of to the audience. The small but difficult role of the Italian singer was excellently done by Nicolai Gedda, and all the minor roles were well taken. The real hero of the evening, however, was Karl Böhm, who conducted the work with a degree of authority few contemporaries can match.

LAST Tuesday night, Thomas Scherman, that tireless maker of interesting programs, presented an all-Camille Saint-Saëns concert by his Little Orchestra Society in Philharmonic Hall. It confirmed the prevailing impression that Saint-Saëns was a minor composer, but it also confirmed the impression that minor composers are sometimes very well worth listening to, especially minor French composers, whose workmanship is often exquisite. The concert disclosed Saint-Saëns as perhaps the most Germanic of French composers. The first two movements of his Second Symphony (seldom performed, and unaccountably so) recall Brahms unmistakably, and parts of his familiar Concerto No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra, with which the program ended, have the same obvious derivation. These two works stood out from the rest of the program, which consisted largely of salon music. The soloist in the piano concerto was an eighteen-year-old Russian named Grigory Sokolov, who was making his New York début. He pounced upon the concerto with prodigious youthful romantic fervor and a huge display of technical agility. He is obviously a young pianist to be watched.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

RECORDS: ROCK, ETC.

The Big Ones

IT'S my theory that rock and roll happens between fans and stars, rather than between listeners and musicians—that you have to be a screaming teen-ager, at least in your heart, to know what's going on. Yet I must admit I was never much of a screaming teen-ager myself. I loved rock and roll, but I felt no emotional identification with the performers. Elvis Presley was

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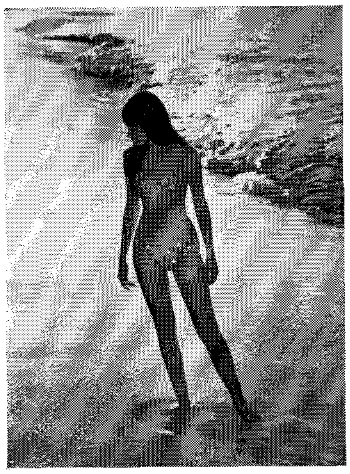

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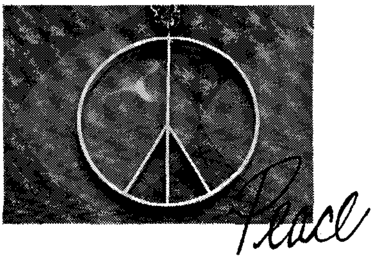

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my favorite singer, and I bought all his records; just the same, he was a stupid, slicked-up hillbilly, a bit too fat and soft to be really good-looking, and I was a middle-class adolescent snob. Jerry Lee Lewis? More revolting than Elvis. Buddy Holly? I didn't even know what he looked like. Fats Domino? He was *comic*—and black. When I went to rock shows, I screamed, all right, but only so I wouldn't be conspicuous. Actually, I grooved much more easily with records than with concerts, which forced me to recognize the social chasm separating me from the performers (and, for that matter, from much of the audience). The social-distance factor became more acute as I got older; that was one reason I defected to folk music. By the time the Beatles came on the scene, I wasn't paying much attention to rock. Naturally, I was *aware* of them, but I didn't have the slightest inkling of their importance. Their kookiness had the same effect on kids that Elvis's dirtiness had had; as far as I was concerned, the two phenomena were identical, and neither had much to do with me. I didn't realize that Elvis was to the Beatles as a Campbell Soup can is to an Andy Warhol replica. (Of course, the Beatles probably didn't realize it, either.) At first, I reacted to the Stones with equal incomprehension. Mick Jagger had his gimmick: he was a hood. The j.-d. image was a familiar one, though Mick played the role with more than the usual élan. He was so aggressively illiterate, his sexual come-on was so exaggerated and tasteless that it never occurred to me he might be smart. (I didn't know then that he'd gone to the London School of Economics.) But his songs, which had all the energetic virtues of rock and roll, also displayed the honesty and clear-headedness I expected only from blues. I loved both rock and blues, but in each case my response was incomplete: rock was too superficial, blues too alien. The Stones' music was the perfect blend. And, I came to realize, so was Mick's personality; he was an outcast, but he was also thoroughly indigenous to mass society. Because he was so unequivocally native, he touched a part of me that black bluesmen and alienated folk singers could never reach. And because I couldn't condescend to him—his "vulgarity" represented a set of social and aesthetic attitudes as sophisticated as mine, if not more so—he shook me in a way Elvis had not. I became a true Stones fan—i.e., an inward screamer—and I've been one ever since.

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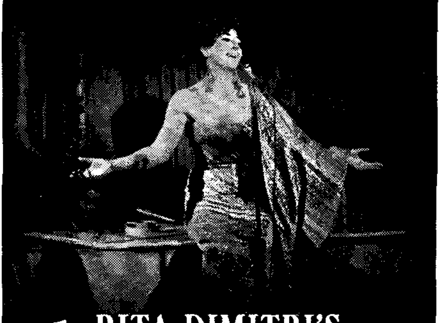

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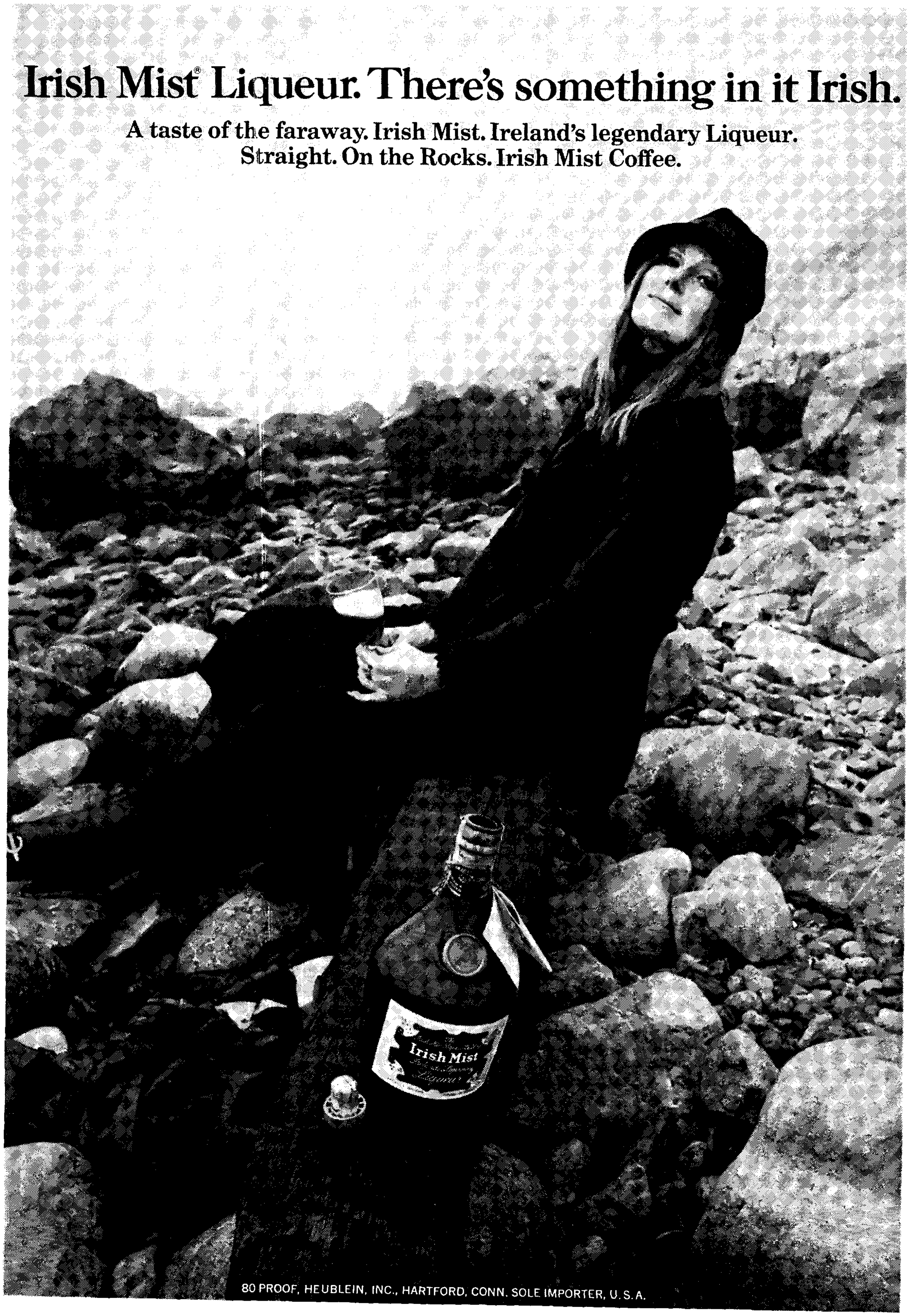
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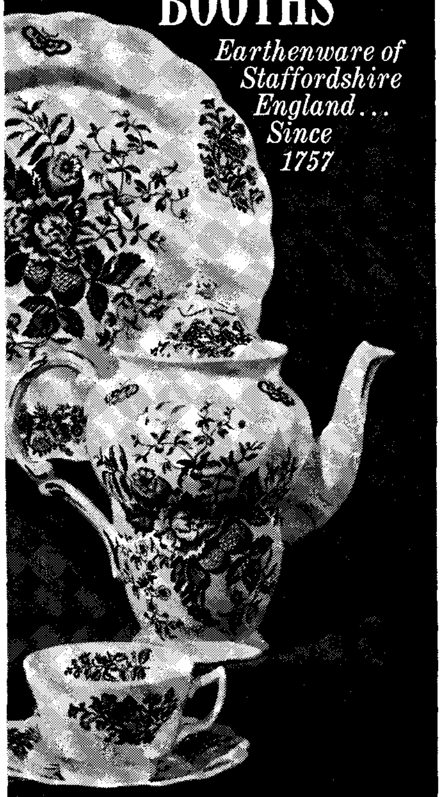

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"Beggars Banquet." It's a good album—the Stones have never put out a bad one—but something of an anticlimax. This is the first Stones L.P. in a year, and there have been no major performances since 1966. When stars have as little contact with their public as this, everyone's fantasies get so baroque that the eventual reality rarely satisfies. (Bob Dylan has got away with this sort of thing twice; if he tries it again, he'll be pressing his luck.) Besides, "Beggars Banquet" had an unusually long gestation—the rumors of its imminent appearance began back in August. Through the fall, I followed the Stones' hassle with (British) Decca over that men's-room-with-graffiti album cover. I took it for granted they'd win. The cover was really pretty innocent, and, anyway, what mere record company could thwart the Rolling Stones? But they lost. For the first time, I had to think of the Stones as losers. So even before I heard the record the reality—that black-and-white jacket designed to look like an engraved invitation—was a letdown from the fantasy.

There's another reason, also having to do with contact, that "Beggars Banquet" doesn't quite make it: I have the feeling that Jagger is responding more to the Beatles than to the world, and that the album gets to us only after bouncing off John Lennon. In a very general way, the Stones' sensibility has always been—at least in part—a revision of and a reaction to the Beatles'. But the symbiosis—or, rather, the competition—has become more pronounced and specific since "Sgt. Pepper" forced them to respond with "Their Satanic Majesties Request." I'm not putting down "Satanic Majesties" as mere imitation, or parody, or comment. There was nothing mere about that album. The Stones showed they could do the studio thing; they did it with just the right amount of extravagance and wit, and with beautiful songs. Anyway, they could scarcely have ignored an event of "Sgt. Pepper's" magnitude. But "Satanic Majesties" was a special record for a special time. In practice it was good, in principle very dangerous. While "Satanic Majesties" was still in the works, the Beatles released "All You Need Is Love," and the Stones countered with "We Love You," a better-conceived and more powerful song. Now the best track on "Beggars Banquet" is "Street Fighting Man," which is infinitely more intelligent than "Revolution." I sense an unworthy effort to expose John as callow. (Callow-

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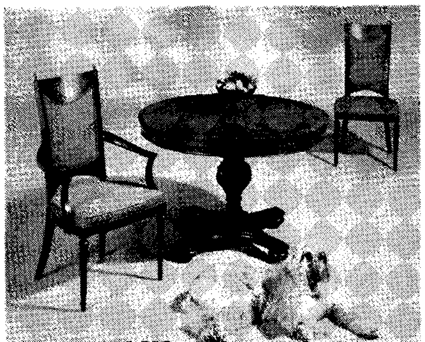

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Programs to enjoy, in spite of yourself.

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One night, it can be the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Or isn't that Nancy Walker and Jack Gilford doing Sholom Aleichem? And is that how a school of cod looks from a satellite?

Yes.

Be not dismayed. Whether your head has been turned by the news, an original drama, a documentary, a movie or a musical special, you can learn. And enjoy. Which is a great way of staying on top of what's going on around you.

Somewhere between the poem shaped like a comma and one of the books is time to peek at your television set. Here's a partial list of February's programs worth the effort.

Discovery. Discovery goes to Sweden—A Village Made of Glass; Switzerland—Part I; Switzerland—Part II; The Gulf Stream. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (11:30-12 Noon).

Children's Film Festival. Skinny and Fatty; The Lupinek Case; The Magnificent Six and A Half; Doggie and Three. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (1:30-2:30 pm).

The 21st Century. Report on Cancer; Inventing Tomorrow: The First 10 Months—Part I; First 10 Months—Part II. Sundays, Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23 (6-6:30 pm).

First Tuesday. Once-a-month presentation of special news features. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Feb. 4 (9-11 pm).

60 Minutes. Harry Reasoner and Mike Wallace are on-camera editors of this news magazine of the air. Tuesdays, Feb. 4, 18 (10-11 pm).

Teacher, Teacher. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Allan Sloane's original drama about a tutor who tries to rehabilitate a mentally retarded youth Wednesday, Feb. 5 (7:30-9 pm).

This is Sholom Aleichem. NBC Experiment in Television—The life, works and personality of the famed Jewish writer. With Jack Gilford, Nancy Walker, David Burns. Friday, Feb. 7 (10-11 pm).

The View From Space. The earth is explored from satellites to learn about weather, oceans, and resources essential to our survival. Sunday, Feb. 9 (7-8 pm).

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The production by England's Royal Shakespeare Company. Sunday, Feb. 9 (9-11 pm).

Fred Astaire Special. The dancer in a musical special with guests Barrie Chase, Simon and Garfunkel, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66. Sunday, Feb. 9 (10-11 pm).

Heart Attack. A close-up examination of heart trouble: causes, diagnosis, treatment. Monday, Feb. 10 (10-11 pm).

Feelin' Groovy at Marine World. Bing Crosby, Anissa "Buffy" Jones, Kathy Crosby perform at the new entertainment-research complex. Saturday, Feb. 15 (7:30-8 pm).

Children's Letters to God. Utilizing Stuart Hample's book, Gene Kelly explores the creative imagination of children. Sunday, Feb. 16 (8:30-9 pm).

Australia—The Timeless Land. National Geographic Society—a look at the Outback, wildest, most barren, yet boomingest part of Australia. Tuesday, Feb. 18 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Academy of Professional Sports Awards. Perry Como is host. Wednesday, Feb. 19 (10-11 pm).

The Experiment. CBS Playhouse—original drama by Ellen M. Violett about a young scientist confronting the Establishment. Tuesday, Feb. 25 (9:30-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show / Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Saturdays: The Banana Splits / Untamed World / Wonderful World of Golf / ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up And Live / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Directions / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / Issues and Answers / Frontiers of Faith / Animal World / The Killy Style / Frank McGee / G-E College Bowl / The 21st Century / Wild Kingdom / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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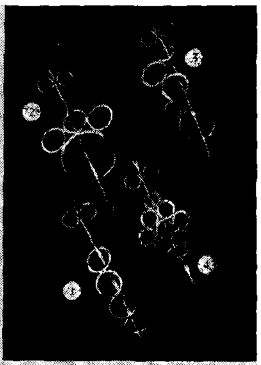

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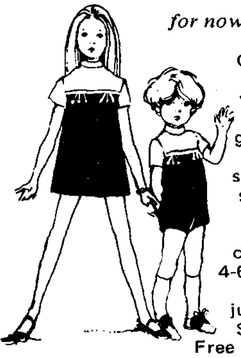

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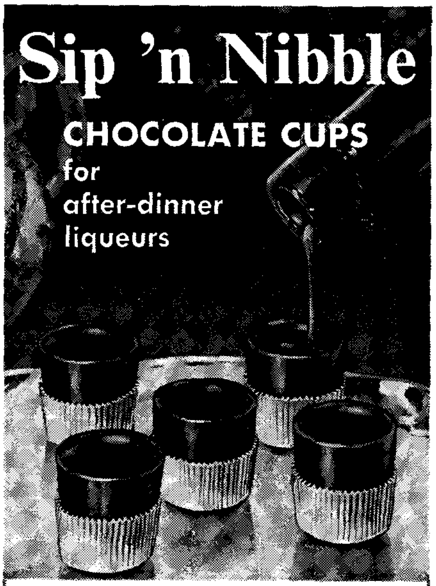
ness is part of his charm anyway.) It may be that anything the Beatles can do the Stones can do better, but it never pays to work on someone else's terms. In this case, there is a special risk. What has made the Stones the Stones, more than anything else, is a passionate, thrusting ego. The Beatles' identity is collective, but the Stones are Mick Jagger. The Beatles' magic inheres in their glittering surface, the Stones' in Jagger's genius for visceral communication. Yet in this album, as in "Satanic Majesties," Mick is— the only word for it is "leashed." "Parachute Woman" and "Stray Cat Blues" do show traces of the old self-assertion, but in both of them bad production has made the lyrics nearly impossible to catch. In the other songs that have an "I" at all, it is weak, even passive—"Take me to the station,/ And put me on a train./ I've got no expectations/ To pass through here again," or "But what can a poor boy do/ 'Cept to sing for a rock-and-roll band?/ Guess in sleepy London town there's just no place for a street fighting man"—or else, as in "Sympathy for the Devil," it belongs to a stock character. Most of the songs are impersonal artifacts. The "Factory Girl" is just described, not loved or sneered at. "Salt of the Earth" is positively alienating, in the Brechtian sense. What can it mean for Mick Jagger to toast the workers? Is he being sarcastic? Is the song just a musical exercise? Or is he making a sincere, if rather simpleminded, political statement? Like the Beatles, the Stones play with forms: "Prodigal Son," flawless folk blues (another political statement?); "Dear Doctor," a rather overdone parody of country music; "Jig-Saw Puzzle," proof that Jagger (or Richard) can write lyrics exactly like Dylan's. My response to these songs is basically cerebral. "Street Fighting Man" is my favorite, because it really gets down the ambiguous relation of rock and roll to rebellion. It does with politics what early rock did with sex. (Are they deliberately using the tradition, or unconsciously re-creating it?) The lyrics of the old songs had to be bland enough to be played on the radio, but the beat and arrangements that emphasized a phrase out of context here, a double-entendre there got the message across. Taken together, the words of "Street Fighting Man" are innocuous, but somehow the only line that comes through loud and clear is "Summer's here, and the time is right for fighting in the streets." Then, there's the heavy beat and all that chaotic noise in the background.



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So Mick leaves no doubt where his instincts are. (And he didn't fool the censors, either; the single of "Street Fighting Man" was virtually boycotted by AM stations, though "Revolution" was played constantly.) But what can a poor boy do—if he wants to make some bread—'cept to sing for a rock-and-roll band? There it is. Rock is a socially acceptable, lucrative substitute for anarchy; being a rock-and-roll star is a way of beating the system, of being free in the midst of unfreedom. And I know Jagger understands the ironies involved and has no illusions about himself. (Which isn't to say he's cynical—I suspect that his famous cynicism has always been more metaphor than fact.) Still, there was a time when he applied equal energy to having no illusions about other people. It's the direct link between subject and object that I miss.

Apparently, the Stones, too, are worried that all is not right; I hear they're planning an American tour in the spring. Whether that decision stems from a desire for artistic renewal or from nervousness about declining sales doesn't matter—it's wonderful news. The Stones were never meant to be studio recluses. They need to get out and face the people.

THE Beatles have also found it necessary to define themselves politically. But unlike the Stones they have little insight into their situation. Instead, they have taken refuge in self-righteousness, facile optimism, and status-mongering (revolution isn't hip, you'll scare away the chicks). Not that I believe the Beatles have any obligation to be political activists, or even political sophisticates. There are many ways to serve mankind, and one is to give pleasure. Who among the Beatles' detractors has so enriched the lives of millions of kids? No, all I ask of the Beatles is a little taste. When Bob Dylan renounced politics, he also renounced preaching. "Revolution," in contrast, reminds me of the man who refuses a panhandler and then can't resist lecturing him on the error of his ways. It takes a lot of chutzpah for a multimillionaire to assure the rest of us, "You know it's gonna be all right." And Lennon's "Change your head" line is just an up-to-date version of "Let them eat cake;" anyone in a position to follow such advice doesn't need it.

We may as well face it. Deep within John Lennon there's a fusty old Tory struggling to get out. Yet I think "Revolution" protests too much. It has been obvious for a while—ever since all

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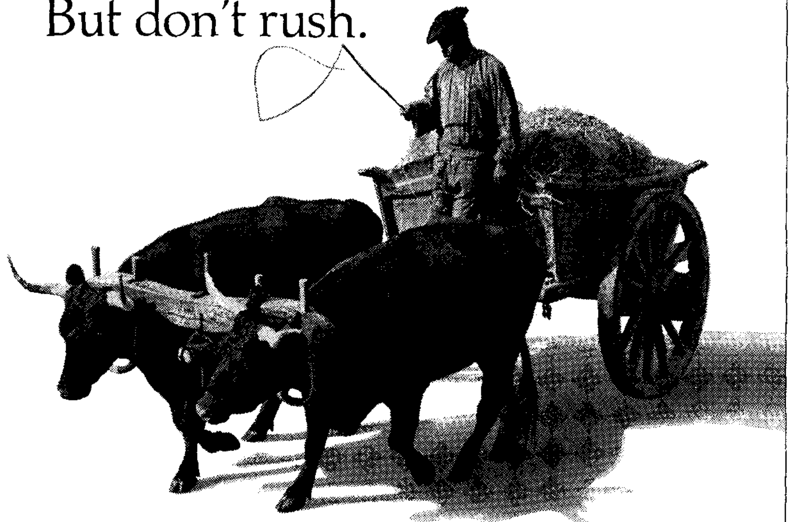

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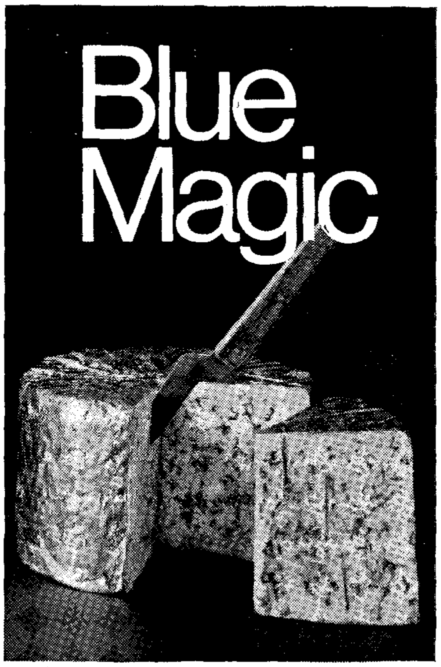
the Beatles grew beards and/or mustaches and George announced "We're tired of that kiddie image"—that they're suffering growing pains of the who-am-I-and-where-am-I-going-and-how-do-my-money-and-fame-fit-in variety. When they were four silly kids jumping around on a stage, making tons of money was a rebellious act—they were thumbing their noses at the Protestant ethic. But once Leonard Bernstein had certified them as bona-fide artists they began in the eyes of society to *deserve* all that money. They could no longer accept it as just part of the lark. It's no accident that the Maharishi was not only a believer in transcendental meditation but a believer in the virtue of material things. And would John have needed to write "Revolution" if on some level he hadn't felt a little defensive? He can see that all those student revolutionaries are sufficiently well-off to do more or less what he's done, if on a less spectacular scale—that is, to find a personal solution within the system—yet they've chosen a far less comfortable route. I notice that in the album version of "Revolution" he has put the ambivalence right into the song: "Don't you know that you can count me out—in?" And he admitted to a *Rolling Stone* reporter that if he were black he might not be so "meek and mild." Good.

Everybody has to grow up, but few people have done it as late or as publicly as Lennon. Though Dylan also went through a protracted adolescence in front of a mass audience, he at least battled the media for every scrap of his private life. John takes us through all the changes—LSD, religion, politics, broken marriage, love affair. In the context of this openness, the nude pictures of him and Yoko are very touching. I'm sure he didn't analyze what he was doing—isn't everyone undressing these days?—but he certainly gets my most-inspired-whim-of-the-year award. What makes the pictures beautiful is that the bodies *aren't* beautiful; by choosing to reveal them John is telling his fans that celebrities aren't gods, that people shouldn't be ashamed of their bodies just because they're imperfect, that even a Beatle can love a woman who isn't a pinup. When I think of both of them looking so vulnerable, I don't resent "Revolution" so much. How can I expect someone to be right all the time?

About the new album. To get it over with, here's what I *don't* like:

(1) Calling the album "The Beatles" and packaging it in a white cover. Ev-



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eryone's going back to basics, and it's getting boring. The right cover would have been pictures of John and Yoko, clothed.

(2) The slowed-down version of "Revolution." Aside from the lyrics, the song was fine: good, heavy hard rock. You could even dance to it. Why do it at half the speed? So that we can hear the words better?

(3) "Revolution 9." Though I know nothing about electronic music, it sounds to me like the worst kind of pretentious nonsense. Friends who are more knowledgeable than I am concur.

(4) The album is just a bit too in-groupy. It parodies Bob Dylan, Tiny Tim, the Beach Boys, fifties gospel rock, blues, and music-hall songs; a whole song is devoted to discussing the Beatles' previous work; and one of the songs on the record alludes to another. But it's all done so well that this is a minor criticism.

Otherwise, this album is very satisfying. The Beatles have always blended sentimentality with irreverence. Lately, the sentimentality has become fantasy and the irreverence a whimsical disregard of linguistic conventions. Whether or not it has anything to do with their politics, "The Beatles," even more than "Magical Mystery Tour," belongs to a private world. And what doesn't work in life works fine in art. By "private" I don't mean exclusive; the Beatle world is one anybody can get into. "The Beatles" is a terrific children's album—much better than Donovan's "For Little Ones"—yet there is nothing prohibitively childish about it. The songs are funny (especially "Piggies" and "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?"), moving ("I'm So Tired" and "Julia"), clever ("Rocky Raccoon"), singable ("Ob-la-di, Ob-la-da" and "Back in the U.S.S.R."). For sheer fun with language, none of the lyrics quite come up to "I Am the Walrus," but the general level is high. A special treat is Ringo Starr's first song, "Don't Pass Me By." It's beautiful, especially the verse that goes, "I'm sorry that I doubted you,/ I was so unfair./ You were in a car crash,/ And you lost your hair." Ringo, you keep us all sane. The Beatles might still be with the giggling guru if you hadn't turned up your nose at the curry. "Don't Pass Me By" makes up for all George Harrison's Indian songs, plus "The Fool on the Hill." The screaming teen-ager in me wants to know how your Beatle museum is coming along, and sends her love to Maureen and the kids—and to you.

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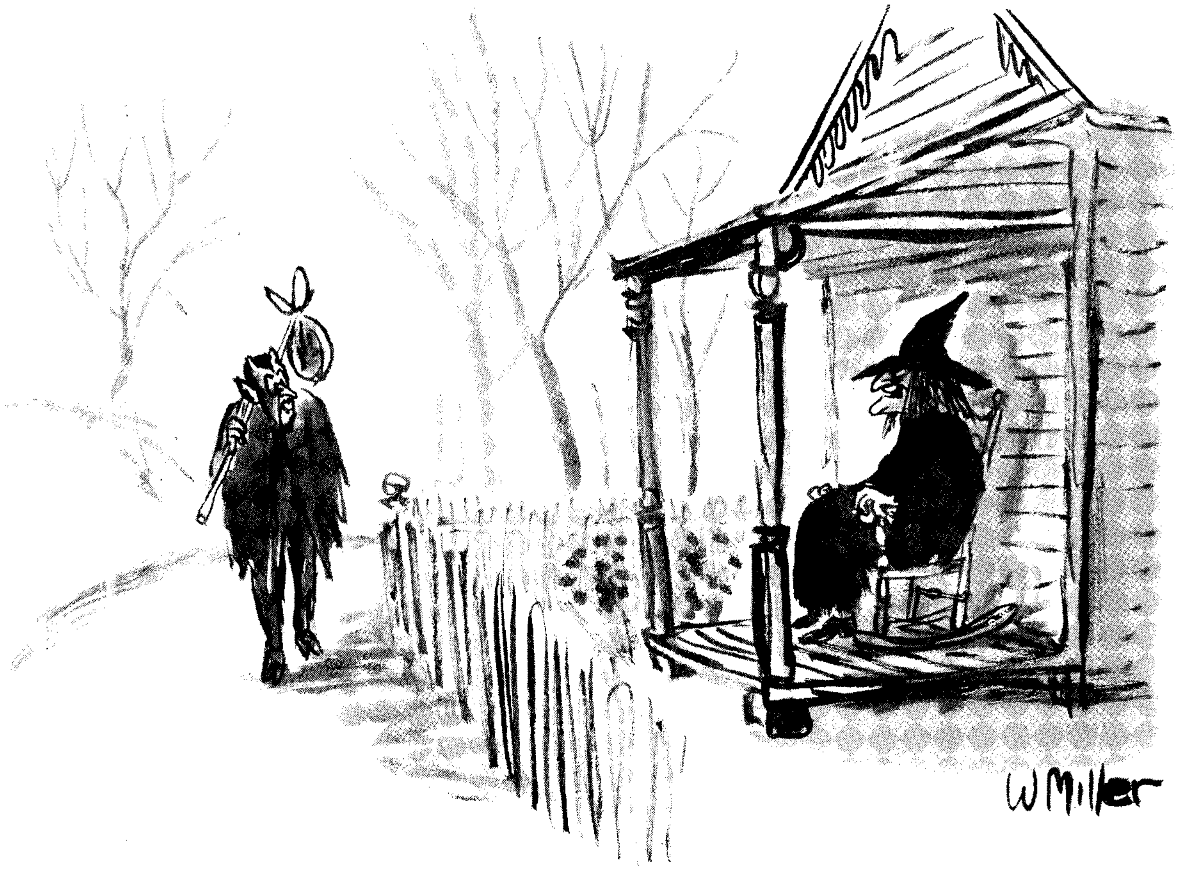
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 25

HIGH-MINDEDNESS continues by and large to prevail—expressed sotto-voce, by Presidential directive—but information remains in short supply. There is very nearly as much uncertainty this week as there was last about what, in terms of priority and specific policy, the new Administration intends, and if Arthur Burns, the Columbia University economist who some believe is to be the most influential of Richard Nixon's advisers, speaks with authority, it may be several weeks before many of the mysteries are dispelled and the first elements of a "significant legislative program" are sent to Congress. Burns said yesterday that he thought some programs might be in shape by March. To the generalities of his Inaugural Address the President has publicly added nothing except the assertion—gratuitous, one would have thought—that his will be a "working" Cabinet. Few of his aides have done more than echo approved sentiments. The Vice-President has been heard to say only that he hopes the federal government can lower the sale price of the Brooklyn Navy Yard to New York City. The new Secretary of State, apart from authorizing Ambassador Yost, at the United Nations, to express the Administration's hope that Middle Eastern questions will be discussed and, if possible, settled according to U.N. procedures, has gone no further than to assure his subordinates that he will be pleased to entertain "divergent views" within the Department; it would surprise many people here if the new State Department head came upon much in the way of divergence among the career men in that agency. The Secretary of the Treasury has eschewed all talk of policy for the time being and has committed himself to nothing but the retention of thirty-five dollars an ounce as the price of gold—a commitment that would have been unnecessary if he had not, before taking office, caused some fluttering among money men by saying, as any good bureaucrat does these days, that he hoped to "keep all options open." The Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, after extensive and extensively publicized consultations with his predecessor, told the press that they had found "widespread consensus on our set of priorities," which is what always comes out of such friendly meetings, but since it was well known beforehand that the two agreed, as most people in government do, that H.E.W. is in need first of all of huge reorganization, this shed no light on policy.

Very likely it is sound politics and is much in the public interest for members of the new government to stand either mute or, when that is impossible, platitudinous in this period. No one really has any doubt about the highest priorities: they are to get out of the war in Vietnam, to avoid other wars, and to somehow keep this country from falling apart. Those who have addressed themselves to the last of these matters have drawn up reasonably specific plans and programs, but, for a variety of good reasons, it makes rather little sense to talk about them until they are given some sort of legislative form, and this cannot very well be done until the Administration and the leaders of the opposition Congress have come to some kind of understanding on how they will or will not work together. Such understandings are always fragile and subject to early replacement by misunderstandings, but even if the Nixon Administration knew exactly what it wanted to do and had the most reliable assurances of coöperation from the party commanders in Congress, the policy of rhetorical restraint and of making as few pronouncements as possible about the immediate future would be justified, on the ground that right now the future of this country is being determined more by events in Paris and Vietnam—and, it might be added, in Moscow and Tel Aviv and Cairo—than by deliberations here. For without an early prospect of peace, it hardly matters whether the President and Congress can work together or what kinds of programs the Administration will advocate. In his State of the Union Message six days before his retirement, Lyndon Johnson boasted that it had been feasible for his Administration to fight the war in Vietnam and at the same time institute large reforms at home, and the implication was that if he had been able to do that Richard



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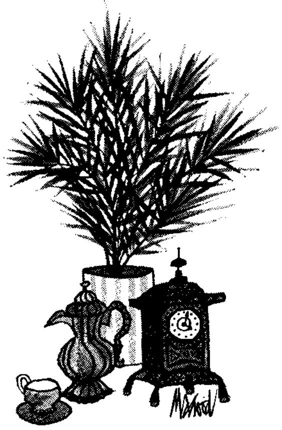
Nixon should not find it beyond him. But this was highly disingenuous. Johnson was delivering—almost certainly with a great deal of reluctance and bitterness, as well as with some relief—a farewell address, and his leave-taking was occasioned by the war in Vietnam and not by any lack of social concern on the part of the Republicans. It is true that the economy has borne up under the strains of both war and an expansion of government services, and perhaps—despite the fact that the economy is now somewhat more vulnerable than it was a few years back—Nixon, with an accommodating Congress, can keep up the supply of guns and increase the supply of butter. But the problem is not essentially an economic one. This country is in trouble not because of the strains the war has imposed on the economy but because of the strains it has imposed on the society. The Nixon people, who owe their presence here to the effect of the war on national unity, know this, and know that little semblance of unity can be restored in this country until there is disengagement in Vietnam. When, or if, this is accomplished, a large and fundamentally economic barrier to unity may then rise to impede them. For if this country gets out of the counter-insurgency business only to find itself in a stepped-up missile, counter-missile, and nuclear-arms race, the spiralling costs will far exceed Vietnam, and butter will really be scarce and costly. Still, the first barrier is Vietnam and the disunity it has caused, and unless there is some forward movement toward peace, talk of "moving forward together" will be merely talk.



In his address last Monday, Nixon spoke more approvingly of peace—peace in the abstract, peace above ideology, peace without victory—than any other President in modern times, and no one scoffed or suggested the possibility of mental reservations. Nixon was an ardent and unapologetic hawk as early as the beginning of last year, and he might well have remained one if he had continued practicing corporation law and addressing county chairmen. He ran for President instead, and quickly, as is his custom, grasped the realities of the situation. Far more than his residual Quakerism—to which he refers more often nowadays than he ever did in the past—and far more than any promise of future blessedness led him to his present desire to be a "peacemaker." He knows now that the desire must be fulfilled if he is to avoid presiding over the disintegration of the Republic. He cannot merely proclaim peace—as if it were Thanksgiving Day—by Presidential prerogative, but he unquestionably could, if he were willing to face the consequences, order the rapid withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam. Though many of the consequences would be painful, both here and abroad, he could do it at less cost to himself and his Administration than any Democratic President could. He may come to that in the end if negotiations are unproductive, but he has reason now to think—or, at any rate, to hope—that traditional diplomacy can work, and even go beyond a settlement in Vietnam. The reports from Paris on the first day of the resumed negotiations do not much strengthen this hope, but there have been other developments that have led many people here to think that President Nixon's opportunities are of unprecedented magnitude. He may have been elected without much in the way of a "mandate" on domestic policies, but in foreign affairs he is as free an agent as any President has been since the end of the Second World War. The Cold War mentality is just about dead in this country; one of its most eloquent spokesmen, the new Secretary of Defense, has said that he can conceive of coexistence with Communists in South Vietnam, and the apathy with which both our government and its people have met the Soviet take-over in Czechoslovakia, though it is hardly admirable in a moral or political sense, does suggest that, at least in American foreign policy, ideology, if not dead, is expiring rapidly. As far as the electorate and most of its representatives are concerned, it seems that the President is almost completely free to make any kind of accommodation he wants.

It takes two or more to make a diplomatic accommodation, and it may turn out that our adversaries in Vietnam are not yet ready to give the President the prize he seeks. His very eagerness to get it may embolden them to withhold it or to raise its price, and in that case he will shortly have to decide between alternatives of the most

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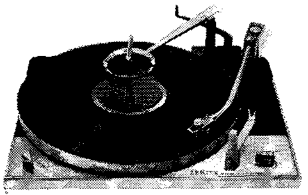

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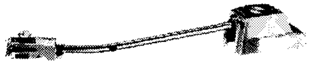

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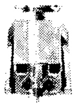

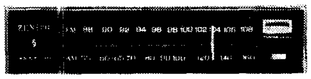

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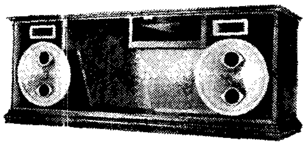

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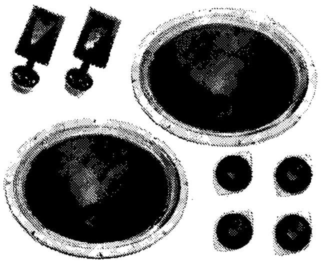

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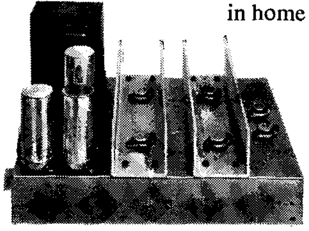

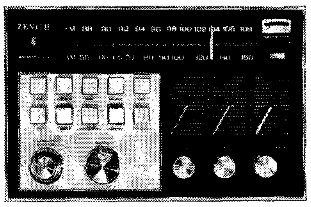

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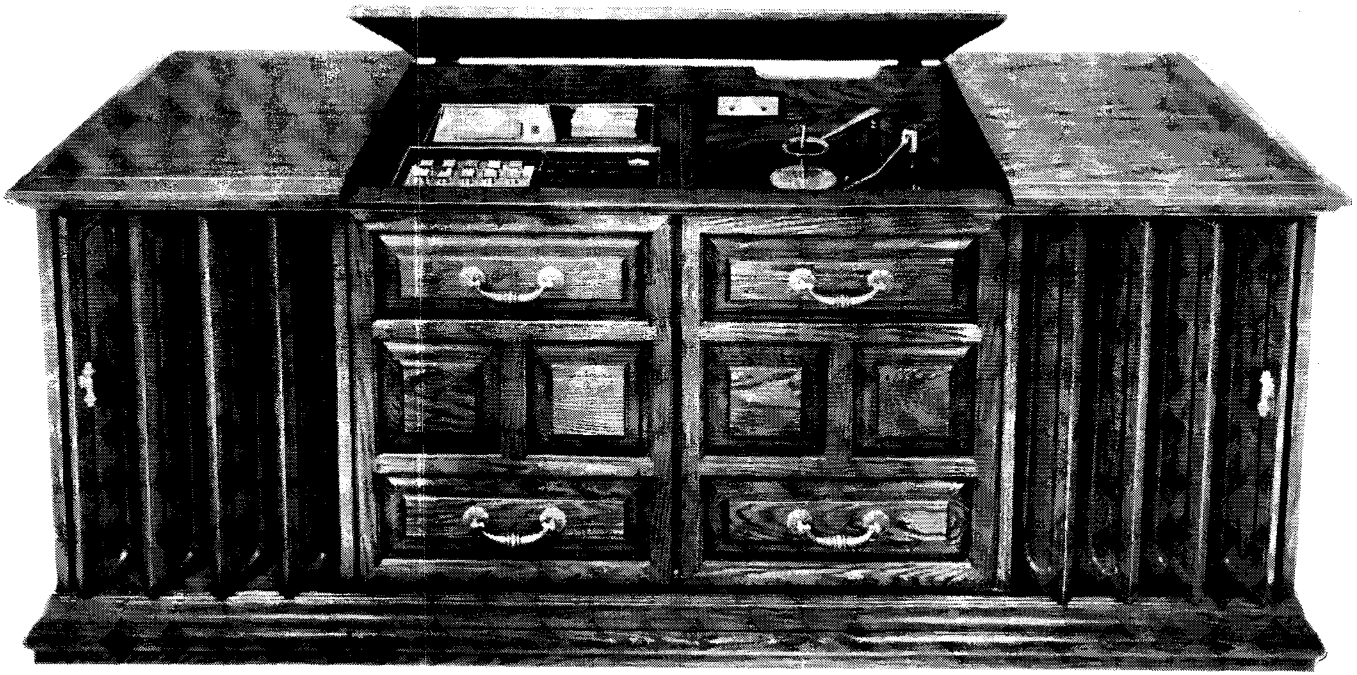

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disagreeable sort. However, North Vietnam, though a sovereignty apparently impervious to our military power, is, just as we are, subject to influences beyond its own frontiers, and if it rejects reasonable terms in Paris Nixon can appeal for assistance in other capitals, including Communist ones, with the expectation of receiving a sympathy that no one could afford to extend to Lyndon Johnson, who was almost universally regarded, fairly or not, as the one who had started all the trouble in the first place. And though an American President has little to offer Hanoi beyond the ending of a war that Hanoi has never seemed to find intolerable, he has some strong cards to play elsewhere in the world. Peace in the Middle East and an end to nuclear escalation among the great powers may not interest North Vietnam or the National Liberation Front, but they are of interest to Moscow, London, and Paris, and may even be of interest to Peking. Since Nixon's election, there has been mounting evidence that he may have taken office at just the moment when there is a good chance of beneficially exploiting this interest. This coincidence cannot be entirely fortuitous; much of the evidence may well have been displayed now *because* of the change in American leadership. The Russians, who all along have probably been as apprehensive as we are about a collision of interests in the Middle East but were reluctant to acknowledge apprehension, are now voicing fears and saying that they are ready to bargain. This means, to be sure, that they wish to put forward their own and their clients' case and may want our help only in imposing a Draconian settlement on Israel. But at least they perceive the danger of a bloody settlement—or, what is more likely, one more bloody non-settlement—and are eager enough to talk to have encouraged their principal client, Cairo, to resume diplomatic relations with Richard Nixon's Washington. As far as disarmament negotiations are concerned, the Soviets' interests must be exactly the same as ours: fear and the saving of money—though perhaps the order should be reversed. Some analysts have speculated that the Russians may also wish to reduce Soviet-American tensions so as to be free to deal with the problem of Sino-Soviet tensions; if that is part of the case, the Nixon Administration can welcome it, for it seems to be Peking's anticipation of increased Sino-Soviet tensions that led it, a few weeks after Nixon's election, to propose bilateral talks with Washing-

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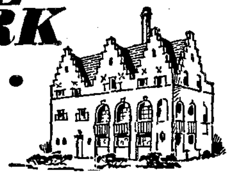

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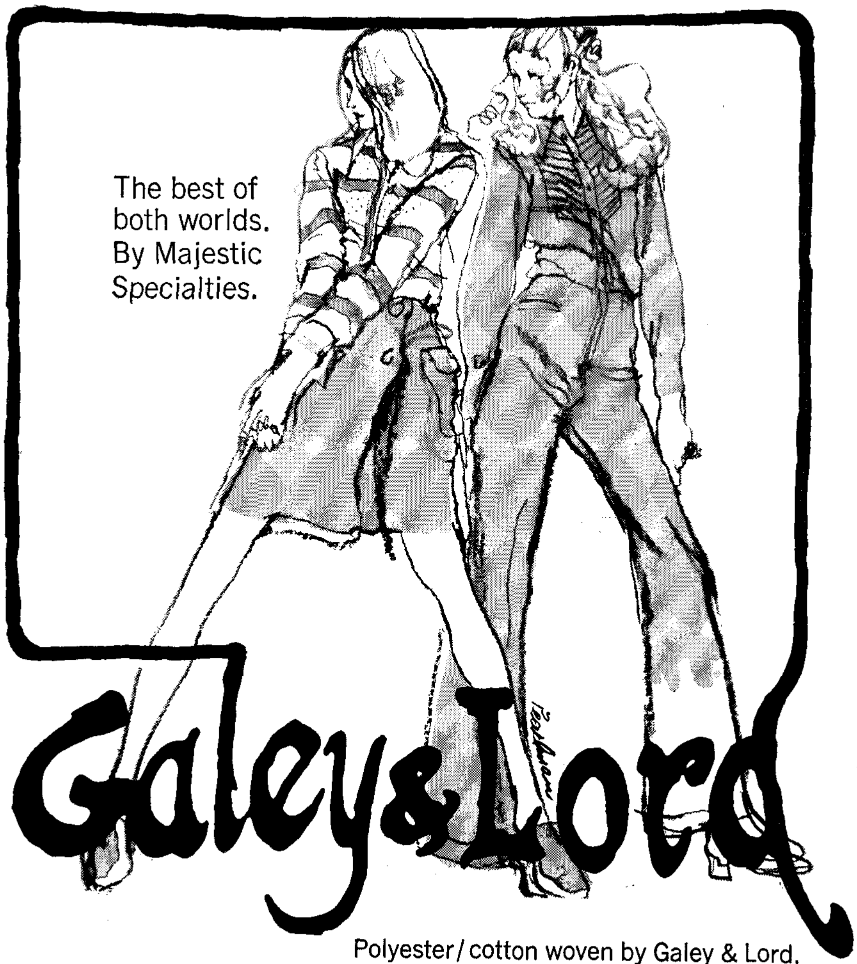
ton on "mutual coexistence." The first of these will be held in Warsaw next month.

MOST of the auguries, then, seem favorable to the new President. Not even his mentor, Dwight Eisenhower, had such opportunities. But Eisenhower was fortunate in another, and conceivably a more important, way. He did not have to reckon with the domestic costs of failure as Nixon does today. His personal prestige in the country and the world was immense; if he failed to solve a problem, his indulgent countrymen would assume that the problem was insoluble or unimportant. In retrospect, it is clear that he failed not merely to solve but to be aware of many of the problems that his successors inherited. His legacy was largely one of neglect, and his protégé is cognizant of this. But only the immediate past can be a refuge for politicians; Nixon may be able to score some points by pinning the blame on Johnson, but the statute of limitations in such matters has a very short run—nowadays, one would guess, no more than a few months. And, for all his freedom from the past, Nixon may, through no personal fault, be unable to find the peace he so much wants in Vietnam. There are drags of the present as well as of the past. It is all very well, for example, to note the passing of the Cold War mentality in this country, but a war mentality still exists. Thanks to the Cold War, and also to the World War that preceded it, the American military has become an enormous force in American life, with interests of its own—mostly unideological—to maintain. This was one of the problems that Eisenhower did anticipate—and he is justly celebrated for having done so, though he did not get around even to mentioning it until he was leaving office. As Commander-in-Chief, Nixon has the Constitutional authority to take any military course in Vietnam, including unilateral withdrawal, and all the opinion polls have advised him that the electorate would not oppose—indeed, would welcome—any resolution of the conflict that he considered acceptable. But not all the rules of the game are to be found in the Constitution, and power is not so evenly distributed in this country that a President with a majority behind him has all the authority he needs to pursue any course he regards as prudent and in the national interest. He must seek the advice and consent of other men of power. As an American politician, Melvin Laird may be able to contem-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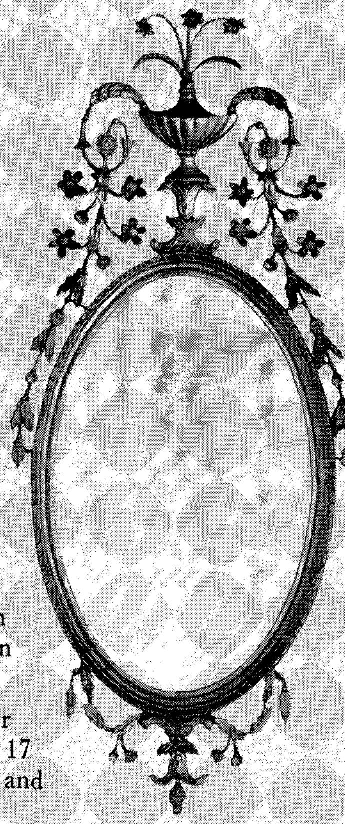
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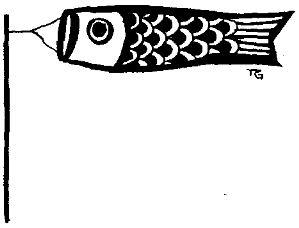
plate the possibility of a Communist regime in South Vietnam without too much distress, but in his new role as Secretary of Defense he must serve as the spokesman for a huge and proud establishment that cannot without great distress contemplate anything that could be described as a defeat for American arms. That establishment has powerful allies in other executive agencies, in the Congress, and in American industry, and no President can conduct foreign policy without feeling the pressures of what Eisenhower called "the military-industrial complex." It may seem clear to Nixon and to most of his advisers that there is no hope for safety and no hope for an improved American society except in disarmament and diplomacy, but he will be able to act on this perception only if he can persuade other governments, with their own military-industrial complexes, of its truth and of his own good faith, and only, in all probability, if he can persuade or override those who have been charged with our safety in the past and who conceive of it in almost exclusively military terms.



Still, hope runs high and can be defended on rational grounds. Hanoi must surely feel that it has already made its point about the chinks in our armor. Its power and our lack of omnipotence have been demonstrated by the fact that a new man sits in the White House and oversees our negotiations with North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front in Paris. In some quarters, there was disappointment over the choice of Ambassador Lodge as our chief negotiator. It was feared that he had been too much a part of the history of the war to make a fresh approach to its liquidation; it was also recalled that on several occasions in his diplomatic career he had chafed under discipline and substituted his own judgment for that of his superiors. However, these misgivings have—for the moment, anyway—been largely dissipated. Fresh approaches, if any, will originate in Washington; for Nixon, at the outset of an Administration that will find it increasingly difficult to govern if the mission in Paris fails, the stakes are too high to let him tolerate an ambassador who makes his own policy. Moreover, it is thought by many people that Lodge, precisely because of his old connections in Saigon, may be more effective in heading off obstruction from the junta that rules there. As for our dealings with the Soviet Union over the Middle East and arms control, what hope there is rests largely on the assumption that there is a fair amount of stability in Moscow and that the men within the Politburo who have the power of decision are confident of being able to hold on to it. Since the occupation of Czechoslovakia last August, Kremlinologists in and out of the government have believed that a change of leadership was in the making. Brezhnev and Kosygin, they felt certain, were bound to come under attack from those who would say that the liberals in Prague should never have been allowed to go so far in the first place, and also from those who would say that the occupation was a bungle that weakened rather than strengthened Soviet power. The Kremlinologists may be right, and, in fact, for all anyone here knows, changes in leadership and the distribution of power may have already taken place. But, whatever has or has not happened, Soviet officials have been making conciliatory gestures rather than hostile ones, as in the recent past, and these suggest that they have the confidence of their peers and the authority to negotiate. If this is so, Nixon, early in his Administration, may have the chance to put not only his countrymen but the world in his debt. He is almost certainly in a better position now than he will be in for the rest of his term to deal with the political problems that will inevitably arise in this country if new accommodations are in the making.

BECAUSE of Vietnam, there will be no "hundred days" for the Nixon Administration; the traditional period of bipartisan grace and good feeling may be over before the President can speak with much certainty of what he wants and plans to do. There will be work on the budget, of course, and on certain other pending matters, and, if only to keep reminding the country of the fact that there is a new Administration, a good deal of bustle in the executive agencies. But a day will come when hard choices will have to be made. Opinion here at the moment is very much divided over the direction in which Nixon's political instincts will lead him. Those instincts are essentially conservative, and most observers are agreed that if his hopes for peace are dashed he will have no choice but to hold a firm position on

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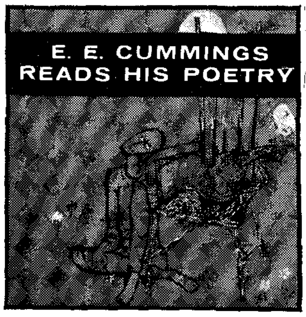
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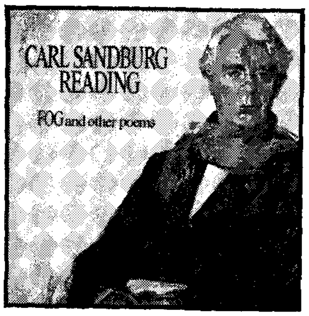
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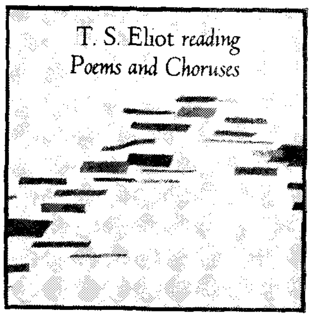
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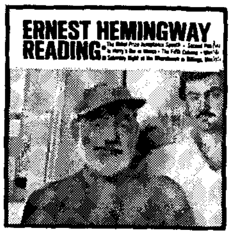
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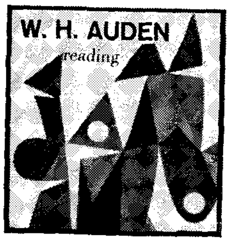
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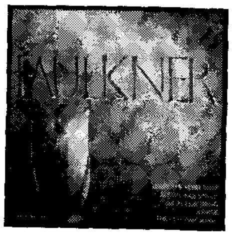

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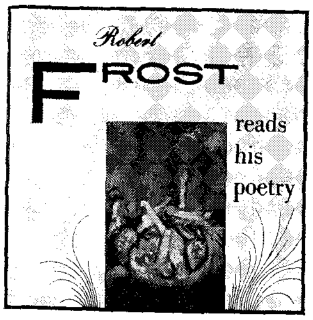
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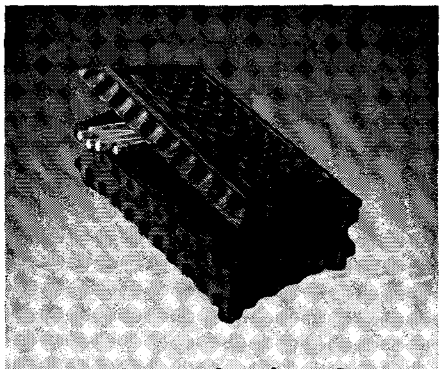

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the right. If this Congress is less liberal than the last one, the difference is slight—probably negligible in terms of the relative strengths of voting blocs. But the last Congress was not sympathetic to innovation, and neither will this one be, unless there is some kind of economic miracle that will make possible the financing of large programs and the banking of a surplus. If the level of domestic disorder and violence increases—and it seems certain that it will, barring a social miracle that looks even less likely than an economic one—there will be a demand for repression that the Administration could not deny even if it wished to. The President has not talked much about "law and order" since his election, but he has appointed to the Department of Justice men who are generally regarded by their colleagues as "hard-liners," and even if he wished to forget his campaign promises about crime and violence, neither the Congress nor the country would allow him to. At the moment, the federal government has few effective powers of repression—it has a very limited jurisdiction in criminal matters, and the F.B.I. is not a police force in any broad sense—but new instrumentalities could be forged almost overnight in Congress, and not a peep of protest would be heard from the defenders of states' rights.

But Nixon is too astute not to realize that if events conspire to make him a conservative President and an enforcer of repressive measures, he is bound to be put down as a failure not only in the judgment of history but also in the narrowest and most immediate political terms. Because he is a minority President, his problem is not simply to hold the coalition that elected him last year but to build a broader one, which can support him in his first term and elect him to a second term if he wishes one. The coalition that elected him in 1968 will probably never again have the strength to place first even in a three-way national election. History itself is dismantling it through urbanization, the steady lowering of the median age of the voting population, and other developments that no politician has much power to control. Nixon's political task is to add to the diminishing base of his 1968 support enough people who voted for one of the other candidates to give him an effective constituency as President and as a possible candidate in 1972. If he finds himself fulfilling George Wallace's campaign promises, Wallace may stand aside and let his support go to Nixon. The President would be strengthened by this, but

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only in the most undesirable ways—even in the event that the attendant losses of "moderate" support were small. His one real choice, then, if his hunger for acceptance and his hopes for greatness are to have any chance of satisfaction, is to befriend those—in the cities, among the minorities, among the young—who have never chosen to befriend him. If he can do this at all, he can do it only by first establishing peace and then abandoning his instinctive conservatism and redressing grievances on a scale that even Lyndon Johnson at the height of his power never attempted. Nixon seems an unlikely man to undertake all this, but there are few students of American democracy who think the democracy can hold together for very long unless he somehow succeeds. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

THE SAME OLD DAYS

[From "California: For Health, Pleasure, and Residence," by Charles Nordhoff, 1873]

California is to most Eastern people still a land of big beets and pumpkins, of rough miners, of pistols, bowie-knives, abundant fruit, queer wines, high prices—full of discomforts, and abounding in dangers to the peaceful traveler. A New Yorker, inefficient except in his own business, looking to the government, municipal, State, or Federal, for almost everything except his daily dollars; overridden by a semi-barbarous foreign population; troubled with incapable servants, private as well as public; subject to daily rudeness from car-drivers and others who ought to be civil; rolled helplessly and tediously down-town to his business in a lumbering omnibus; exposed to inconveniences, to dirty streets, bad gas, beggars, loss of time through improper conveyances; to high taxes, theft, and all kinds of public wrong, year in and year out—this New Yorker fondly imagines himself to be living at the centre of civilization, and pities the unlucky friend who is "going to California."

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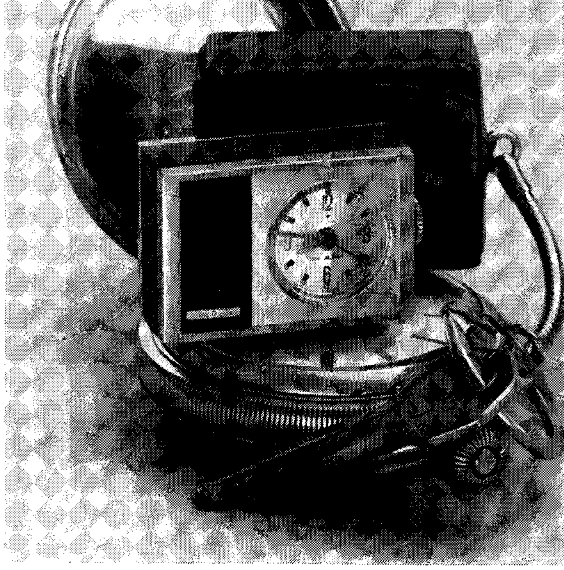

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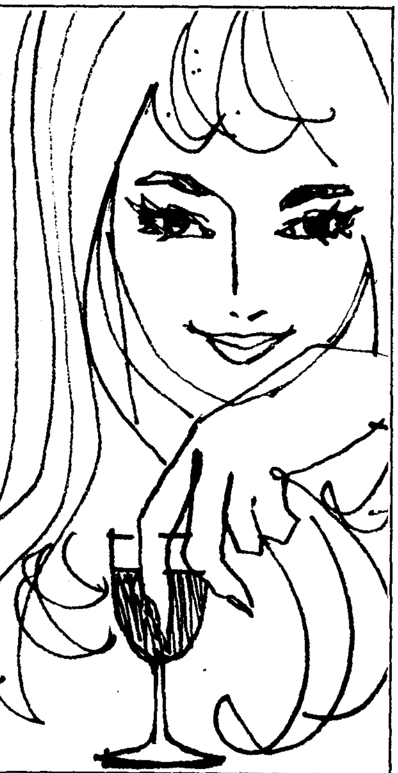

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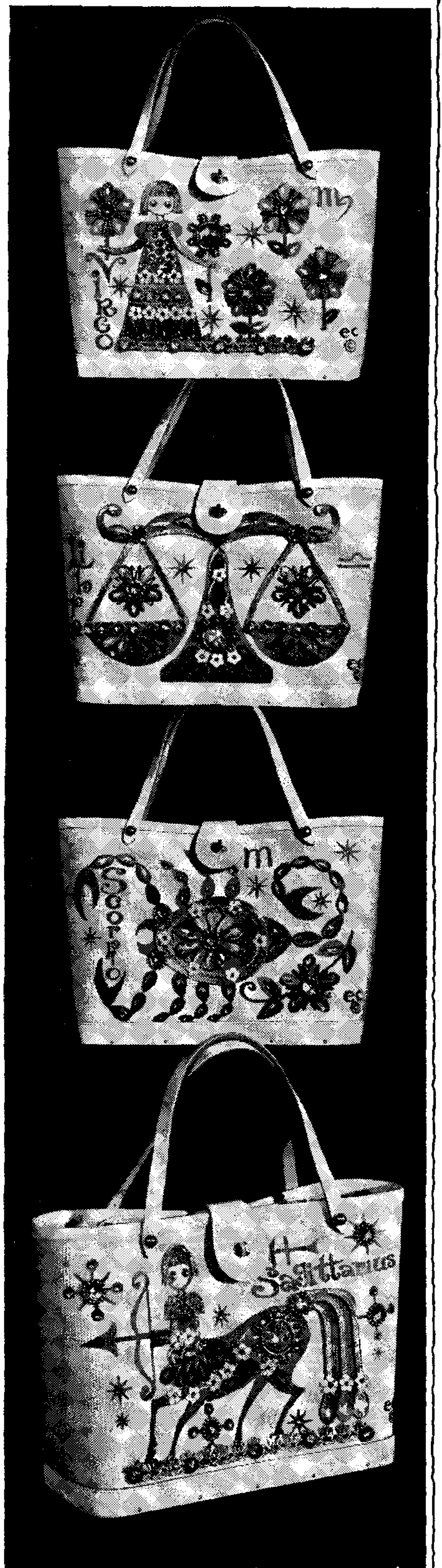

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Overkill?

“THE STALKING MOON” is a brutal horror story in a Western setting. Eva Marie Saint is rescued after ten years with the Apaches; under the protection of Gregory Peck, she escapes across country to his ranch with her half-Apache son while the boy's father—a super-sadistic killer—pursues them, butchering everyone in his path. It is not difficult to keep an audience in a state of terror when a helpless white woman is running from an evil, painted savage swathed in rough fur—King Kong without Kong's nice side. There are basically two kinds of movie chases: when you're in the position of the pursuer trying to get somewhere before something you don't want to happen happens, and when you're in the position of the pursued. When you're being hunted, as in this movie, the chase can become a nightmarish experience of tension and anxiety. This nightmare is punctuated with massacres in bloody closeup, and at the end, when Peck, wounded and bleeding, has destroyed the monster, there is no one left alive but the woman and the child and, of course, Peck. For many years, big-budget Westerns have generally tried to be respectful and sympathetic toward the Indians, and now, when “The Stalking Moon” goes back to the most primitive movie image of the vicious savage, damned if it doesn't get acclaimed in *Life* for “the simplicity and fascination of a myth dredged up from the unconscious of the race.” The moviemakers didn't really have to dredge very deep. And, in case we're not mythologically oriented, they've taken care to provide a little resonance. As Peck and the monster lie locked together, grappling in final conflict, the monster dies on top of Peck, and there is a lingering shot of his brown hand on Peck's shoulder. A study guide to “The Stalking Moon” has already been prepared. (Robert Mulligan, the director, and Peck also worked together on “To Kill a Mockingbird,” which is used as an example of movie art in courses in high schools and colleges.) One can see a new generation of teachers treating that blasted brown paw as the movie equivalent of Maule's curse.

Eva Marie Saint is competent and shows some strength, though one waits in vain for her character to develop, and Robert Forster, as a half-breed Army scout who sets an example for the young boy to emulate, has the kind of gallant, amusing role that helps actors become stars. But the picture centers on Peck, the model American. He's a dull ideal, yet his dullness works in his favor; it makes him seem more *sound*. The role of the decent superman requires an actor like Peck—an actor of proved authority—and Peck is very good in it. Why wouldn't he be? He has played it before. Actually, he has always played it (even when it wasn't called for), but I mean specifically in “Cape Fear”—a movie built on the same mechanism of a family being stalked by pure evil, and with many of the same details, even to the monster's killing the family dog. Why be afraid to pull out old stops? This is commerce, baby. If you want to show that a killer is evil, you don't take chances with just a half-dozen massacres; some people don't care about people, so he'd better kill a dog. And why leave it there? Press on. Have the old man who loves the dog become so distraught that he wanders out and gets killed, too. Wring it dry. “The Stalking Moon” doesn't have a sense of shame—only a sense of what “grabs” you. “Cape Fear” was so effective at scaring the hell out of the audience that it was generally attacked and disparaged back in 1962 as a pointless exercise in terror. How is it that just a few years later the same kind of movie can be rated “G” (for General Audiences) and recommended as a “rewarding experience”? In “Cape Fear,” the stalking monster was a character in the movie (Robert Mitchum as a reptilian, sadistic sex maniac). Horrible and exciting as the movie was, it was limited in its frame of reference; both men were white, and the setting was modern and urban, so the movie was merely a gruesome shocker, obviously designed to give you thrills. But in “The Stalking Moon” we never get a clear look at the monster (except for his dead hand), so the audience can project onto him much more easily, and the movie is set in the eighteen-eighties and has so many authentic-looking details that people can experience the tensions of a sadistic horror story while feeling that they're appreciating the realism of this picture of the

Old West. The crude log cabins may be just another example of the amazing things they're doing with plastics these days, and the old stagecoach may be just décor for the horror story, but people who want to elevate what they're responding to can clutch at those details and at the bits of human interest—which are décor, too. And, because the conflict is not between *characters*, they can see the film as "the struggle between the good guys and the bad," as the study guide suggests, and they can go all the way into irrationality with the study guide, which informs schoolchildren that "the duel" between Peck and the mad monster "represents symbolically the clash between the white settlers and the Apaches of the Southwest."

There has always been a basic ambivalence in the Westerns that dealt with Indian vs. white. Even when the Indians were represented as betrayed and goaded beyond endurance—and they often have been represented that way—the audience, in the crunch of the final battle, rooted for the white settlers huddled against their wagons while the flaming arrows of "the savages" flew toward them. The hero and heroine would survive, the Indians would be wiped out or driven off. This ambivalence is the plague of the Western: ultimately, the whites are the good guys and the Indians the bad guys. If we were appalled during the Second World War by all those movies that turned the issues of the war into a simple contest between us (good, decent, human) and them (evil, cruel, treacherous, fanatic, psychopathic, inhuman), and if we refuse to go to see something like "The Green Berets" because the standard movie reduction of the issues to good and evil and the dehumanization of the enemy are repulsive to us, then maybe we should ask: What's going on in "The Stalking Moon," with that Apache in his bestial garb? Because if he's a symbol, I don't think it's for the Apaches of the Southwest. I think he's a stand-in.

To return to what *Life* says about the movie: "It is an examination in archetype of good and evil locked in a death grapple. It has the simplicity and fascination of a myth dredged up from the unconscious of the race. It is, in this simplicity, what movies are all about." People may think this is what movies are all about because this conflict between good guys and bad guys is what moved them as children and they may have the desire to be gripped the same way when they go to movies as adults. They feel it's the real thing—

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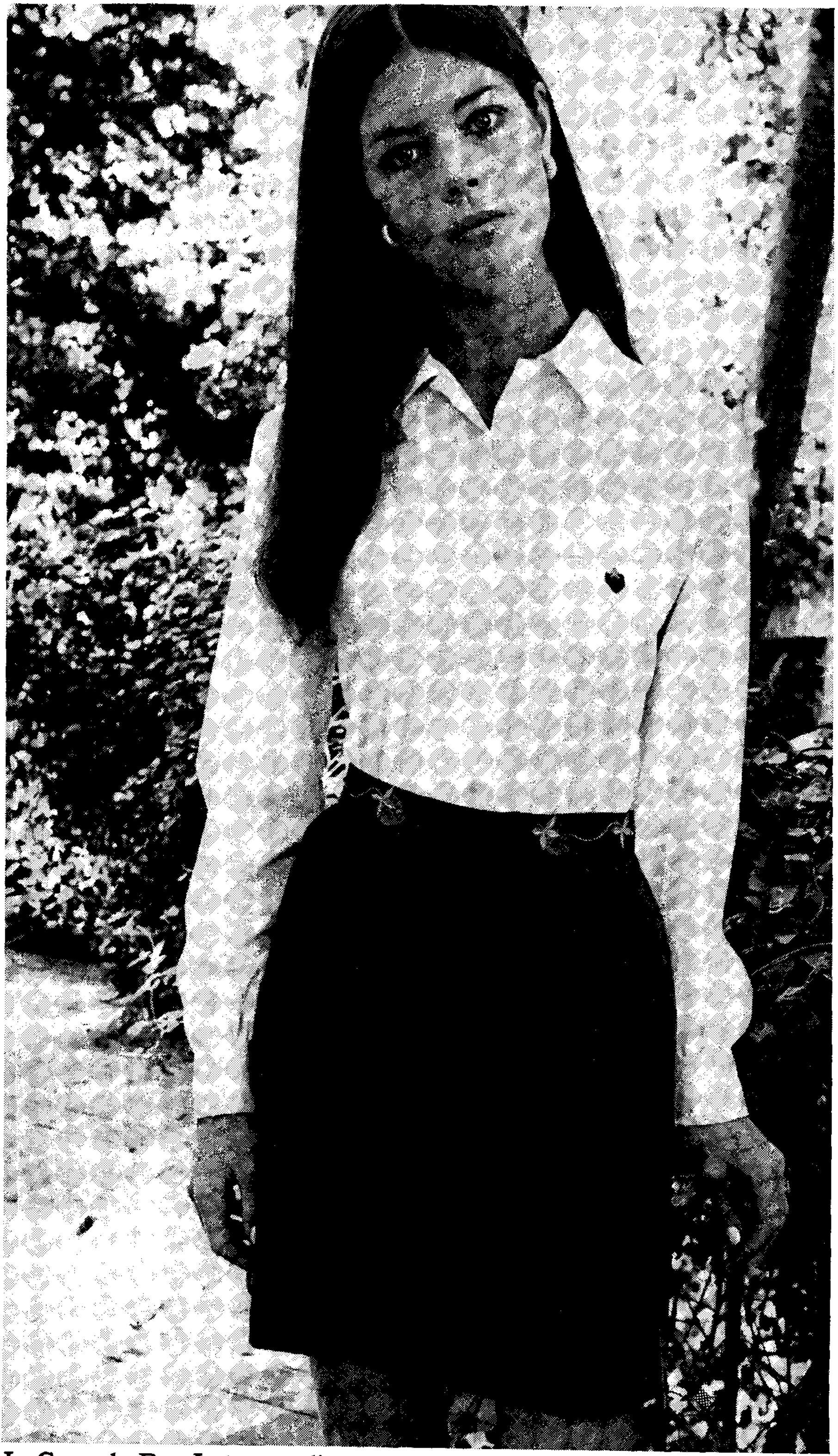

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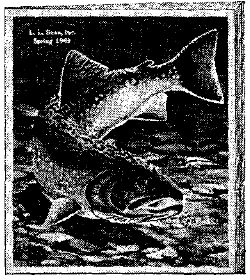

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"pure movie"—when it's a basic morality play. If the monster were not an Apache in a bearskin but a Jew dressed in money, that could tap "the unconscious," too. And if the monster were a naked black man carrying a spear, the movie could score a knockout at the "unconscious" level. The Apache has been stripped of all humanity in order to make him function as pure bad guy, and then we are told that the child must make a *choice* between the cultures of his mother and his father, as if between his good and evil heritages. The child's soul is being battled for, and his final winning over to his mother's culture becomes the moral aim of the picture. The implication is that if his Indian side wins, his future will be murderous and the country will be in turmoil, but if his white side wins, all will go well for the country. (The adult half-breed who has taken the right road sacrifices his life for the whites.) What *is* this crazy movie about? In a movie in which an artist is in control, we can try to examine what he's doing, but in this kind of factory picture, with its conflicting intentions and its compromises and its sanctimonious think pieces about the future of America, we can't tell what's going on, because it doesn't represent *anybody's* point of view. Yet in dropping the usual sympathies and explanations, in treating the Apache as evil incarnate, it's very much of this time and of the tendency now to think that we're cutting through to the truth—if not of what happened, of how people feel. Oversimplification seems to be in style. It's easy to make fun of the equivocation in the more flexible and more historical approaches of recent Westerns, but I wonder if we should be so eager to sweep away the modern movie tradition of showing that issues of good and evil are not clear-cut, that dehumanizing the enemy is often a way of justifying our own inhumanity.

The plot of "The Stalking Moon" doesn't grow organically from the material and it never takes up the subject right at hand—what the white woman has experienced in her ten years of captivity. It's just a plot rigged to scare us and keep us scared. And it does—even though we can see perfectly clearly that if the woman at her moment of liberation, when she says she must leave the area immediately, were asked "Why?" and explained, she could be given a military escort and the movie would be over. At every step, the plot proceeds fraudulently just to prolong the movie: Forster shouts when he should shoot, the Apache ab-

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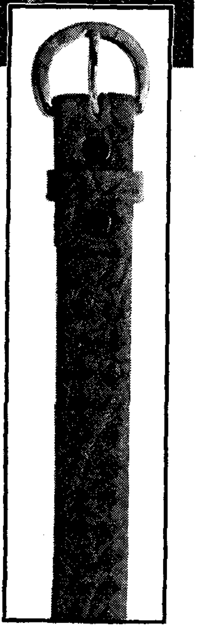

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ducts the woman to no particular purpose, Peck waits too long to fire, and so on. The movie isn't directed well enough to conceal the improbabilities, and Mulligan doesn't have the aptitude for violence of an Arthur Penn or a Sam Peckinpah—directors who can give violence meaning. But this kind of movie can be "effective" even when it's poorly done, because it hits below the belt. And to be violently teased simply isn't enough reason to go to a movie. It is not enough for the aim of a movie to be to "grab" you and hold your attention. If that is its only aim, it offends even as it succeeds, because you resent the manipulation. I resent the assumption that we are so bored and corrupt that we will be pleased whenever we are not bored. Since I am not bored outside the theatre, why should I go in to see a movie whose only purpose is to keep me from being bored? I don't think the basic morality play *is* what movies are all about. On the contrary, I think it is what movies in the past have too often been about. Maybe we shouldn't be so eager to dredge up myths—Pop versions of old wives' tales—from what so many people now call the unconscious when they probably just mean pulps and comics and old movies. Because, of course, these myths are formed of fear and prejudice. Old movies are full of them because the easiest, fastest way for commercial entertainment to appeal to a mass audience is to touch soft spots. I have been very harsh on this movie, and perhaps, like "The Stalking Moon," this is overkill, but movies, along with the other arts, can open us to complexities, and I don't think we should applaud this kind of infantile, primitive regression.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

JACK KOFOED, MEET LARRY KING!

A patron asked Harry Ridge, owner of Place Pigalle, what it takes to operate a successful night club. "Nothing but customers," said Harry.—*Jack Kofoed in the Miami Herald, January 11.*

A patron asked Jules Podell, owner of the Copacabana in New York, what it takes to operate a successful cafe. "Nothing but customers," he answered.—*Larry King in the same issue of the same paper.*

•

A proposal that Europe be made a part of the Greater New York Region was referred to the Constitution and By-laws Committee and to the Chapters Committee.—*Communication from the A.C.M. (Association for Computing Machinery).*

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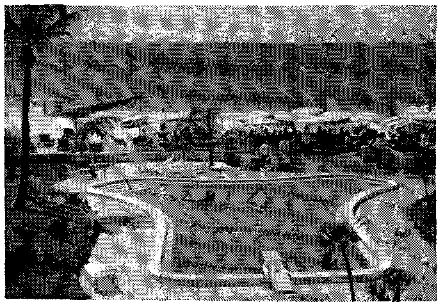

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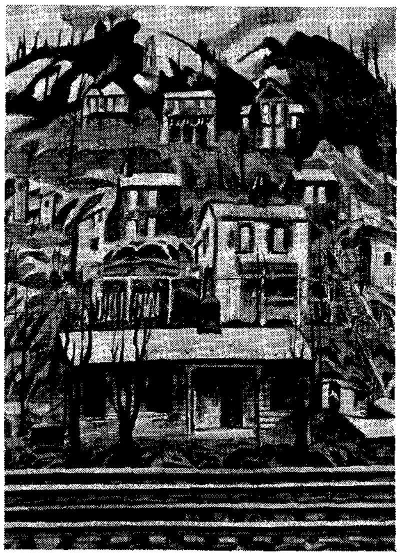
THE RACE TRACK

Never a Dull Moment

IT'S hard to say just when racing at Hialeah stops being fun and gets to be routine, but it's safe to say that it is seldom dull. The Royal Palm Handicap, at seven furlongs—the main event there last weekend—resulted in a thrilling three-horse finish, the victory going to Calumet Farm's Royal Exchange, with Beaukins second and Pappa Steve third. The Calumet Farm colt, who led all the way, bore out in the stretch, but after an inquiry the stewards decided not to order his number taken down. In the race that followed, also at seven furlongs, Vitriolic, the top two-year-old in 1967, who went lame last February, returned to competition, but the best he could do was finish fourth. He'll be back again. Earlier in the week, eligibles for the Flamingo Stakes, on March 4th, and the spring classics for three-year-olds later on had their first public trial in the Hibiscus Stakes, at six furlongs, in which Fast Hilarious lived up to the first part of his name, winning by three lengths in 1:09 2/5. Yolas Prince was second and Prevailing third. Eighth, and far back among the also-rans, was the full brother of Bold Lad and Successor, who is hopefully named The Heir.

In the course of the week, Hialeah had battery trouble. It seems that a jockey intended to use one to stimulate his horse to greater efforts; he was caught at the starting gate and suspended, and his case was referred to the state racing commission. Dearie me, it's been years since I heard of anyone using a "buzzer," as trainers call it. Back in the bad old days, when racing was not so commercialized, you could pick up a basketful of such devices after a race at any track in the hinterland. The contrivance consists of a dry-cell battery with an induction coil that steps up the voltage to a high level. It's small enough for a jockey to hold in the palm of his hand, and when he presses its contact points against the neck of his mount the shock it gives surpasses that of a bullwhip in the hands of an expert. The horse doesn't always win, however. (They do not, incidentally, order this matter better in France. A jockey I knew who rode there once told me about a buzzer he wore, and I mean wore, in a race at



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Saint-Cloud—the race in which Kircubbin beat Ksar, and which Ernest Hemingway used in "My Old Man." The battery was fastened to a belt around the rider's waist—under his silks, of course—with wires leading to the spurs on his boots. It short-circuited, and he wasn't in the first three.)

THE Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first of Santa Anita's jackpots running into six figures, comes up this weekend. Dark Mirage has gone to California for this one, but so far this department's little darling isn't having much luck in her venture. She was to have had a prep in the Santa Monica Handicap last week, her first start since last July, but she was scratched because the track was muddy—a condition under which she doesn't run well, not because of the way she gallops, for her action is smooth and effortless, or because of the size of her feet, which are small, but perhaps because she just doesn't like getting them wet. And, what with all the rain Los Angeles has been having, the track at Santa Anita may not be dry enough for her to run in the Strub. If she does, may she have the best of luck and a speedy journey. Even if the footing had been fast, winning the Santa Monica might have been a large order for Dark Mirage, who was getting only a pound from Gamely, the best of the older members of her sex. As it turned out, Gamely, who is very fit, beat Time to Leave, winner of the recent Las Flores Handicap, like breaking sticks.

For the record: Last Saturday, Deck Hand splashed home by seven lengths in the San Marcos Handicap, which was run on the main track instead of the turf course because of weather conditions.

BOWIE had another big week, winding it up with a two-million-dollar day in the mutuels. Barbs Delight liked the extra furlong of the Bowie Handicap last Saturday better than the six furlongs of the Southern Maryland two weeks before, and although he was giving from two to twenty pounds to the other runners, he won by a neck. After all, he did finish second in the Kentucky Derby. Remember?

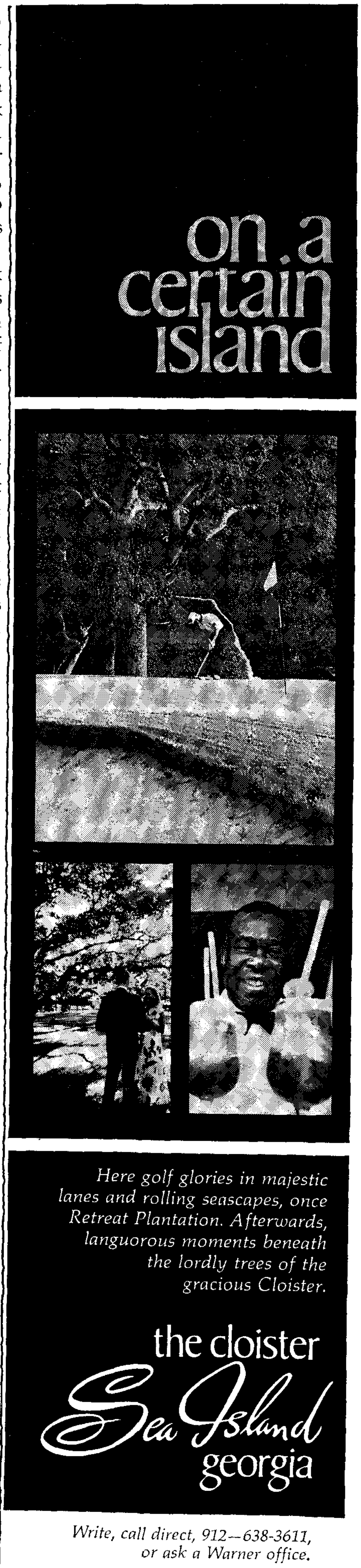
—AUDAX MINOR

•

SONG IN SLIGO

I had a bear who danced,
A monkey on a stick,
A dog that begged,
A cat that moused,
And, slouching by a ditch,
A rook in black of silk.
I had those birds that rode
Upon the levels of the cove
At late long twilight in the north
When the brand of sun still burned
Above the shoddy bridges of the Garavogue.
I had a boat that beat
Up levels of the reed-flagged shore
And rock-grained, rack-ruined battlements.
I had a boat and travelled with the birds
That flew against me in the breath of winds—
To each bend of the river its own mews
Of samite-backed and sable-legged young swans
Who winter from the Bay of Rosses here.
I had an island for my own one want,
A ring of prophecy and scent,
Where trees were sloped upon a moss of turf,
One ruined wall that I could sit against
And dip a ragged net to catch a fish
Of rainbowed armor in the scales of night.
I had a love who spoke to me of wars.
It was the summer of the fires
That smoked up understanding when its rage
Must take the angel of the world from me.
O tatters of the reeds and sliding flow,
I had your leafy voices and your pools,
I have these poisons we must choose.

—JEAN GARRIGUE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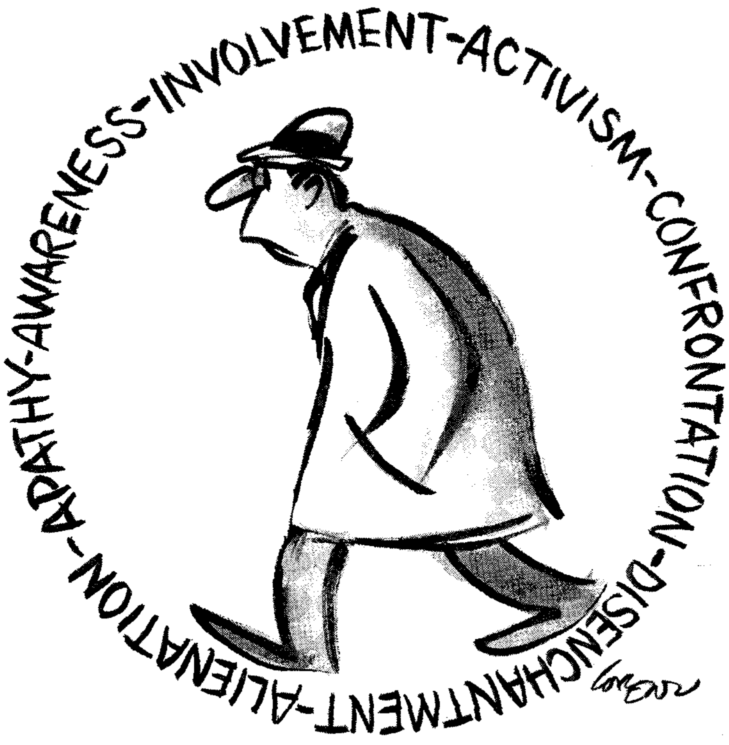
BOOKS

Apologia pro Aetas Sua

IT is a cliché that scientists do their best work when they *are young.* This is not to say that scientists over forty are completely incapable of fruitful work, but most of the major scientific discoveries—especially in the fields that require the greatest gifts of abstract reasoning, such as pure mathematics and theoretical physics—are made by men in their twenties and thirties. Newton discovered the law of universal gravitation when he was twenty-four. “In those days,” he wrote, “I was in the prime of my age for invention, and minded mathematics and philosophy more than at any time since.” By the time he was forty, his truly creative days were over, and at the age of fifty he had given up mathematics completely. (He became Master of the Mint.) Einstein published one work on special relativity in 1905, when he was twenty-six (he had formulated the questions that led him to it at the age of sixteen), and continued to do superb creative physics until his late forties. (He was active in physics to the very end of his life, but most physicists agree that the work of his later years was far out of the mainstream and not very relevant to the progress of contemporary physics.) It is impossible to think of a figure in science comparable to a Stravinsky, a Picasso, or a Thomas Mann—someone whose creative genius flowered undimmed to a tremendous age. The aging process of great scientists, like that of great athletes, is a melancholy one. If a man's most important works are done when he is very young, life thereafter may have for him the diminished appearance of an image seen through an inverted telescope. This may be what Einstein meant when, at the end of his life, he remarked to Oppenheimer, “When it has once been given you to do something rather reasonable, forever afterward your work and life are a little strange.”


APATHY-AWARENESS-INVOLVEMENT-ACTIVISM-CONFRONTATION-DISENCHANTMENT-ALIENATION-
Lorenz

Never has the sadness at the sense of loss of a scientist's creative scientific faculties been put more strongly than by the great British mathematician G. H. Hardy in his popular scientific classic “A Mathematician's Apology,” published in 1940 and now reissued by the Cambridge University Press, with a marvellous biographical foreword by Hardy's long-time friend C. P. Snow. In Snow's portrait, Hardy is a man of almost painful honesty and objectivity about his life and work. He insisted that he was not a “genius;” Snow remarks that Hardy once said, “with his usual clarity, that if the word meant anything he was not a genius at all. At his best, he said, he was for a short time the fifth-best pure mathematician in the world.” Unfortunately, neither Hardy nor Snow gave a list of the four others, but the German mathematician David Hilbert, a contemporary of Hardy, must have been near or at the top. Snow reports that Hilbert, around the time of the First World War, somehow heard that Hardy's rooms at Trinity were not very agreeable and that he “promptly wrote in measured terms to the Master, pointing out that Hardy was the best mathematician, not only in Trinity but in England, and should therefore have the best rooms.” Hardy wrote “Apology” when he was past sixty, when he was sure that his life as a creative mathematician was over. It was written out of a mixed feeling of regret for the loss of his ability as a mathematician and pride in the discipline of mathematics and in what his role had been in it. Toward himself at his age, he is candid and critical to the point of brutality:

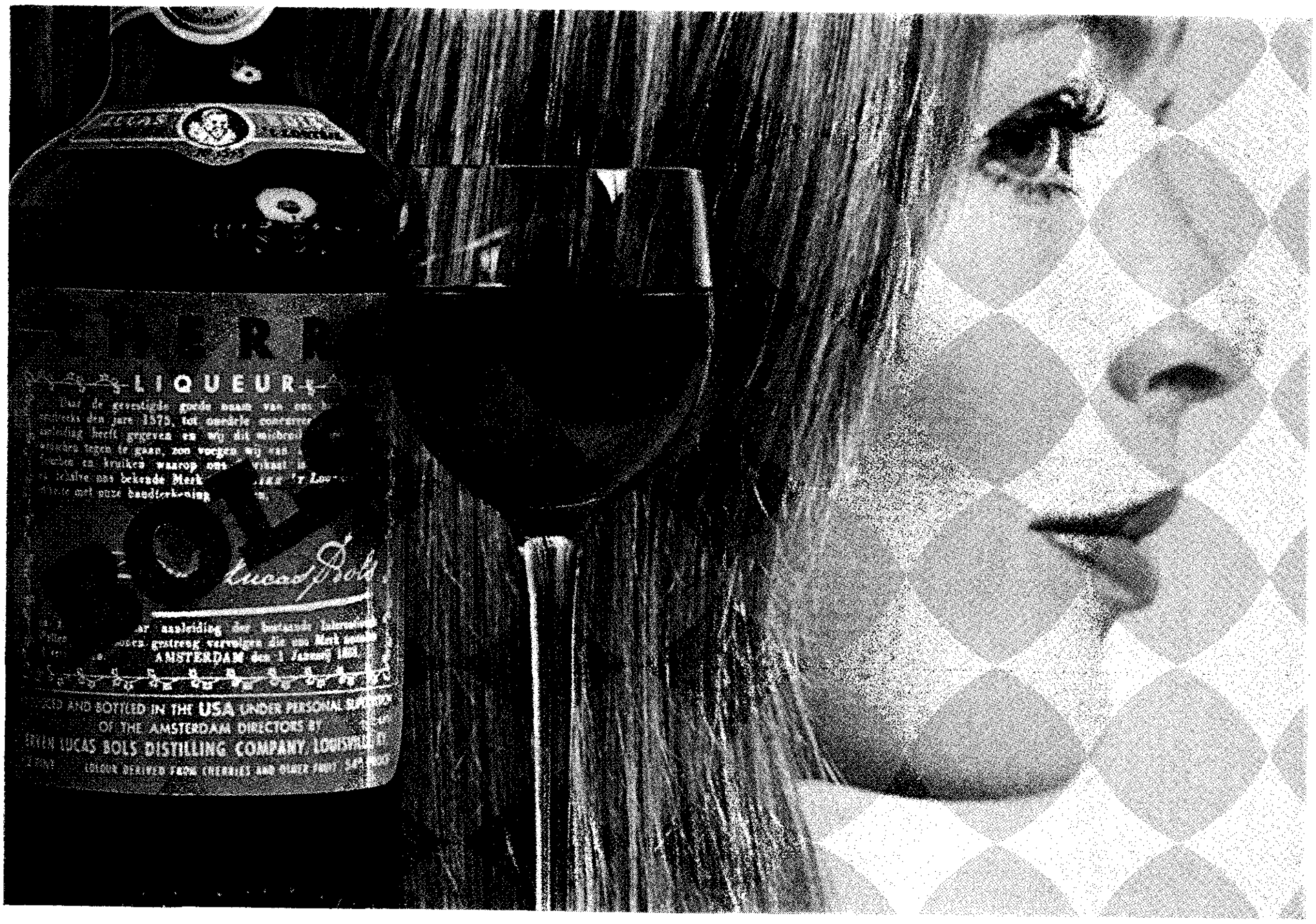
> Galois died at twenty-one, Abel at twenty-seven, Ramanujan at thirty-three, Riemann at forty. There have been men who have done great work a good deal later; Gauss's great memoir on differential geometry was published when he was fifty (though he had had the fundamental ideas ten years before). I do not know an instance of a major mathematical advance initiated by a man past fifty. If a man of mature age loses interest in and abandons mathematics, the loss is not likely to be very serious either for mathematics or for himself.

And again,

> If then I find myself writing not mathematics but “about” mathematics, it is a confession of weakness, for which I may rightly be scorned or pitied by younger and more vigorous mathematicians. I write about mathematics because, like any other mathematician who has passed sixty, I have no longer the freshness of mind, the energy, or the patience to carry on effectively with my proper job.

It might or might not have been a consolation to Hardy, who died in 1947, to know that several generations of readers, both in and out of mathematics, have read “Apology” as one of the most eloquent descriptions in our language of the pleasure and power of mathematical invention.

As is the case with most celebrated mathematicians, Hardy's talents were apparent early in his childhood. Snow says that “at the age of two he was writing down numbers up to millions (a common sign of mathematical ability). When he was taken to church, he amused himself by factorizing the numbers of the hymns.” (Factorizing a number means writing it as a product of prime numbers—numbers that are *divisible only by* themselves and by one. Seven and three are prime numbers and the factorization of twenty-one is stated by the equation $21 = 7 \cdot 3$.) From the beginning, Hardy won prizes for scholarship at school, and this, according to Snow, caused him acute embarrassment, for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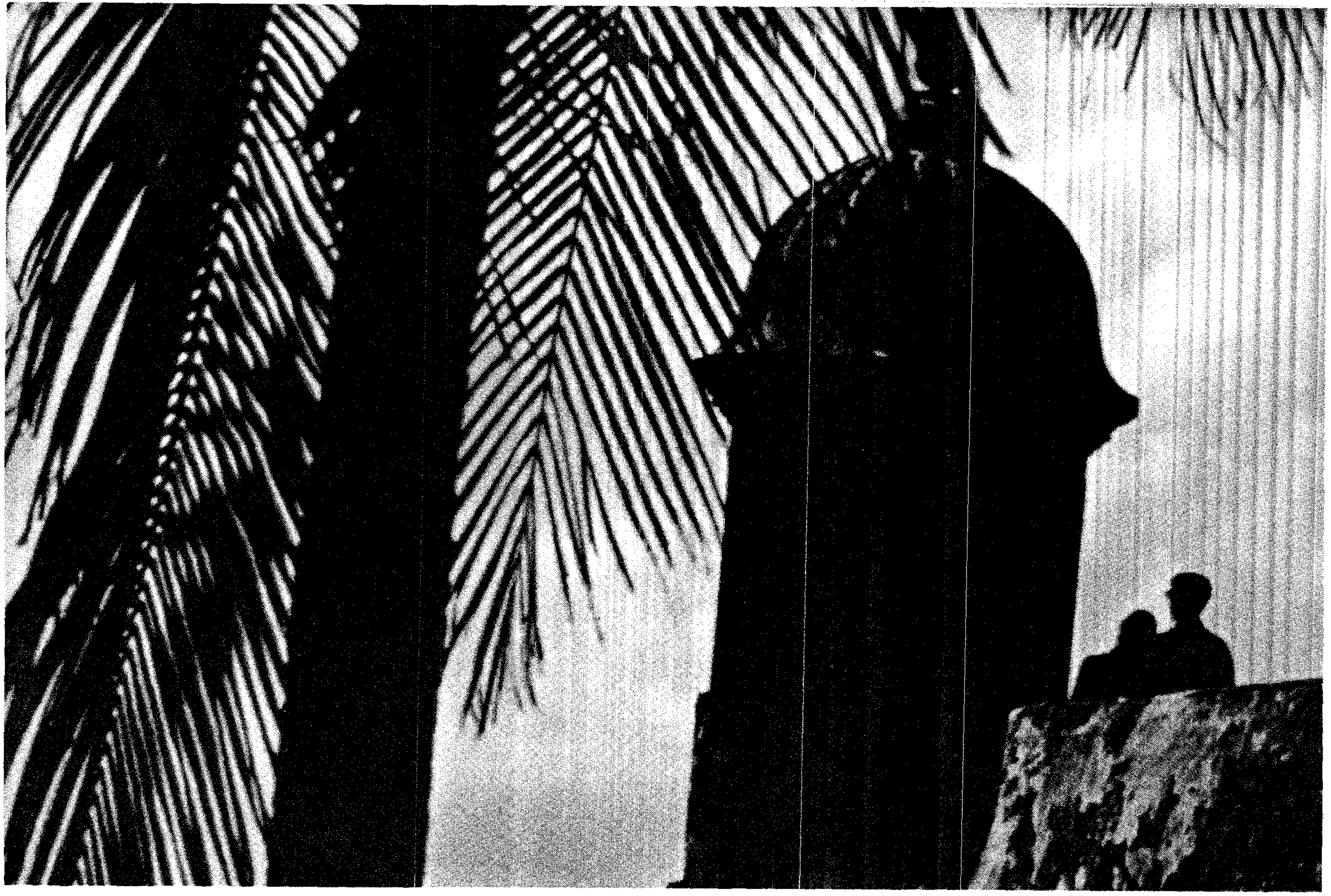

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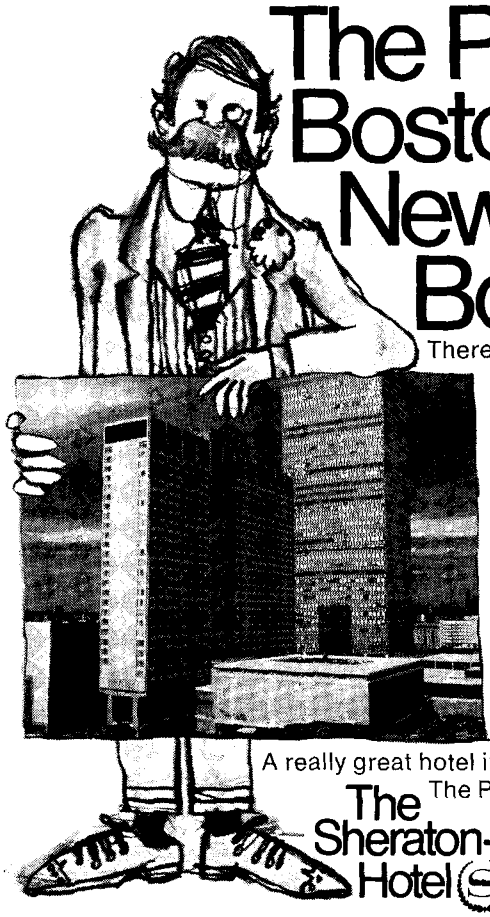
it meant that he had to come to the front of the class to receive them. (Although he was exceptionally handsome, he was so self-conscious about his appearance that he would cover mirrors to avoid his image, and in his own rooms he would allow no mirrors at all.) His parents were both schoolteachers, and to them, and to Hardy, the path to the future was plain—winning a scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge. In "Apology" he says, "I cannot remember ever having wanted to be anything but a mathematician. I suppose that it was always clear that my specific abilities lay that way, and it never occurred to me to question the verdict of my elders." Hardy reports that his interest in mathematics was aroused because he could use his powers as a mathematician to win competitions with other boys—competitions for scholarships. At the age of fifteen,

> My ambitions took a sharper turn. There is a book by "Alan St. Aubyn" called "A Fellow of Trinity," one of a series dealing with what is supposed to be Cambridge college life. . . . There are two heroes, a primary hero called Flowers, who is almost wholly good, and a secondary hero, a much weaker vessel, called Brown. Flowers and Brown find many dangers in university life. . . . Flowers survives all these troubles, is Second Wrangler and Senior Classic, and succeeds automatically to a Fellowship. . . . Brown succumbs, ruins his parents, takes to drink, is saved from delirium tremens during a thunderstorm only by the prayers of the Junior Dean. . . . The friendship is not shattered by these unhappy events, and Flowers's thoughts stray to Brown, with affectionate pity, as he drinks port and eats walnuts for the first time in Senior Combination Room.

Hardy reports that "the final scene in Combination Room fascinated me completely, and from that time, until I obtained one, mathematics meant to me primarily a Fellowship of Trinity." Mathematical education at Trinity was in Hardy's time almost totally misguided as training for original research. All the work at Cambridge pointed toward the competitive examination called the Mathematical Tripos. The top candidates were called Wranglers, and to be among the first few Wranglers essentially guaranteed one a position for life in the Cambridge college he represented. Snow says, "It was all very English. It had only one disadvantage, as Hardy pointed out with his polemic clarity, as soon as he had become an eminent mathematician and was engaged . . . in getting the system abolished: it had effectively ruined serious mathematics in England for a hundred years." The ques-



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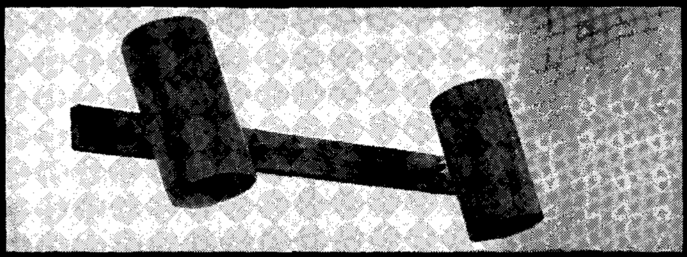

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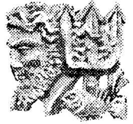

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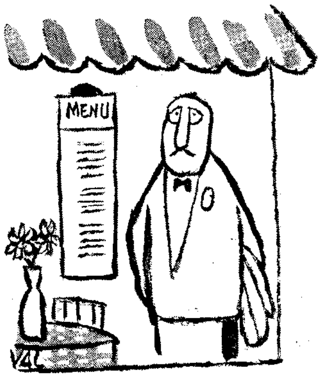
tions the Tripos examinations posed were, in the special mathematicians' sense, basically "trivial"—questions that required a highly developed ability for rapid mathematical manipulations but did not involve any truly creative ability. (Tripos questions have even migrated to the United States; in my student days at Harvard, we were haunted by homework problems and examination questions that had been filched from ancient Tripos papers.) Students were coached like race horses for the Tripos, and as a result they never learned any of what Hardy refers to in his book as "real" mathematics. Hardy was saved from the common fate by a Professor Love, who introduced him to a marvellous classic in pure mathematics—Camille Jordan's "Cours d'Analyse de l'École Polytechnique." Hardy notes, "I shall never forget the astonishment with which I read that remarkable work, the first inspiration for so many mathematicians of my generation, and learned for the first time as I read it what mathematics really meant." In 1898, Hardy took the first part of the Tripos and made only fourth Wrangler—a reflection not on his talent but, rather, on his developing taste in pure mathematics. However, two years later, realizing that he had to do well to get his Fellowship to Trinity, he took first place. Snow says, "From that time on his life was in essence settled. He knew his purpose, which was to bring rigour into English mathematical analysis. He did not deviate from the researches which he called 'the one great permanent happiness of my life.' There were no anxieties about what he should do. Neither he nor anyone else doubted his great talent. He was elected to the Royal Society at thirty-three."



Throughout his life, Hardy maintained a young man's enthusiasm for games; cricket and tennis were his favorites. (Indeed, Snow says, his own friendship with Hardy, which dated from the days in the nineteen-thirties that Snow spent at Cambridge, was the result of a common interest in cricket.) According to Snow, to really follow the best in Hardy's conversation one had to know "either the language of cricket or of the theory of numbers, and preferably both." In any event, in 1938 Snow received a postcard from Hardy commenting on the arrival of a new batsman on the cricket scene: "Bradman is a whole class above any batsman who has ever lived: if Archimedes, Newton, and Gauss remain in the Hobbs class [Hobbs was a pre-Bradman batsman who had aroused Hardy's enthusiasm] I have to admit the possibility of a class above them, which I find difficult to imagine. They had better be moved from now on into the Bradman class." Hardy rated his papers by classes, and while he wrote many important papers before 1910, it was not until he began the two great mathematical collaborations of his career—with the British mathematician Littlewood in 1911 and the Indian mathematician Ramanujan in 1913—that he began producing papers in the "Bradman class." He writes in "Apology," "All my best work since then has been bound up with [Littlewood and Ramanujan] and it is obvious that my association with them was the decisive event of my life. I still say to myself when I am depressed, and find myself forced to listen to pompous and tiresome people, 'Well, I have done one thing *you* could never have done, and that is to have collaborated with both Littlewood and Ramanujan on something like equal terms.'" As a rule, scientists who collaborate do not discuss publicly the details of their collaboration. Once a paper is signed by its collaborators, the implication is that the work has been done jointly, each person contributing his fair share to the ideas. If this is not so, it is a matter to be settled in private among the collaborators, and it is a breach of scientific etiquette for it to become a matter of public discussion. For this reason, no doubt, Hardy and Littlewood, who worked together for thirty-five years, never discussed how they worked or even how the collaboration got started. Littlewood is still alive, and, Snow says, "Unless Littlewood tells us no one will ever know . . . how they did it." Hardy's discovery of and collaboration with Ramanujan is one of the most extraordinary events of its kind in the history of mathematics, and since Ramanujan died so young—aged thirty-three—and since the stature of his genius was so clear, the details of how it came about were made public by Hardy. Snow says:

> About his discovery of Ramanujan [Hardy] showed no secrecy at all. It

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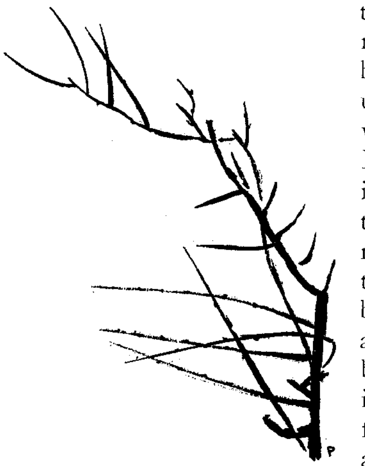
was, he wrote, the one romantic incident in his life: anyway it is an admirable story.... One morning early in 1913 [Hardy] found among the letters on his breakfast table a large untidy envelope decorated with Indian stamps. When he opened it, he found sheets of paper by no means fresh, on which, in a non-English holograph, were line after line of symbols. Hardy glanced at them without enthusiasm. He was by this time, at the age of thirty-six, a world-famous mathematician, and world-famous mathematicians, he had already discovered, are unusually exposed to cranks. He was accustomed to receiving manuscripts from strangers proving the prophetic wisdom of the Great Pyramid, the revelations of the Elders of Zion, or the cryptograms that Bacon had inserted in the plays of the so-called Shakespeare.

The letter that came with the manuscript asked Hardy for an opinion on the theorems contained therein. Several of the theorems were already well known, but the rest of them were given without proof and were so outré that at first glance the whole business seemed a sort of fraud. Snow says, "He put the manuscript aside and went on with his day's routine," and adds that the routine never varied throughout Hardy's life; thus, it is possible to reconstruct the events of the day. First, there was a careful reading of the *Times* for any cricket scores of note. From nine to one, he worked on research; he maintained that it was impossible for a mathematician to do more than four hours of creative work a day. Then to lunch and a game of tennis or an afternoon of watching cricket matches at the university. "That particular day, though, while the timetable wasn't altered, internally things were not going according to plan. At the back of his mind, getting in the way of his complete pleasure in his game, the Indian manuscript nagged away. Wild theorems. Theorems such as he had never seen before, nor imagined. A fraud of genius? A question was forming itself in his mind. As it was Hardy's mind, the question was forming itself with epigrammatic clarity: is a fraud of genius more probable than an unknown mathematician of genius? Clearly the answer was no. Back in his rooms in Trinity, he had another look at the script. He sent word to Littlewood (probably by messenger, certainly not by telephone, for which, like all mechanical contrivances, including fountain pens, he had a deep distrust) that they must have a discussion after hall." Littlewood came around and they studied the manuscript. "Before midnight they knew, and knew for certain. The writer of these manuscripts was a man of genius."

The next day, Hardy began making arrangements to get Ramanujan to England. Ramanujan was a clerk who lived with his wife in Madras on an annual salary of some twenty pounds. Moreover, he was exceedingly religious, and his mother, who was even more so, forbade him to cross the water. "Fortunately, his mother had the highest respect for the goddess of Namakkal. One morning Ramanujan's mother made a startling announcement. She had had a dream on the previous night, in which she saw her son seated in a big hall among a group of Europeans, and the goddess of Namakkal had commanded her not to stand in the way of her son fulfilling his life's purpose. This, say Ramanujan's Indian biographers, was a very agreeable surprise to all concerned." In 1914, Ramanujan arrived at Cambridge, where he was set up in rooms at Trinity, in which he did his own cooking in a frying pan. He had never had any formal training in mathematics; he had not been able to matriculate at Madras University, because of his English. His work was in "number theory," the branch of mathematics that deals with the extraordinary and beautiful relations among the whole numbers and that, at least in its more elementary forms, can be worked at by someone who does not know much about the methods of modern mathematics. "Hardy was obliged to teach him some formal mathematics as though Ramanujan had been a scholarship candidate at Winchester. Hardy said that this was the most singular experience of his life; what did modern mathematics look like to someone who had the deepest insight but who had never literally heard of most of it." Together they produced five exceedingly important papers, and no doubt they would have produced many more if Ramanujan, perhaps partly because of his life of poverty in India and partly because of the strange English climate,



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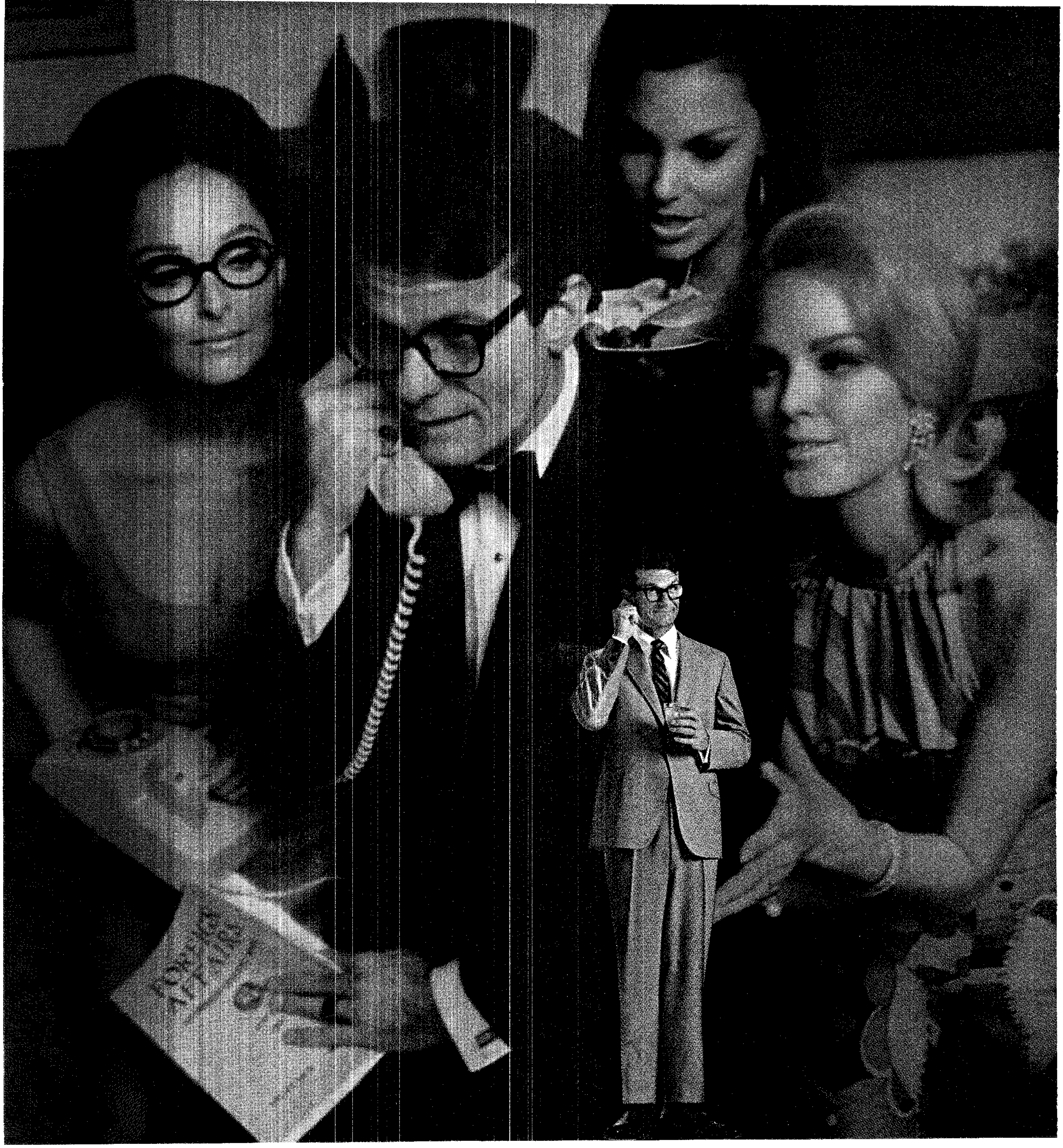

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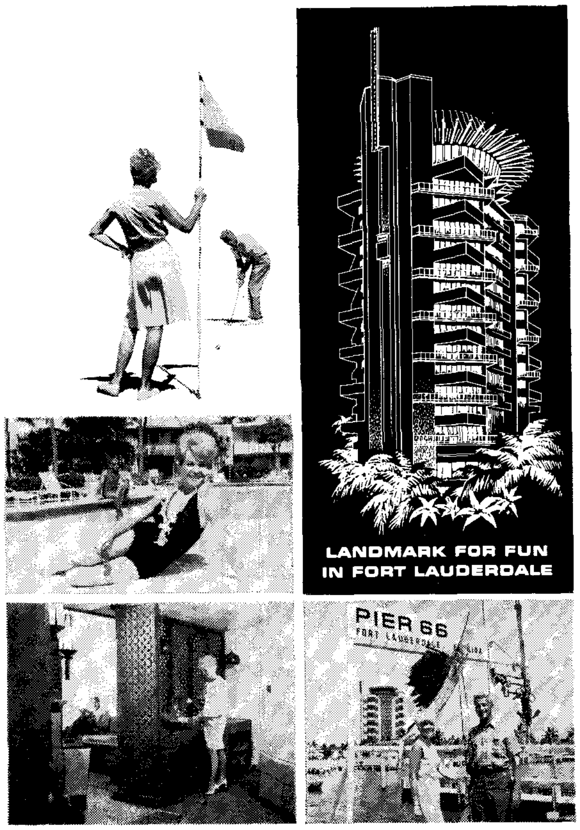
had not developed tuberculosis, which killed him.

There is one all but incredible story about Hardy's visit to Ramanujan as he lay dying in the hospital in Putney, and it is retold by Snow: "Hardy had gone out to Putney by taxi, as usual his chosen method of conveyance. He went into the room where Ramanujan was lying. Hardy, always inept about introducing a conversation, said, probably without a greeting, and certainly as his first remark: 'I thought the number of my taxicab was 1729. It seemed to me to be rather a dull number.' To which Ramanujan replied, 'No, Hardy! No, Hardy! It is a very interesting number. It is the smallest number expressible as the sum of two cubes in two different ways.' That is the exchange as Hardy recorded it It must be substantially accurate. He was the most honest of men, and further, no one could possibly have invented it."

In 1939, Hardy suffered a coronary thrombosis, from which he recovered, but his days of tennis and cricket were over. There followed a period of deep melancholy, to which the war greatly added. Hardy never married, and in the last years of his life he was cared for by a devoted sister. Snow visited him from time to time, and to cheer him up read up on the details of cricket matches. Toward the end, Hardy told his sister, "If I knew that I was going to die today, I think I should still want to hear the cricket scores." Snow says, "He managed something very similar. Each evening that week, before she left him, she read a chapter from a history of Cambridge University cricket. One such chapter contained the last words he heard, for he died suddenly, in the early morning."

"A Mathematician's Apology" was written just after Hardy's coronary It was neither his mood nor his purpose to present a systematic treatise on the philosophy and history of mathematics. This is, rather, a very personal document, alternating between moods of defiance and of almost unbearable sadness. But through it all he manages to convey what the creative process in pure mathematics is and what the discipline has meant to the intellectual life of the human race. He ends by saying, "The case for my life, then, or for that of anyone else who has been a mathematician in the same sense in which I have been one, is this: that I have added something to knowledge, and helped others to add more, and that these somethings have a value which differs in degree only, and not in kind, from that of the creations of the great mathe-



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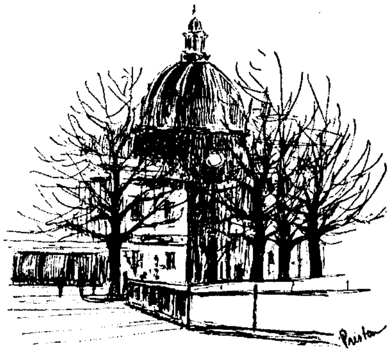

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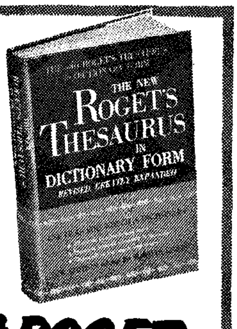

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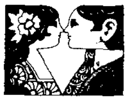

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JIM WOODMAN

maticians, or of any of the other artists, great or small, who have left some kind of memorial behind them."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BRUNO'S DREAM, by Iris Murdoch (Viking). Iris Murdoch's latest novel weaves a complex, bludgeoning tale of unrequited love, near madness, and death. The terrible vortex centers on the single, unloved figure of Bruno, a dying old man, whose long days are spent in obsessive study of spiders and his priceless stamp collection. The presence of the hideous, smelly, bed-bound creature is a constant, if unheeded, reminder to his attendant relatives that their energies are being wasted and their search for love is doomed, since they, too, will end their days in toothless mumblings about past misunderstandings and feeble complaints about "muddle"—all that the decaying mind can retain of the passionate adventures of more vigorous days. The fabric of miserable desire is shot with an unbroken thread of tears and gray, persistent rain. The dark forces of nature seem to triumph when the Thames overflows its banks.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, by Michel Bernanos, translated from the French by Elaine P. Halperin (Houghton Mifflin). A heavily symbolic story, rendered doubly eerie by its posthumous publication. The first part, in the style of "The Ancient Mariner," is the just-credible narration of the voyage and shipwreck of a French galleon by its cabin boy. The second sees the two survivors washed up on a red volcanic land where the trees bow down to worship a subterranean heartbeat and the only signs of human existence are lifelike statues, their faces frozen in tortured fear. A desperate expedition to the distant mountaintop, and an ultimate revelation, might just have something to do with the condition of man.

NOTE: "A Stronger Climate," a collection of stories by R. Prawer Jhabvala, has been published by Norton. Many of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION, by John Ardagh (Harper & Row). The subject of this book is not simply last summer's rebellious students but the entire postwar growth of France. In the author's opinion, the past twenty-three years have changed French life so vastly that they have had the effect of a revolution. Mr. Ardagh, who is a former London *Times* Paris correspondent, dates France's resurgence from her postwar baby boom; he says the country was—and still is—underpopulated for her resources. He does not ascribe France's prosperity to de Gaulle; the entire process of economic development, he says, began under the Fourth Republic. The work is absorbingly detailed in its accounts of failures, successes, and twilight zones of uncertainty. It is a first-class portrait of a country—chatty, personal, and thoroughly researched.

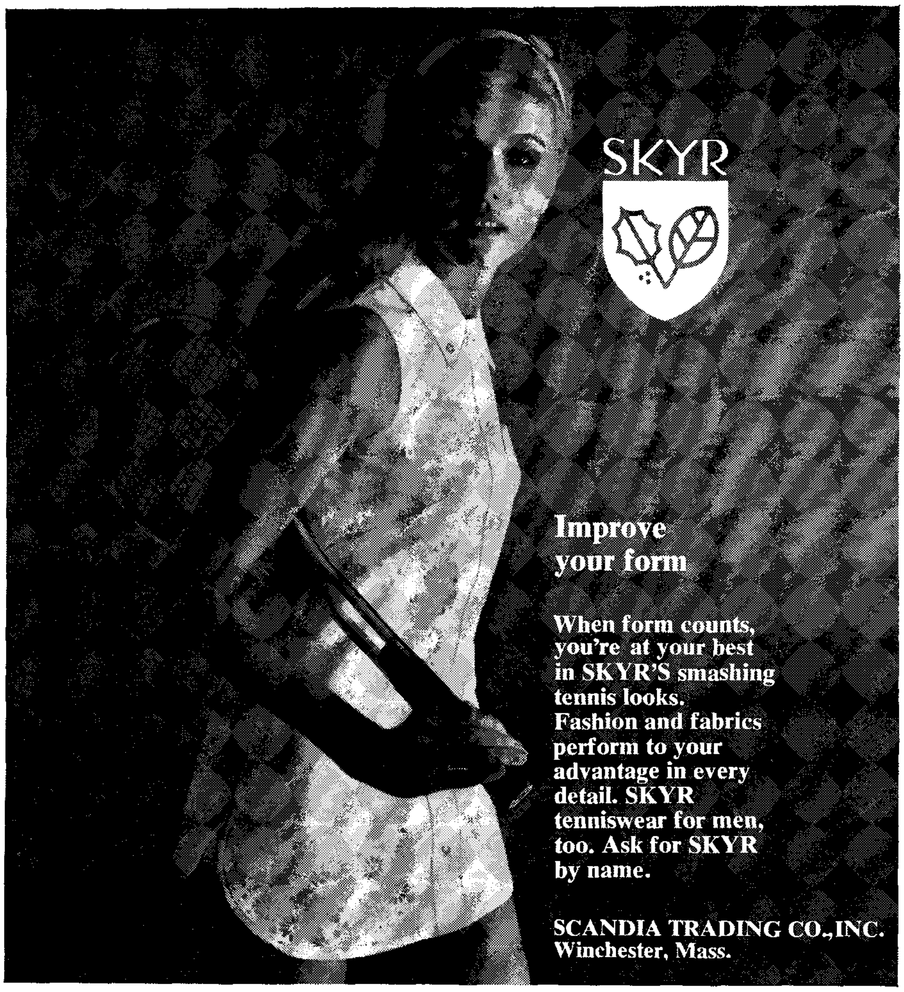
FIFTY YEARS OF COMMUNISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE, 1917-67, by G. F. Hudson (Basic Books). A crisp, brisk, high-level primer, brief but inclusive, that starts with the ideas of Marx and Engels and goes on through the deeds of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and Mao. Mr. Hudson, an English (Oxford University) expert, doubts whether the Communist parties of the Communist countries have any serious interest in either domestic liberalization or an East-West détente. But he also challenges the claim of the hard-line parties that they represent authentic Marxism; in the writings of Marx and Engels, Mr. Hudson points out, there is strong philosophical justification for reform through parliamentary action—what the Communists call "revisionism" and the West calls "democratic socialism."

THE FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1918-68, by Colin Cross (Coward-McCann). In retrospect, the author of this thoughtful, readable, moderately detailed history sees a variety of symptoms of imperial disintegration that were overlooked when they appeared—for instance, the fact that after the First World War the Indian Civil Service was never able to recruit as many Englishmen as it wanted. Mr. Cross, a young English journalist, thinks that the Empire was bound to be a passing phenomenon: even at its greatest and grandest, it did not absorb the interest or concern—let alone the loyalty—of more than a minority of the British Isles' inhabitants. Great Britain, he argues, was always primarily interested in Europe; she fought two world wars over the European balance of power, an issue that did not affect the security of the Empire. Mr. Cross is ruefully entertaining about British mistakes and, by contrast, pleasantly proud of English achievements.

An Impersonation of Angels: A Biography of Jean Cocteau, by Frederick Brown (Viking). A powerful, impressive book that is overwhelmingly hostile to its subject. Mr. Brown believes that Cocteau was an artist of little worth—and then only in the art of self-promotion. His Cocteau is a weak personality who desires to be universally loved and widely recognized as a leader of the avant-garde. (Mr. Brown thinks he was at best an astute follower.) What is of great interest about Cocteau's career is the importance that sexual inverts like him and his friends, male and female, had as fashion setters; one sees that Cocteau and his circle made styles, if not art. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

The Rich: Are They Different?, by George R. Kirstein (Houghton Mifflin). A short, modest, entertaining study that tries to prove what many readers have thought all along—that very rich people are happier, healthier, less bored, and less troubled than the not so rich. Mr. Kirstein also finds the rich—those he has known, anyhow—a pretty nice bunch, with all the Boy Scout virtues and a few more. He justifies his remarkable plutophilia by explaining that he expects the American economy will soon be working so well that every American will take for granted the security and freedom that only the rich now enjoy—the advantages that, he thinks, make them so attractive.

Seesaw: Cultural Life in Eastern Europe, by Yorick Blumenfeld (Harcourt, Brace & World). Enlightening and depressing news from the satellites. Since Stalin's death, the author tells us, almost all the artists in the Communist-bloc countries have been struggling to produce art again, but, for a variety of reasons—including government pressure, fear of government pressure, the absence of private patronage, the natural bad taste of Communist Party bureaucrats—most Eastern-bloc work is tentative or derivative or rotten. Mr. Blumenfeld's country-by-country tour includes some high spots—Czech movies and Polish music. The low spot seems to be Rumanian television, which, in the opinion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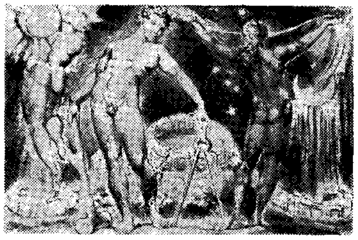

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of the author, who has been to forty-six countries, is the global nadir.

THE INNER PRESENCE: RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SPIRITUAL LIFE, by François Mauriac, translated from the French by Herma Briffault (Bobbs-Merrill). These meditations by the eighty-three-year-old Nobel Prize-winning French writer are intimate and disarming. Nothing in them suggests that their author considers himself a personage. The old man who is writing is, simply, a time capsule, enclosing nineteenth-century children's books; mental snapshots of buildings, cities, and landscapes now changed beyond recognition; and faithful records of dead people, whether world-famous men or obscure provincial spinsters. Age—for Mauriac, at least—has dissipated rancor. He recalls his struggles with his Church—his novels were regarded as scandals, and his opposition to Franco as an almost incomprehensible infidelity—and then dismisses them, preferring to describe, most touchingly, the happiness he has gained from prayer and the Sacraments.

THE MASKS OF GOD: CREATIVE MYTHOLOGY, by Joseph Campbell (Viking). The fourth, and final, volume of Professor Campbell's massive survey—in progress for a decade—of the historical development of mythology. This volume deals with the modern "secular" use of myth to express individual experience, which the author dates from Gottfried von Strassburg's "Tristan and Isolde" and Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival," in the thirteenth century. In addition to Gottfried and Wolfram, Professor Campbell finds his examples primarily in the philosophy of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer in the nineteenth century, and in the novels of Joyce and Mann in this one. Only the most intrepid will venture into "The Masks of God's" thousands of pages, since the Jungian precipices are dizzying and the atmosphere gets extremely rarefied, but there is no doubt that it is an important and permanent contribution to the subject. Illustrated. Ten dollars.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A COOL DAY FOR KILLING, by William Haggard (Walker). One of the really good ones. The first and final chapters are set in a tiny Muslim state, Shahbaddin, which the British, for reasons of their own, are anxious to keep inside the Commonwealth. In this tale of lost gold (two million pounds' worth), broken hearts, ambitious upstarts (both Chinese and Malayan), vengeful jewellers, and others, Colonel Charles Russell, clever, cold-eyed, kindhearted head of the Security Executive, has some interesting trouble to deal with. He also has some interesting helpers, including a secret-police lady who looks soothing but is really most unsettling. Except for the brief scenes in Shahbaddin, the action is in London—all over London. Mr. Haggard's humorous, controlled style keeps the tension steady.

SIGN ON FOR TOKYO, by Alec Haig (Dodd, Mead). Although the pseudonymous Mr. Haig, according to his publishers, "has met most of the leaders of the Western world . . . speaks six languages . . . has technical qualifications in chemistry, physics, mathematics, and metallurgy . . . keeps a suit and clean shirt in Moscow, New York, Montego Bay . . . has mastered judo, karate . . . carries in an inside pocket a card bearing a colored photograph that admits him, day or night, into the White House in Washington," he himself comes on—in the opening chapter of this thriller about international industrial espionage—a little unimpressively: "The cab took him north up Fifth." The action that follows hovers around New York for a couple of days, and then moves on to a steel mill in Wales, to one in South America, and finally to one in Japan. It should be added that the hero (a poisonous fellow whose conversation embodies remarks like "Think nothing of it, my dear chap") is called Alec Haig.

HIDEAWAY, by Maurice Procter (Harper & Row). Harry Martineau—Detective Chief Inspector Martineau of the Granchester C.I.D.—accused of blackmail! His picture identified by victim! Compromising photographs of victim and a girl found hidden in his office! The unregenerate hand of Dixie Costello suspected! And proved—but not until Mr. Procter has led us enjoyably through two prison breaks, a gang fight, and the murder of a pretty girl on a lonely West Riding farm.

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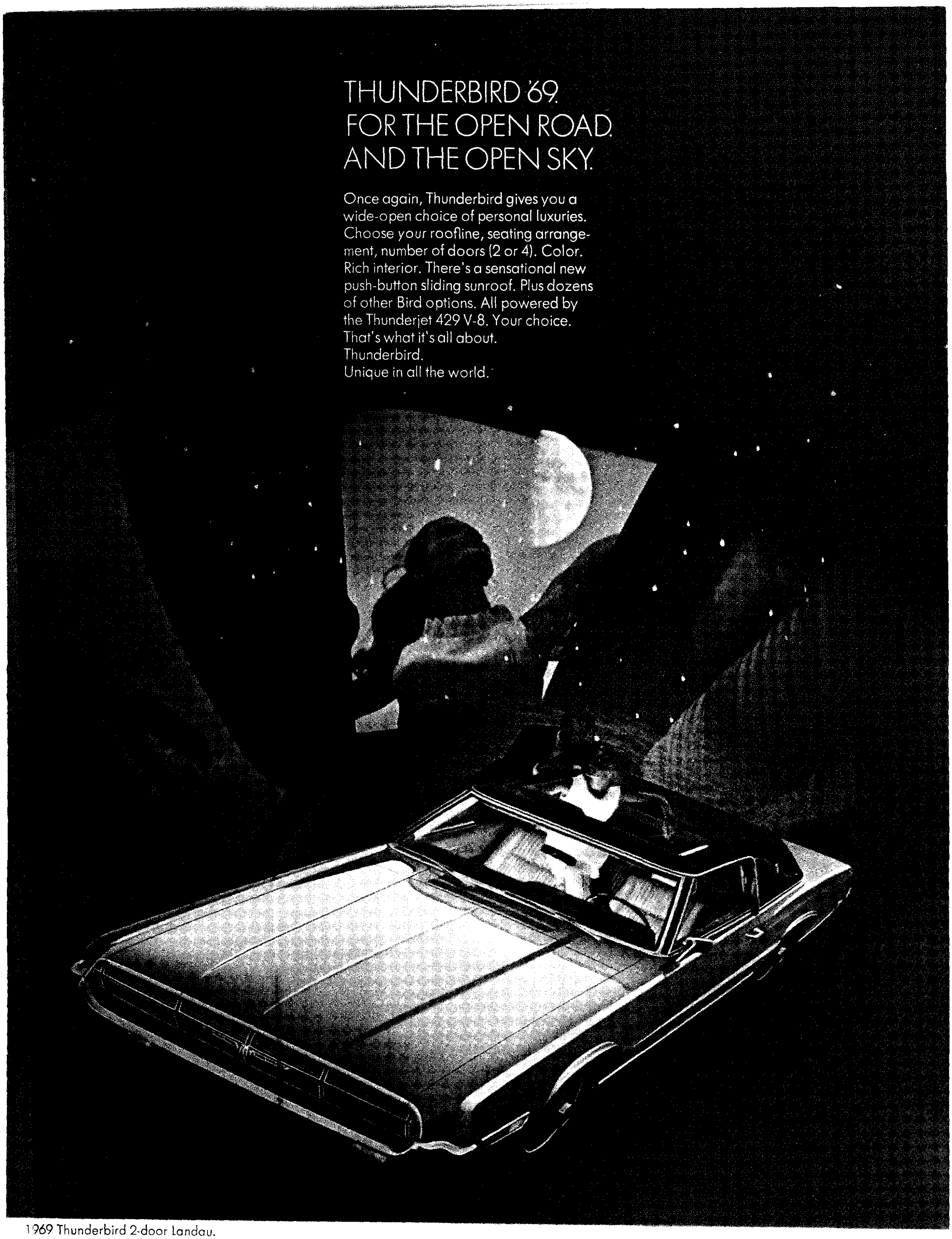
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Saturday Review*]

And then, shatteringly, one of the girls begins to hum "Souvenir de Sorrento" in Finnish.



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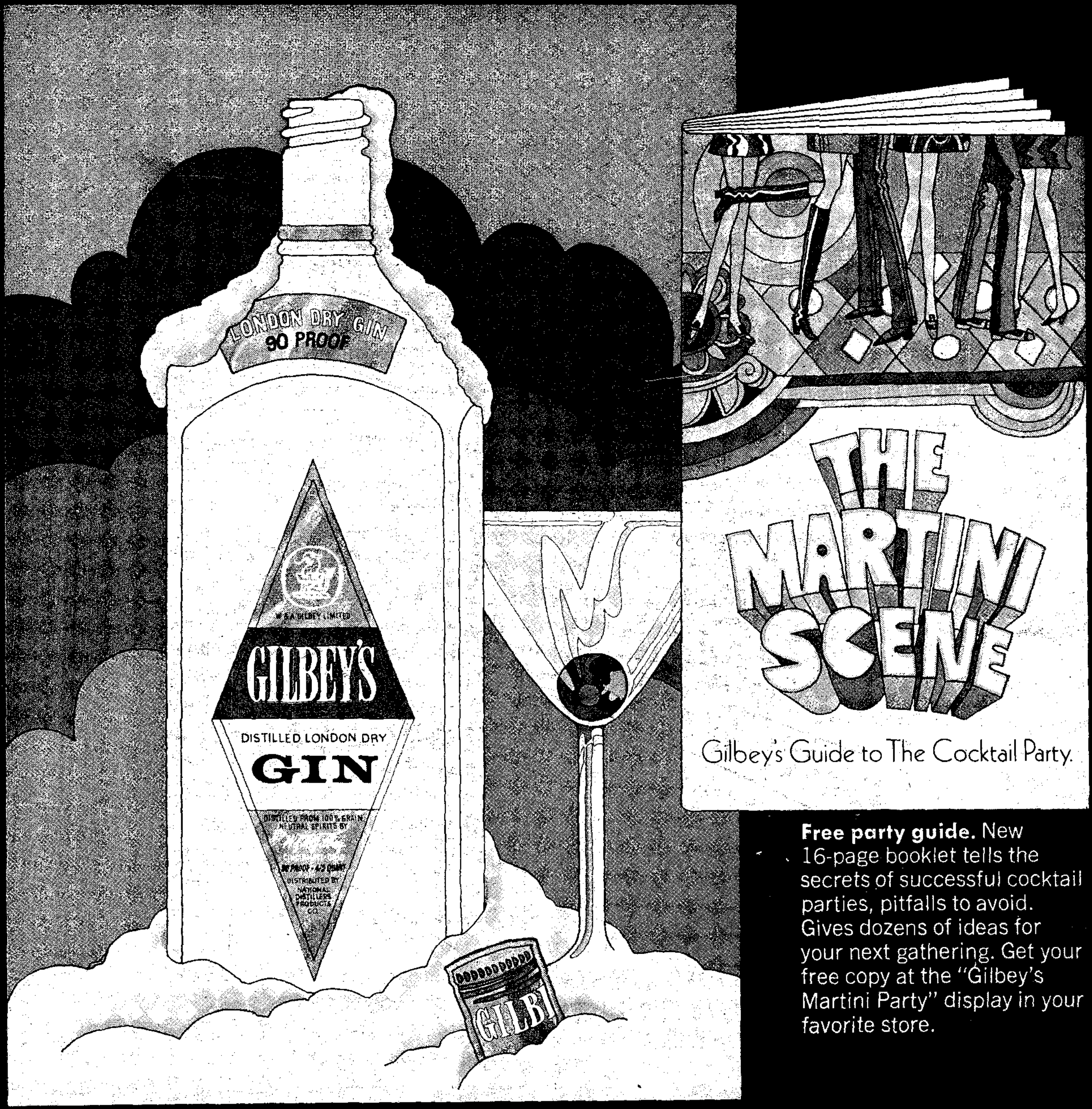
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